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ENGLISH writers cannot be accused of having neglected the poetry of Michael Angelo. Earlier than Mr. Pater's essay and Mr. Symonds's criticisms and translations came Mr. Taylor's philosophical study of the whole species of poetry to which Michael Angelo's sonnets and madrigals belong. Before that, Wordsworth and Southey had made versions of some of the poems for Duppa's biography of Michael Angelo. The poems did not fail to make themselves known. One of Wordsworth's renderings attracted the attention of William Blake, as Mr. Crabb Robinson discovered from pencillings in his copy of Wordsworth, when it came back to him after Blake's death. He had lent it to the man best fitted to appreciate the mystical ideas of the great Italian artist.

Michael Angelo, like Dante, seems to have a special attraction for the Northern mind. His genius is in some ways ascetic and puritanic, and appeals to those who seek rather

for edification than for artistic beauty. The ingenuous barbarian in Italy is taken at once with the noble aspect of Michael Angelo's 'David;' he is impressed by the passionate resolve shown in the knit brows. The spiritual emotion in the face he can understand, because he has been brought up on dramas, novels, and religious and reflective works, which treat of emotions and passions. But appreciation of the story of a picture or a statue may be possible without any real appreciation of painting or sculpture, and perhaps many people admire the 'David' or the 'Moses' of Michael Angelo—on account of the expression in their faces—who find it difficult to see much in the Parthenon marbles. It may be suspected that, in a similar way, of the many English students of Dante more are attracted by the religion, the mysticism, the prophesyings, than by the verse, the imagery, or the characters of the 'Divine Comedy.' A great deal of the poetry of Michael Angelo resembles the more abstract and mystical parts of Dante. Michael Angelo studied Dante zealously, as is proved by his own poems and the evidence of his friends, and notably by the Florentine petition to Leo X. in 1519 to have the ashes of Dante brought back to his native land. 'Michelagnuolo schultore' does not only sign his name, but breaks in upon the decent Latin of the document, and says, in his Tuscan, that he offers himself 'to the 'Divine poet to make his tomb in a seemly manner, and in 'an honourable place in this city.' It is from this love for Dante, perhaps, that Michael Angelo takes his antique Florentine character; for in many ways he seems to belong rather to the older narrower Florentine state, represented by Villani, than to the confused and heavily labouring Florence of the times following on the first French invasion of Italy. The mysticism in Michael Angelo's sonnets is like that of the 'Vita Nuova,' or of Guido Guinicelli, still earlier. It is a sort of recovery of the genius of the first simple outburst of Italian idealistic poetry, after generations of Petrarchians had done their worst to spoil everything by their endless iteration of the same tune, and their monotonous variations. This is one of the greatest charms of Michael Angelo's poetry; this is what makes the sonnets an all but unique production in literature—that in an age of literary conventionality and incipient decadence, a great genius, working at literature as a pastime, struck back instinctively to forms of thought long ago out of fashion, and produced verses unfashionably sincere. One remembers how Blake reinvented the Elizabethan mode of lyric poetry, in the days of the

mechanical utterers of heroic couplets. There is this great difference, however, between the two cases, that Blake was a thoroughgoing antagonist of the established and accepted school of poetry, and paid his reverence to a quite distinct older one. Michael Angelo did what was much more singular, though much less obviously remarkable. He did not go into direct opposition. He kept within the limits of the contemporary school, and yet freed himself in a miraculous way from the vices of that school—at all events in his best poems—and reproduced the original wild type which had been obliterated by a long course of artificial cultivation, by gardeners' varieties of gaudy and sterile blossoms.

There is no explanation to be found of this, except the perfectly satisfactory one, that Michael Angelo was Michael Angelo. He could hardly, if he tried, talk or write, paint or carve, without putting his whole strength into it. The Petrarchians differed from the early Tuscan sonnetteers chiefly in not believing what they wrote, nor even seriously making believe. Michael Angelo had difficulty in being insincere, and his sincerity brought back to him the tone of Dante's 'Vita Nuova.' The intensity of feeling, which strikes even the inartistic and uninstructed in the presence of the 'David' or the 'Moses,' found a literary expression in the sonnets and madrigals, by means of which his great and lonely genius gave voice to its complaint, its *desiderium* of a land that is very far off.

It would be a daring and rather foolish thing to say that the poems are as valuable in themselves, apart from all thought of the author, as they are when regarded as his confessions—his own personal words. It may be true enough, that as anonymous compositions they would still be unparalleled and wonderful. Only very serious students, however, will give themselves the trouble of going through the necessary process of abstraction in order to get rid of the personal bias. Most people will be content to be thankful for the poems, first and chiefly, because their author—he and no other person—wrote them.

Not that they are of much value to the biographer on the search for picturesque details. The dates of most of them are vague; the certain dates belong for the most part to the latter years, when the adventures of Michael Angelo among popes, cardinals, politicians, and rivals generally, were pretty nearly at an end. Most of the poems are rather abstract; Michael Angelo did not bring the plastic individualising faculty much into use in his verse. Dante is more of a

painter and sculptor than Michael Angelo when it comes rhyming. Emotions and ideas there are in plenty, but few concrete images. The great artist found a relief in getting away into a vaguer region of intelligence, from the bondage of line and colour in which his working days were passed.

The task of interpreting the poems and their place in life of Michael Angelo has been undertaken by the first editor of the true text, Signor Cesare Guasti. For until Guasti's volume was published in 1863 there was no authoritative edition at all. The received text was a made-up thing first published by Michael Angelo's grand-nephew in 1623. In that, the asperity of the original was smoothed away; the hurrying, crowded thoughts and words were reduced to order, thinned out, and decently fenced apart by wedges of conventional *gradus* phrasing, such as anyone could pick up in any Petrarchian workshop. Even in this revised and emasculated version the genius of Michael Angelo shines through: the tone is different from that of the 'vulgar amourist.' Still, the alterations are quite enough to vitiate the text, and it cannot be used by anyone who knows Guasti's edition. Its comparative ease and fluency are dearly bought at the cost of the suspicions of tampering, which vex the reader from page to page, in every line and word. It is unpleasant to be always testing for alloy.

The edition of 1863, with its learned introductory discourse, and elaborate illustrative and critical apparatus, is one of the most valuable of recent contributions to the history of art and poetry. To Italian literature especially it is all clear gain; the literary works of one of the greatest of Italians are restored to their proper place among the achievements of the poets.

Michael Angelo never published his verses, further than to his own friends, yet in his lifetime they were well known and appreciated. He was not careless about them either, and evidently took a great interest in poetical composition; though—or perhaps because—'writing was not his trade,' as he wrote once to Vasari. In many of his letters he shows anxiety about the correctness of his poems, and entrusts them to the judgement of Luigi del Riccio or Donato Giannotti. 'Messer Luigi, you have the poetic genius; mend me one of these two madrigals, for I want it to give to a friend of ours.' 'Choose the one which Messer Donato judges to be the less wretched (*il manco tristo*). And again he sends greeting to Messer Donato, mender of 'things ill-made.' Criticism, at that time, it should be re-

remembered, exercised the minds of artists almost as much as their own proper work. There was an immense and continuous production of opinion on general and particular artistic matters. Michael Angelo read Varchi's treatise on the comparative merits of painting and sculpture, and gave judgement in his own manner—authoritatively enough. He had a certain finite amount of respect for the literary man's point of view. It was not for nothing that he had walked in the garden of Lorenzo the Magnificent, along with the philosophers and scholars. He could talk on abstract questions of aesthetics as well as the best of them. 'Let Painting and Sculpture be at peace with one another, and leave wrangling,' he says, 'for there goes more time to that than to the making of figures.' Varchi had before this given a remarkable indication of the importance of Michael Angelo's poems in the estimation of the doctors of literature. On the second Sunday in Lent, 1546, he had read before the Florentine Academy a discourse on Michael Angelo's sonnet, 'Non ha l'ottimo artista alcun concetto;' and this Lent sermon was printed afterwards by its author, and published along with the essay on painting and sculpture, and was greatly admired. Michael Angelo himself used very courteous language about it, and wrote to the author that Donato Giannotti could not have enough of reading it. Thus it is plain that the sonnets, even though unpublished in the ordinary sense of the word, were fully recognised and appreciated by the literary tribunals, and that the author of them, however lightly he may have spoken of his rhymes, did not keep them to himself or refuse the praise that was accorded them by those instructed in such things. His best friends were men of letters; the society in which he lived was occupied quite as much with philosophy and literature as with art. There were other ways also in which his poems became known outside the circle to which he communicated them. His madrigals were set to music by different composers. And there was one poem which at once struck the imagination and was remembered. That poem is the quatrain belonging to the statue of Night—'Caro m'è 'l sonno, e più l'esser di sasso.' It is this, and not any more philosophical poem, that keeps alive, in the general reader and the general artist, a knowledge that Michael Angelo wrote poetry. It is printed in Baedeker, and the custodian of the sacristy of San Lorenzo recites it to the passing generations.

Not many of the more elaborate poems can rival the Greek simplicity of this one. Most of them, and not least those in

which the originality and individuality are most strongly marked, belong to a school—one of the strangest, and for centuries one of the most powerful in Europe. Mr. Taylor's essay describes it, and traces its influence in different ramifications. It is the school, or rather the university, of the idealist lovers. The Provençal poets belong to it; so do the Minnesingers, and generally every one in the Middle Ages who, between the Tagus and the Danube, felt called upon to join in the service of the Adorable and Distant Lady. The magic garden of the Rose is one of the principal French colleges, with several notable masters of the art of love—Machault, Deschamps, Froissart, and the English Chaucer. The Italians have their own ritual. The friends of Dante are a group by themselves; Petrarch is the founder of a large and flourishing order, which, however, like some other fraternities, has incurred the reproach of coldness and formalism. His rule was adopted in France by Ronsard and the Pleiad. The British graduates are a considerable and varied body: after the Chaucerians, English and Scottish, come the Tudor sonnetteers, and after them many an eloquent and learned lover, till the muster is closed by Cowley and his 'language of the heart.' Nor must the Easterns be passed over; Mr. Taylor gives them their due. English readers find, in the only Persian book they possess, in the translations from Jami appended to Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam, passages that excite wonder and curiosity about that unknown Eastern world of the Middle Ages which, like the West, had its Troubadours and Minnesingers, and, like Guido Cavalcanti and his greater friend, studied the Greek philosophy as well as it could; though it made Aristotle, uncereemoniously, into 'Aristo,' and Plato into 'Iflatun.' The strange thing is that in the East, as in the West, the lectures of the philosophers were turned into poetry.

There are two specific varieties of the idealistic love poetry which in Europe took its beginning from the courts of Provence. The first, which might be called the Provençal type, simply turns the object of adoration into a remote personification of cruelty and disdain, and of excellence unmatched by Helen or Iseult. The second class, of which, perhaps, the first examples are to be found in the poetry of Guido Guinicelli, of Bologna, is that to which the term Platonic may most properly be given. The poets of this school are not content with simple idolatry, with offerings of sighs and tears and furnaces to the unimpassioned divinity of stone or ice. They adopt, whether from study of the school authors, or by some

quicker way of appropriation, the theory of the 'Phædrus' and the 'Symposium.' They are servants of the unseen idea of beauty, whose *vestigia* they worship in the fairest of created things. In the later schools of amatory poets these two kinds are often represented in the works of the same author, and this is the case with Michael Angelo. A considerable number of his poems must be regarded as exercises in the established manner of lyrical composition, employing all the stock phrases and ideas which had so extraordinary a vogue through such a length of time. Michael Angelo's sonnets and madrigals contain the usual images of fire and frost, the usual extravagance of sighing and weeping. One specimen may be given of this sort of conceit from the poem in *terza rima*, 'On the Death of his Lady :—

' E similmente il cor che s' innamora,
Quand' el superchio ardor troppo l' accende,
L' umor degli occhi il tempra che non mora.'

Imagery of this kind was no one's property. The amount of it in existence, in all the languages of Europe, may possibly be calculable, but can hardly be known to many students. Landor's epigram 'On Cowley's Style' * may be taken as the final judgement upon the strange fashion, disposing of it at any rate for the present cycle of history :—

' Dispenser of wide-wasting woe,
Creation's laws you overthrow.
Mankind in your fierce flames you burn,
And drown in their own tears by turn.
Deluged had been the world in vain,
Your fire soon dried its clothes again.'

When Michael Angelo wrote in this manner, squandering his flames and tears, he was competing at a great disadvantage with the skilled Petrarchians, who had all the advantages of leisure, educated style, and absence of genius. Many of Michael Angelo's poems, it is safe to say, may be considered as exercises merely, not meant for publication. He had to practise writing: he had evidently a great curiosity about the problems of literary composition—that art which was not his own. Among the pedantic finished stylists of that time, he appears as a rustic and untrained. He had 'small Latin.' His classical knowledge was probably got by oral tradition from the scholars of the household of Lorenzo. His spelling is not that of a classical purist:

* 'Last Fruit,' p. 369.

sonecto, cactivo, obrigato, rachoncatore for *racconciatore*, *diaccio* for *ghiaccio*, are examples of his licenses. His ideas are presented without selection or order, the lines are overburdened with meaning; and the grand-nephew obviously thought he was doing his best when he thinned them down. So that it was not in competing with the Petrarchian stylists—the vendors of the patent images and phrases—that Michael could succeed. Those of his poems which stand out beyond the rest are those which belong to the second, more esoteric, more Platonic kind, which are likeliest to the poems of the circle of Dante. One must distinguish between the idolaters of the extravagant, Provençal, not too serious sort, and the idealists, who follow Plato and Dante. Michael Angelo belongs to the second and smaller company.

There is a very natural prejudice among artists against any theory which magnifies the unseen idea at the expense of the sensible antitype of it. Instinctively, it is felt that the pursuit of the pure idea of the beautiful is fatal to arts, which are busied for the most part with the senses and matter belonging to the senses. Platonism, like all modes of belief that make a divorce between the soul and the body, the unseen and the seen, might be expected to be incompatible with art, as inducing distrust of the means employed by the artist. A theory which offers a general idea as an object of pursuit, which encourages contempt of bodily details, is not likely to be favoured in any art school where the masters wish their pupils to be modest, painstaking, and accurate. Idealism may be an easy refuge for the bungler and the impostor, or for innocent foolish persons. The ‘Platonic’ manner of poetising has a fatal fascination for people who never ought to be allowed to write a verse—who have no imagination, except in the belief that they are artists; or passion, except in hankering after unattainable powers of poetry. Its abstract character commends itself to minds that are destitute of the artistic faculty. Those who have failed in art retain the consolation that they have been inspired by a divine universal idea. When one has been baffled by the intricate particular details of execution in any art, it may be a relief to decide that those details are unimportant, irrelevant, and shadowy in comparison with the idea. That is the worst of this sort of idealism: it is far too easily imitated.

Michael Angelo stands separate from the crowd. He, at any rate, is not open to the reproach of choosing the easier way—he who, according to his own humorous description of

his Sistine experiences, had bowed and cramped himself out of all human likeness, through years of a daily contest with those same despised particular details—the terrene paint and plaster in which his ideas were expressed. With Michael Angelo the idealistic way of thinking is not a short cut, a bypath meadow to escape the heartbreaking labour of the highway of art. It comes after the labour, after the victory, not before it. His mystical language proceeds out of the depth of a long experience, and is weighted with the solemnity of his noble and devoted life. That gives his poetry its incomparable force of character. There are not many artists who can use the language of idealism with perfect sincerity, having accomplished their apprenticeship, and mastered all the real difficulties of their craft. Among those few are Dante and Michael Angelo.

It is not possible to fix with certainty the place of all Michael Angelo's poems in the history of his life. All the available evidence of this sort has been collected by Guasti. It is certain that some of the poems were written in early life. Later, the critical time of the siege of Florence and the disappearance of liberty found its record in the notable epigram of the statue of Night. Many of the most valuable of the poems were written in old age, and, fortunately, dates are more frequent in this part of the history.

Michael Angelo was born in 1475. He worked under Ghirlandajo at the frescoes in Santa Maria Novella, where Orcagna's designs from Dante may possibly have suggested or encouraged his first adventures in the study of that great poetic master whose authority he recognised to the end. He was patronised by Lorenzo the Magnificent. In the gardens of St. Mark he became acquainted with men of letters and philosophers; and when he was about sixteen he received from Politian such friendly instruction in mythology as served him for his marble relief of Hercules and the Centaurs. In 1494, the year of the expulsion of the Medici, he went to Bologna and found a patron there, Messer Gian Francesco Aldobrandini, who delighted in hearing him read the Italian poets—Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, and others. There is plenty of authority, then, for believing that his interest in literature had room to develope, and that he made up for his want of the ancient and orthodox humanities by recourse to the authors who wrote in the vulgar tongue.

Condivi, his friend and pupil, author of the biography on which all the others depend, has set down that, after the

completion of the great statue of David in 1504, Michael Angelo 'remained some time without working at anything 'in painting or sculpture, but gave himself to the study of 'Italian poets and prose authors (*poeti ed oratori volgari*) 'and to the composition of sonnets for his own pleasure,' until he was summoned to Rome by Pope Julius II. What those sonnets were, and whether they have been preserved at all, it would be hard to say. The earliest poems that have a date attached to them belong to his stay in Rome about the year 1506, and seem to accord well enough with the splenetic and disdainful temper which in that year found the life of a courtier unendurable, and led to the memorable quarrel with the Pope. In one sonnet he addresses the Pope without any disguise, reproaching him for his neglect of honest service, giving a direct challenge to the overbearing old man. In another he attacks the Pope's love of war, and the profanation of religion by worldly ambitions. Michael Angelo at last took flight from this sacrilegious Rome, and finally brought Julius II. to terms at Bologna, with great credit to both personages in this strange comedy. They were well matched in obstinacy and anger—the two proudest men then living—and the conflict was like that between two irresistible forces. But the younger man won, and then they understood and appreciated each other.

Those early Roman sonnets, being satirical and libellous, are distinguished from the great majority of Michael Angelo's poems, which are meditative and idealistic. One feels, however, that indignation is a passion which it is natural for him to express in poetry; the wonder is rather that he kept it within bounds, and expressed it so rarely. His reading in Dante might have encouraged him to a more liberal use of criminous iambics against the many adversaries of his ideas and ideals. But he understood the virtue of those who keep silence in the evil time. His lightning was not used every day against every ordinary hypocrite. He took refuge generally in 'the stormless bay of deep contempt,' and only now and then made a sally against the evils that annoyed him. This condemnatory and indignant poetry is too important, considered as the personal utterance of the poet, to be lightly passed over. Michael Angelo belonged to the tribe of poets who find hate no less inspiring than love or reverence, and who are marked off from the ordinary professional satirist by their equal capacity of admiration and of scorn. This is no particular school, or, at any rate, representatives of it may be found in any age. In Italy especially,

from Catullus to Giusti and Carducci, the prayer of many a poet has been of a double sort:—

‘— dammi un fiore
Per l'amore
E per l' odio una saetta.’

The Provençals were as fond of the gibing *sirventes* as of the more refined, courtly, and conventional forms of verse. It was probably Sordello's political satire and not his love-poetry that gained him his exaltation at the hands of Dante. Dante himself is the greatest instance in all history of the way in which the two styles may be united. Petrarch, more than once or twice, turned away from his lover's reveries to send poetical commination against the oppressors and disgracers of Italy.

Besides Michael Angelo's two solemn and impressive curses upon Rome, there are, belonging to this same time, some other poems of his of a satirical sort, but lighter and more grotesque. The most famous and interesting of these is the poem written to commemorate the work on the roof of the Sistine Chapel, and the havoc it had wrought on the painter's constitution. He was bent backward ‘like a ‘Syrian bow,’ he says, ‘with a breast like a harpy's.’ It is a good-humoured piece of comic description—his revenge on the wearisome nature of things which gave him such trouble, alone there on the top of his scaffold, cramped and anxious, carrying on his laborious creation of beauty, which had so long to wait for its Sabbath. There is another scolding poem, against Pistoia, which perhaps was written about the same time. Generally it may be said that in the earliest poems of Michael Angelo of which the date is ascertained, there is a marked absence of the idealism or mysticism characteristic of most of his poetry, and a preponderance of descriptive details very unlike the vagueness of the more abstract later poems. The sonnet written in Bologna in 1507 to the garland, dress, and girdle of his lady (whoever she was), is more luxuriant and mundane in its language than is at all common in the other sonnets. If the others remind an English reader of the collections inscribed ‘*Delia*’ and ‘*Idea*,’ by Daniel and Drayton, this, on the other hand, recalls rather some of the glowing unphilosophical love poetry of Greene or Lodge. This sonnet to the garland has a place by itself.

The painting of the Sistine Chapel was finished by the beginning of 1513. For many years after that poetic documents are wanting in the life of the artist. The tomb of

Julius II., the façade of San Lorenzo in Florence, which he was commissioned to execute by Leo X. (though the Pope afterwards released him from the contract), then the sacristy of San Lorenzo and the tombs of Giuliano and Lorenzo de' Medici—these tasks occupied him pretty fully, and wore him out with vexation. In 1527, with the sack of Rome, began the most critical and eventful part of his life. The prelude to the tragedy was the disturbance in Florence, in which the arm of the 'David' was broken by a bench flung out of the palace for the damage of Medicean partisans in the square below. The author of the great statue had likewise to take part and to suffer in the last struggle of Florence against tyranny.

Michael Angelo owed a good deal to different members of the family of Medici, and had no unfriendly feelings to the house which had first recognised his genius and promoted him. But he kept his personal regard subordinate to his public duty. It is to the credit of Clement VII. that he appreciated the position of Michael Angelo, and recognised that the sculptor was not ungrateful to old patrons when he took a side opposed to them in a great political crisis.

The sculptor of the tombs of the Medici was an important person when Florence came to be abandoned by all her allies and left alone against the Pope and the Emperor. He was made one of the nine military commissioners who were subordinate to the 'Eight for War.' That was in January 1529; and in April he was appointed Director-General of the fortifications of Florence—not of the city only, where he fortified San Miniato, but of the whole Florentine state. With his wonted energy he flung himself into the study of military defence, and amongst the manuscripts and drawings still to be seen in the Casa Buonarroti none are more curious than the numerous designs of redans, demilunes, and cauponières traced by the hand of the great sculptor. He went to Pisa and Leghorn to see that they were capable of defence, and then to Ferrara, to study the fortifications there, under the courteous explanations of the Duke, who did that, and would do no more than that, for the safety of Florence. On returning to the city he gave his attention to the work he had left behind, and very soon found considerable reason for dissatisfaction. The Florentine general was Malatesta Baglioni, of Perugia, a captain and prince of average reputation. Michael Angelo saw evidence that this *condottiere* was plotting to betray Florence. He was amazed at the careless

way in which Malatesta seemed to be disposing his artillery round the walls of the hill of San Miniato, that part of Florence to which Michael Angelo had given special attention. Another of the captains was consulted, who had a ready explanation—‘the Baglioni were all traitors’—which was true enough. The gonfalonier was informed of the suspicious circumstances, but he took things very easily, apparently, and ridiculed the nervousness of the great architect, whose works were to be exposed this time to a severer and more violent test than usual. Michael Angelo rebelled against this, despaired of the cause altogether, and fled to Venice, suffering outlawry in his absence, along with other fugitives.

This flight to Venice, nobly made good by a speedy repentance and strenuous labour up to the day of the surrender of Florence, is one of the difficult points in the biography. It seems a sudden and inexplicable suspension of an heroic and consistent course of action. Fear is not a probable explanation. Anger and self-will are more likely motives, more consistent with the rest of the story. Michael Angelo was a responsible magistrate, who found his most serious expostulations rejected and ignored. He knew there was treachery somewhere, and might be pardoned for refusing to sacrifice himself in what promised to be an ignoble scuffle of venal bullies and politicians, rather than a Thermopylæ. Michael Angelo’s isolation, which is dwelt upon by every student of his life, is never more apparent than here. His participation in the defence of Florence is like the return of a disembodied spirit to help his brothers in the flesh. There is some caprice mingled with his devotion, and he finds it difficult sometimes to realise the magnitude of the stake. Michael Angelo was an artist above all things, though in 1529 and 1530 he fought like a born man of action. His mind was occupied with its own matters, its own supernatural realm of imagination. He had not in his life that unity which belongs to the born practical man, and which in the highest form of practical life makes it possible for a man to sacrifice himself absolutely to an unselfish end. Michael Angelo was divided between two interests—between the ramparts of San Miniato, and the white blocks waiting for him in the city down below. It was his art, his absorption in his own thoughts, that made him sometimes too disdainful of the life of ordinary citizens, with their meagre and shabby politics; too proud and abstracted, like the great angel whom Dante describes as passing through the ‘miry

‘street’ of Hell, and giving no heed to what was about him:—

‘Poi si rivolse per la strada lorda,
E non fe motto a noi, ma fe sembiante
D’ uomo cui altra cura stringa e morda,
Che quella di colui che gli è davante.’

Michael Angelo was not inclined to neglect or undervalue the claims of ordinary life. His correspondence shows what sacredness he recognised in his family duties, duties to his father and his brothers, and kinsfolk less nearly related. But one constituent in his disposition, the accompaniment of much that is most impressive in his art and writings, was a melancholy which might easily have turned into misanthropy. He was saved from that by many things, chiefly perhaps by his pursuit of art, his constant occupation, which gave him no time to invent libels against humanity. His charity, however, was not boundless, and he found it only too easy to believe ill of his neighbours, especially of neighbours who were both politicians and Florentines. He was inclined sometimes to take Dante’s view of his townsmen, and think of himself as *Florentinus natione non moribus*; perhaps too readily inclined to follow the example of the banished poet, and form a party of his own, consisting of himself. Whenever his two sonnets to Dante were written, they express a constant feeling, which might at any time be awakened, of anger against the capricious inhabitants of the ungrateful city.

‘Di Dante dico, che mal conoscute
Fur l’ opre suo da quel popolo ingrato
Che solo a’ iusti manca di salute.’

Writing to his father in the year 1512, the year of the sack of Prato and the former restoration of the Medici by the Spaniards, Michael Angelo says that he never had any dealings with people more ungrateful or arrogant than the Florentines. He was thoroughly in earnest about the liberty of the city, but it needed little to rouse this old-established ill-will towards those for whom he was fighting, and it was in such an access of spleen and of scepticism about the cause of Florence that he fled to Venice.

The bad mood passed away; it was only a lovers’ quarrel; and Michael Angelo went back to the walls of San Miniato. If it had depended only on Michael Angelo’s fortifications, the city would never have been taken. But Malatesta was still there, more dangerous than the Prince of Orange

and his beleaguering forces. His treason—not of a very showy or sensational kind—spoilt all the efforts of the Signory and their Director-General of Fortifications. The defence of Florence was a noble one—free from the reproach of slackness and vacillation incurred by Italian warfare generally in comparison with that of Swiss and Spaniards. In this last enterprise of the Republic there was a courage and perseverance recalling the old times before wealth and idleness had corrupted the warlike spirit of Italy. Ferruccio, the general outside the walls, was as indomitable as any ancient Roman out of the first decade of Livy. This unaided defiance of the Emperor and all his men seemed to purify Florence from the sophistications of centuries. She was restored to her pristine and simple strength, and fought with an almost barbarian hardihood. It was a piece of business in which Michael Angelo could take interest. He did not usually trouble himself about statecraft, but this work was what he could understand. It did not require any diplomatic training, but mainly a setting of the teeth and hardening of the heart, such as the natural man could attain to. David at the gate of the Palazzo Vecchio might have stood for the patron of Florence in those days, rather than St. John Baptist.

Ferruccio was killed, and the victory snatched from him; Malatesta Baglioni remained alive. Florence surrendered in August, 1530, after a defence of ten months, and Michael Angelo, when he had evaded the first pursuit of the enemy, went back to the monuments for the sacristy.

The defence and the fall of Florence are recorded, though not directly, in his poetry; most notably in the quatrain upon the statue of Night. This was not a voluntary utterance, but an answer drawn from his brooding silence by the quatrain of an ingenious flatterer. An ordinary complimentary poem had described how this statue was the work of an angel, and was alive: 'Waken her, if you doubt, and 'she will speak to you.' Michael Angelo would have kept his thoughts to himself but for this. His answering poem revealed the secret, showed in what spirit he was working for the family that had murdered the Republic:—

'Tis sweet to sleep, and to be stone even so,
While wrong and infamy possess the year;
And great good fortune not to see or hear;
Then wake me not at all: speak low—speak low!

'Mentre che 'l danno e la vergogna dura' was the continuous burden of his thought, then and afterwards. Another poem

is less restrained and plainer in indicating the source of the wrong. It is a dialogue between Florence and her lovers, the exiles :—

The exiles speak—

That many a lover should be blest by thee,
Thy form angelic, lady, first was given :
Is there sleep now in heaven,
That one should hold our heritage in fee ?
Unto our litany
Restore the sunlight of thy face, that fails
The men despoiled of that for which they long !

Florence speaks—

O keep your holy loves untainted, free !
For who usurping on your right prevails,
In his great fear enjoys not the great wrong :
The lovers' fortune is less sure and strong,
Which, overglad, is to a surfeit grown,
Than wretchedness fulfilled with hope alone.

Most of the descriptions of tyrants in classical or modern literature are summed up in one line here : 'Col gran timor 'non gode il gran peccato.' This renders the whole character of the man who is 'full of a multitude of all varieties of lusts 'and fears,' as Plato represented him in the 'Republic.' In the proud and unrepentant, though defeated, champions of liberty, the feeling of loss turns into fortitude ; and Michael Angelo—here, as in all his works, more austere than other men, more in love with defeat than with ease—makes a watchword out of their grief, and chooses for himself a share in their fortune, 'una miseria di speranza piena.' He is on the side of the beggars, outcasts, and rebels, along with Prometheus.

Michael Angelo had to endure domestic as well as public griefs. His favourite brother Buonarroto died in 1528 ; his father, Lodovico, in 1536. The two deaths are commemorated in a touching poem in *terza rima*, left unfinished by the author. Michael Angelo's relations to his family are, from one point of view, of a very intelligible and simple nature. Most of the family letters have to do with money, and the money passes in one direction, from Michael Angelo to his father and brothers. Lodovico seems to have been a narrow-minded, illiberal man. His son, however, esteemed him ; the father was an old friend, though occasionally rather annoying. Michael Angelo apologises in one letter for having written crossly ; they knew that his temper was not very good. That temper was sometimes sorely tried,

when the family conceived entirely groundless suspicions of him, in spite of the very real proofs they had received of his good faith and good will. Lodovico Buonarroti, it is true, had occasionally reason to complain of other members of the house. His son Giovan Simone was wanting in Michael Angelo's piety. One of the most interesting letters in the whole correspondence is that in which Michael Angelo comes to the help of his father against the bad brother. He writes direct to Giovan Simone—a thundering letter:—

'Words would be wasted on you. I tell you shortly that you have nothing in the world but what I have given you. I will teach you to threaten your father, and to destroy what you never earned. If I come I will make you weep hot tears, and show you what your arrogance is built on.'

This is the strain throughout, though Giovan Simone is told that if he conducts himself properly he will be helped like the rest. As in many of Michael Angelo's letters, there is a postscript more emphatic than what goes before:—

'I cannot help writing you two lines further. For twelve years I have gone wandering about Italy, enduring humiliations and hardships, wearing myself out and putting my life to a thousand risks, and all to help my family. When I have begun to do some good, you come and want to muddle and ruin in one hour what I have accomplished with all those years and labours: by the body of Christ, but it shall not be so! for I am ready to make short work of ten thousand of the like of you, if it should come to that. Now be prudent, and give no provocation to people who have other things to vex them.'

This letter belongs to the year 1508. Giovan Simone took the warning apparently; at any rate, there was no lasting breach made by this plain speaking, and Michael Angelo was sorry when his brother died. The poem on his father and on Buonarroti is pure elegy. There are other memorial poems in the book, but this is singular, and was written in a mood of personal grief such as produced no other of the various compositions of Michael Angelo.

Pope Clement VII. died in 1534, and the work at San Lorenzo was stopped. Michael Angelo went to Rome and began the fresco of the Last Judgement in the Sistine Chapel. It was in Rome, probably about the year 1536, that he first came to know Vittoria Colonna, Marchesana di Pescara, whose friendship, whether or not it was the origin of his most philosophical sonnets, at any rate brightened his life in 'a season of calm weather,' which followed on the distresses and anxieties of the years since the sack of Rome.

There is extant one remarkable account of a conversation

in which Vittoria and Michael Angelo took part. A certain 'Francesco d'Olanda,' painter, was at that time in Rome, in the service of the King of Portugal. A manuscript narrative of his, dated 1549, describes in a very lifelike manner a discussion on various matters, in the spring of 1537, at which he was himself present. The original seems to be still unedited, appealing to some Lisbon copyist to get it printed. Select passages from it, however, were translated into French for a work on Portuguese art by Count A. Raczyński (Paris, 1846), and these have been used by different writers since, such as Reumont, and Grimm in his '*Leben Michelangelo's.*' Dialogues were a favourite species of literature at that time, and the writers of them were not compelled to be unremittingly accurate in their details. This one, however, does not appear to have been doctored to such an extent as to obscure the original character of the speakers. They are brought out, in the written report, as they were actually apprehended by the observant note-taker. Francesco d'Olanda had made acquaintance with most of the important artists in Rome, among others with Michael Angelo, whom he came to reverence in a very marked and enthusiastic manner. One Sunday it happened that he went to call on Lattantio Tolomei, who had gone out, leaving a message that he was in the church of San Silvestro, on the Quirinal, with the Marchesana di Pescara, listening to an exposition of the epistles of St. Paul by Fra Ambrogio, of Siena.

Francesco went there and found the reading going on. When it was over, Vittoria said: 'I think I am right in guessing that Messer Francesco would sooner hear Michael Angelo on painting than Fra Ambrogio on the epistles.' This put the other on his defence, and finally, after some encounters of wit, a messenger was despatched to bring Michael Angelo, who very speedily appeared, having been met not far off as he was walking along talking to his servant Urbino.

It is possible that all this may be composition, after the usual manner in the imaginary conversations of that day. Some points, however, are unmistakeably true history. In the talk that follows, Michael Angelo has naturally the largest share, and here Francesco had recorded opinions that one may well believe to have been really expressed. One topic dealt with is the accusation against Michael Angelo of singularity and reserve. Artists, he replies, are as human as other men, only they have no time, when they are engaged in their own work, to make sport for idle people.

They are not surly, but they object to be compelled to share in an idle clatter of tongues when they have serious business on hand. Pope Paul III. is the least exacting of men, and does not insist, as lesser people do, that the artist shall sacrifice his true vocation in order to perform amateur duty in the antechamber. That, or something like that, is the apology for artists' neglect of the proprieties. There is one detail which is obviously from nature—Michael Angelo forgetting himself in the heat of conversation with Paul III., and putting on his hat, without being appealed of high treason and beheaded for the crime. Then the dialogue proceeds to the central interest:—

'Messer Lattantio,' said Vittoria, 'give me a piece of advice! Might I ask Michael Angelo now to give us some explanation on the subject of painting? or would he, do you think, prove that, in spite of all he has said, great men are capricious and inexplicable in their conduct?'

So Michael Angelo is brought to confess his submission to the lady's will. Vittoria asks his opinion about the Flemish school of painters. 'It seems to me more pious than the Italian,' she says.

The answer is a remarkable one:—

'The Netherland school,' he replied slowly, 'will satisfy all people who call themselves pious, more than the Italian. The Flemings will bring tears to their eyes when we leave them cold and unmoved. But the cause is not in the power of the pictures, but in the weak sensibilities of those who are affected. The Flemish school is agreeable to women and girls, clergymen, nuns, and certain people of quality, who have no sense for the true harmony of a work of art. The Netherlanders set baits for the eye—they represent either pleasant objects, or such as are revered—saints and prophets. They like clothes, ruins, rivers and bridges, landscapes with trees and figures. All this is attractive, but there is nothing there of true art; neither symmetry, nor careful selection, nor proper grandeur. It is a school of painting without substance or vigour; I will not say that they paint worse than elsewhere. What I blame them for is that they bring into one picture a crowd of things, of which one would be subject enough for a whole work by itself, so none of them can be treated in perfection. The Italian art is the only true art, though, if other countries painted so, the name would have to be changed. True art is noble and pious, through the spirit in which it works. For those who understand, nothing can make the soul so pure as the labour to produce something perfect; for God is perfection, and who seeks perfection seeks the Divine. True painting is only a copy of the perfection of God, a shadow of the brush with which He paints. Only a quickened understanding, however, can feel wherein the difficulty lies. And therefore is true art so rare, and so few those who attain to it.

'It is only in this country that good painting is possible. Compare a master from some other land with a pupil who has studied in Italy. You will find that the Italian scholar, as far as true art is concerned, will beat the foreign master. So true is this that even Albert Dürer, with all his ability and sensitiveness, could not, if he tried, paint anything that would pass for an Italian work; good or bad, it could be told at once for something that no Italian and no Italian school had produced.

'Our art is the art of ancient Greece. But it is not because a painting is Italian, it is because it is good and correct, that people say it is painted by an Italian hand. Art belongs to no country, but descends from heaven. It is to us, however, that art has come. Nowhere are there such relics of the old glory. I believe that with us true art will perish.'

The remarkable thing about this piece of art criticism is certainly not that Michael Angelo should have spoken it, but that it should have been preserved in this fortunate manner by the quick-witted stranger who made such good use of his stay in Rome. Francesco d'Olanda does not take up much room in the biography of Michael Angelo. There is one letter from Lisbon, dated August 15, 1553, in which he does his best to keep himself remembered by Michael Angelo, trying, rather pathetically, to revive the old interests and acquaintances belonging to the bright time of his Roman studies, when he had been admitted to the company of Lattantio Tolomei and of the Marchesana di Pescara. His genuine admiration of Rome, of Michael Angelo, of all art, ancient and modern, and of all scholarship, his unmistakeable enjoyment of life—these qualities give no small value to his record. The opinions put in the mouth of Michael Angelo may not, indeed, have been expressed in that way exactly, they may have been to some extent common property of the critics—ideas caught up by the inquisitive note-taker and put out under the most distinguished of all artistic names. But the general dramatic description of the circle of Vittoria Colonna, and of her way of life and manner of speaking, may be taken for true history.

It is probably better also to believe that the ideas about art contained in the dialogue are really Michael Angelo's. We know from *Condivi* how he found fault with 'Alberto 'Duro' for want of science in his treatise on the proportion of the body. The doctrine that art does not work for the edification of the pious, is one which requires enunciation by the greatest authority, Michael Angelo or Goethe, before the general public can accept it or pretend to accept it. The distinction between the art which tries to touch the hearts of

soft-hearted people ('Ach, die zärtlichen Herzen! ein Pfuscher 'vermag sie zu rühren!') and the art which knows what is beautiful and follows perfection through close study of the resources of art—this distinction may have been more congenial in Rome in 1537 than in some other places and times, but it can never have been obvious or commonplace or unworthy of the advocacy of Michael Angelo. In connexion with his own art and with his poetry it has a curious suggestiveness. For it has been the fortune of Michael Angelo, as was maintained above, to impress the puritanic and ascetic Northern imagination in that very manner which he despised—that is to say, by the 'lesson' or 'meaning' of his works, by the tragic character shown in the 'Moses' or the 'Pensieroso' of San Lorenzo, rather than by the art of his statues or paintings. His poems in like manner are not valued, as those of Petrarch are, for their perfection, but for the ideas that make such havoc among the poor words, the words incompetent to hold the meaning, the aspiration, of the poet. The great danger attending on his works is that they may be taken to encourage the artistic careers of people with designs upon the sensitive heart, people who can recognise the sublimity of the Titanic figures, and think it is attained by neglect of details; people who trust in their good intentions to produce something terrible, passionate, and immortal. This fragment of conversation on the difference between the art which knows its business and the art which knows its sentimental patrons should be kept in evidence, to prove how far Michael Angelo was from condoning any remissness in execution for the sake of any laudable unrealised good wishes.

The friendship of Vittoria and Michael Angelo, as represented by this observer, was of the kind which one would expect from the few records left in their correspondence. That religion went for something with them is beyond a question, though too much has been made by some writers of the relations between Vittoria and the unorthodox party of Ochino—with whom Michael Angelo, at any rate, can have had no very close sympathy. Both Michael Angelo and the Marchioness of Pescara were to a great extent outside the turmoil of theological controversy. It was not theology that engaged them; it was the religion which had grown up in the grave years of their withdrawal from the multitude. Vittoria in the retirement of her widowhood, Michael Angelo in his solitary occupation with the fresco of the Last Judgement, held similar opinions about life and death. External influences need not be made to count for too much. She

was acquainted with the members of the Oratory; he had listened in his youth to Savonarola—the subject of one of his earliest letters home—and had read much in the Bible. All these accidental circumstances, we may imagine, were less powerful with them than the temper which had been moulded by years of sorrow and depression, and which had made them alike melancholy, alike resigned. Their letters and the notes of Francesco d'Olanda represent them, it will be remarked, as reasonable persons, not as 'Platonic' lovers. Michael Angelo, past his sixtieth year, was not likely to revive the fantastic devotion of some of the vainest of the Troubadours. In a few poems he expressed his deep and sincere regard, escaping in verse from the conventionalities that in prose and daily life concealed and hampered his true feelings. In these poems he left the memorial of the secret life of his soul, as he realised it to himself in the rarer moments of insight. These poems of vision were widely different from the extravagant rhymes of Provence, inasmuch as they grew out of a sober and rational friendship, which could last from day to day, while the raptures of Peire Vidal and all his companions, down to the immortal lover of Dulcinea, were best elaborated in the absence of the divinity, and, indeed, required a minimum of acquaintance altogether. Vittoria Colonna treated Michael Angelo as a friend who could be trusted, whose mind was always ready to help her, and who himself might be in want of support and strengthening. She was not one of the learned ladies who exact punctilious homage from their literary or artistic vassals and courtiers. She wrote once from the convent at Viterbo, where she was staying, to warn him against spending too much time in writing to her, and encroaching on that which ought to be spent with his paintings in the Pauline Chapel in the Vatican. She says that she knows how steadfast their friendship is, their most sure affection, close knit in religion; that she needs no further proof of it, and will not, by her letters, give him further occasion for replying, but will wait till she can do him substantial service. It is a letter which could only have passed between friends who were very confident in one another. Between less cordially related persons, such a prohibition might have roused a suspicion of coldness. Here there can be no mistake about the sincerity of the motive, the true solicitude of Vittoria for her friend's progress in his work and his religion.

In a letter to his nephew Lionardo, in 1550, Michael Angelo mentions some of the gifts of the great lady, who

had died three years before, in February 1547. She gave him, he says, a parchment manuscript containing a hundred and three of her sonnets, and from the cloister in Viterbo she sent him forty more, as they were composed. That Michael Angelo sent her poems of his own is proved by a sonnet in his own hand, followed by a letter of thanks for presents—presents, whatever they may have been, which, when they came into his house, came, he says, not as guests but as lords, and turned the place into a heaven. The sonnet is only an occasional poem, on the same subject as the letter, arguing the baseness of those people who try to show their gratitude by repaying favours, as if they found it burdensome to be indebted to any benefactor. It is a courteous message, sent probably near the beginning of their friendship by the hands of the faithful Urbino. It is not easy to say which of all the other extant poems were addressed to Vittoria. It is certain enough that none of the later poems, many of which are definitely religious in subject, can have been independent of the friendship for Vittoria. But of only a small number of poems can it be affirmed that they were written for her, and for no imaginary and no less noble lady. Of these the finest and most significant is that in which he describes himself in his present nature and condition, as a mere rough sketch or model, from which the lady, an artist of virtue, will fashion him into perfection:—

‘When the divine and perfect art has conceived the form and mien of a certain one, it makes first of all a model out of some gross substance; and this is the earliest birth of its imagination. The second is when out of living stone the promises of the mallet are accomplished, and the image is born anew, so beautiful that no power can set a bound to its eternity. In like manner was I born, first, the model of myself, the model, to be fashioned afresh, into a thing more perfect, by you, most high and noble lady. Your pity moulds me, taking away here and supplying there: ah! what chastening, what reproof, is set as penance to my wild nature!’

Metaphors drawn from painting and sculpture—especially sculpture—recur frequently in the poems, and always seem to bring with them an increase of passion and insight. The great sonnet on which Varchi commented may or may not have been written for Vittoria—there is no evidence; but, at any rate, it stands naturally by the side of that poem of the model, as another poem in which the processes of art are transferred by a mystical analogy to the way in which the soul is influenced, as if by some plastic artist. Here the idea is that all the shapes of art are potential in the matter from

which the artist extricates them ; and that, in a similar way, it lies with the lover, as artist, to bring out of the soul of the beloved the image corresponding to his desire. But some of those artists find that their work rebels against them ; instead of the answering image of love, their art produces an image of desolation and dismay.

‘ There’s no idea of the sculptor’s mind,
Which marble does not in its mass contain :
The artist’s hand, serving his wit, will gain
The image in superfluous stone confined.
The death I flee from, with my life combined,
Thou keepest, lady of the high disdain,
As in the block the god ; and I would fain
Shape love and life, but all my art is blind.

‘ Then neither chance, nor fate, nor power above,
Nor thy great beauty, lady, nor thy scorn,
Is guilty of the wreck that followeth,
If in thy soul thou guardest death and love,
And all my pitiful base craft forlorn,
For all its labour, shape not love but death.’

These two sonnets are the two most striking instances of the manner in which Michael Angelo turns his art of the chisel and mallet into an allegory of the soul. Besides these, there are many other variations of the same conception, sometimes with a curious suggestion of scholasticism, as in the twelfth madrigal, where there is a repetition of the appeal to the artist, who is to purge away the gross encumbering matter from his soul. There it is said of sculpture that it creates by taking away ; a view repeated again in the letter to Varchi about art-criticism, and probably acceptable to scholars not so much from its literal truth as from its suggestion of Aristotelian matter and form and scholastic catch-words like *tollendo ponens*. It will not fail to be observed, either, how well this idea lends itself to the ascetic imagination of the purifying and refining of the soul from dross—an imagination which is anything but unpoetical, though it may seem, at first, to belong to the puritanic spirit that proscribes poetry and the vanities of art. But poetry and art do not need any officious defence against the Puritans, and can sometimes take for their own the language of the mystics and the Neo-Platonists :—

‘ Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool’d by these rebel powers that thee array ;
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ? ’

To Shakespeare, as to Michael Angelo, the thought was familiar that the soul may possibly advance and grow through negation of the flesh, which itself is negative and an encumbrance:—

‘So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there’s no more dying then.’

The metaphor from sculpture is not the only one used in the poems to Vittoria. More simply he writes to her, in one of the madrigals: ‘Doubting and uncertain where my advantage lies, I give myself a blank sheet to your pen, that you may write the truth there.’ Instruction, guidance—that is the boon he seeks to have granted him.

There are four sonnets and a madrigal written in memory of Vittoria Colonna. The most touching of them is that in which he complains of his long life; his ill fortune in surviving her. Death should have come to him, he says, *before the sun went down*. In many another place he complains of the weariness of long life. At the death of Vittoria Colonna he had seventeen years to live. He was made architect of St. Peter’s in that year, being nearly seventy-two, and had several other tasks to finish before the end.

None of the other idealistic poems have the same personal interest as the appeals to Vittoria for help in his overburdened pilgrimage. There are, further, two distinct classes, before mentioned—the poems made out of artificial conceits, and the poems which celebrate the artist’s worship of the idea of beauty. Again and again he returns to the old Platonic myth of the heavenly true beauty, of which all beauty on earth is a reflection. This philosophy has come to sound almost meaningless, or worse, in the ears of modern Nominalists, who associate it with futile and perfunctory eclecticism in philosophy, with rhetorical treatises on the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. That the theory should have been adopted and passionately believed by one of the greatest of artists may, however, suggest problems to those who would shut their ears to the lecturing of a professional philosopher. That the man who laboured harder than any other artist at the preliminary drudgery out of which beauty is evolved, and who expressly scorned the easy way chosen by the Netherland artists with their pious sentiment—that this man should have believed in the vague mystical philosophy of an ideal unseen beauty is a crucial instance against the Nominalist objectors. The Nominalist objectors say it is only very youthful or very well paid and comfortable philo-

sophers who now believe to any extent in the wisdom of Diotima in Plato's 'Symposium.' But Michael Angelo believes in that wisdom, in spite of all his hatred of pretence in art, and of calculated assaults upon the pious heart of sensibility. Strong as is his belief in the duty of the painter to paint good pictures that will stand scientific criticism in detail, his belief is stronger that this command over the materials and the exact science of painting is valueless apart from the maintaining and inspiring idea of beauty, which is eternal.

In Blake, one of the greatest of modern idealists, there is a similar apparent contradiction, between his contempt of what he called the 'vegetable' world, and his insistence on perfect command of minute particulars in all the different ranges of man's activity. The ideal, whatever it is, is not a general notion or an abstraction.

'Imagination is the real or eternal world of which this vegetable universe is but a faint shadow, and in which we shall live in our eternal or imaginative bodies, when these vegetable mortal bodies are no more.'

But imagination does not gain its victories by getting away from the variety and multiplicity of the 'vegetable' world.

'He who would do good to another must do it in minute particulars; general good is the plea of the scoundrel, hypocrite, and flatterer. For art and science cannot exist but in minutely organised particulars, and not in generalising demonstrations of the rational power. The infinite alone resides in definite and determinate identity.'*

The most positive of philosophers must recognise the genuineness of Michael Angelo's philosophic creed, and not less the strength he derived from it. His idealism was not a weak and luxurious dream, but the very passion of artistic creation, which drove him to ceaseless work. In finding expression for the ideal, he was expressing the unseen beauty which was to him the most real of all things, being the essence of himself. With all his long and crushing labour, he has still the first freshness of hope such as inspired those about Dante in their praise of 'the brave translunary 'things.' Like Dante, he remembers, even in the heights of the ideal vision, all the real details which it is his business as an artist to know and to use.

If it is difficult to interpret aright the more philosophical poems of Michael Angelo, another difficulty presents itself with

* Blake's 'Jerusalem,' quoted in Gilchrist's *Life*, vol. i. pp. 235-6.

regard to the unphilosophical love poems, which seem very often to be made of mere average phrases and ideas, common property of the rhymers. When were those conventional poems written, and why? There is no answer to that question. Some of them, doubtless, were written as experiments in composition; others have sprung from attachments or fancies of which all other traces have been lost. Many of his madrigals were set to music, and may have been written for that purpose, to satisfy some friend, without any very serious meaning. In the biography by Gotti, some specimens of the music are given, as recovered after careful search in old collections. One of them, set by Bartolomeo Tromboncino, comes from a song book printed in Naples in 1519. The music of the other two is by Archadelt, a Fleming, whom the Italians called Arcadente, and whose book of 'Madrigali a quattro voci' was published in Venice in 1565. Those madrigals for music were not work of his early years only. Archadelt did not come to Rome till about 1530; he was made master of the children of the choir of St. Peter's in 1539, and in 1542 a letter from Michael Angelo to Luigi del Riccio conveys the poet's thanks to the musician.

Though many of the poems have the appearance of exercises in the favourite style, not essentially different from that of the unwearied Court poets of the early Provençal and Sicilian schools, there are others which are neither philosophical nor yet conventional, though they are full of thought. One of the favourite ideas of Michael Angelo, as of Shakespeare, is that of the power of art to withstand the encroachments of time. It is not to his verse that Michael Angelo looks for security against 'death and all oblivious enmity.'

' 'Tis strange, Madonna, yet we know 'tis so,
From long experience, that all forms endure,
More living, in the sculptor's stone secure,
However with the years the sculptors go!
Thus effects rise, though causes be brought low,
And art outshines all natural things obscure;
I know this, and my proof has been made sure,
In works that time nor death can overthrow.

' Thus, length of days to us my art will give,
In painting or hewn marble, putting on
The likeness of our faces, thine and mine:
A thousand years will pass, and we shall live:—
"How fair she was, and he how woe-begone!"
They'll say, and read my wisdom in that sign.'

Then, again, he has a fancy which recurs to him in his meditations on the way to outwit Time and 'that churl, 'Death'—'il tempo ingiurioso aspro e villano.' How, if the old theory of the Greek philosopher be true, that the soul is born again in future ages in a new body? Then when he and his lady are born again into the world her soul will surely have learned something of compassion, and in that new time will be gracious to him, as hitherto she has never been. On other occasions he uses the old rebellious language of the Troubadours, and of Aucassin. He will choose rather hell with his love than heaven alone. Some of the first Italian poets had been of this opinion:—

' Senza Madonna non vi vorria gire,
Quella ch' ha bionda testa e chiaro viso,'

says Jacopo da Lentino, in the time of Sordello and Frederick II. And in spite of centuries of sophistication and civilisation, in spite of the lectures of the Platonists, and the sermons of Fra Girolamo, Michael Angelo finds it possible to sympathise with the beautiful unreasoning old blasphemy. Elsewhere, giving a new turn to the thought, he says that in heaven his lady would take away his mind from God. It will be evident that the sonnets and madrigals are very far from being all in one strain. There is a considerable interval between the sonnet to the Garland, in 1507, and the artificial arrangements of fires and sighs in other poems; between the simple hyperboles of native and uncultivated poetry, such as those just mentioned, and the ecstatic visions of the sonnets to Vittoria Colonna.

There are many other kinds of poetry, besides the different kinds already noticed, to be found in Michael Angelo's collected writings. The number of personal poems increases as his life goes on: Luigi del Rizzio, Vasari, Monsignor Lodovico Beccadelli, Archbishop of Ragusa, all are addressed by him in rhyme on one occasion or another. Luigi del Riccio was one of his closest friends, in spite of a quarrel recorded in a stormy letter, and fortunately made up before Luigi's death in 1546. He corresponded with Michael Angelo constantly, made a collection of his poems, and tended him once when he was ill. He was very intimate with Donato Giannotti, the Florentine patriot, and these two seem at one time to have been Michael Angelo's chief allies—standing nearer to him, for instance, than his own relations, or the painter, Sebastian del Piombo. Giannotti in 1545 wrote two remarkable dialogues on Dante, in which he him-

self, Michael Angelo, and Luigi del Riccio appear. These dialogues are probably more literary and less authentic than that reported by Francesco d'Olanda, but they belong to the records of Michael Angelo's life, and testify, if to nothing more, at least to the estimation in which his friends held him. In 1544 a curious literary correspondence took place between Michael Angelo and Luigi del Riccio. A young kinsman of Luigi's, Cecchino Bracci, died in Rome early in that year. Michael Angelo wrote not one epitaph but a whole series, and sent them to his friend. This series is almost as strange to modern habits of literature as the long elaborate discourse of Varchi upon the text of a single sonnet. But the piety of friendship and of regret which produced this elaborate monument needs no explanation. One of the epitaphs may be here set down, on account of its likeness to the pathetic funeral poem addressed by Catullus to Calvus: '*Si quicquam mutis gratum acceptumve sepulcris:*'—

Cecchino speaks—

'More than in life, more dear shall I remain,
Though dead, more near to thee; and if the longer
Our severance is, thy love shall still be stronger,
And death be good to me, and loss be gain.'

In the last seventeen years, during which he was working chiefly as architect of St. Peter's, Michael Angelo's sonnets and madrigals cast off a good deal of their Platonism and became simpler. They are the lamentations in which he complained of the vanity of human wishes, the ejaculations of his desire to escape from the tempests of earth. Many of them were, like the earlier and less religious poems, circulated among his private friends, and some have direct reference to events in his life. He felt most keenly the attacks of his enemies, which embittered his days, though they did not in the least diminish his courage or alter his purposes. He had endured libellous reproaches during great part of his career: in 1545 the master blackguard Aretino had galled him with his impudent admonitions about the impropriety of the picture of the Judgement, and his deadlier insinuations of dishonesty, in failure to perform the contract about the monument of Julius II. After having read Aretino for instruction in manners, Michael Angelo had to listen to the detractions of his envious architectural rivals. They tried to displace him from his post, but Michael Angelo stood firm; and, when the enemy got the Pope to listen to them, told Julius III. that he would not admit any criticism or

give any account of his designs, and described the Pope's duties in regard to the architecture of St. Peter's as being limited to finding the money. But though he showed in this way the old spirit of defiance, he was not proof altogether against the adversary. He could not, as he put it himself, see the work spoilt and given over to a pack of thieves; but the fight was a severe one. 'If vexation and shame could kill, I should not be alive now,' he wrote to Vasari. It was in this period of anxiety and hard work that he poured forth his latest elegies, his indictments against the world.

One of his finest sonnets is sent to Vasari in a letter beginning with a gibe at his enemies: 'My dear friend Messer Giorgio,—You will say that I am old and doting, to have taken to making sonnets. But many people will have it that I am getting childish, and I have decided to act accordingly.' The sonnet was printed in Vasari's 'Lives of the Artists,' and is representative of most of the poetry written by Michael Angelo about this period; though in no other piece is there the same weariness, not only of the temptations of the mortal life, but of the art which he had made *idolo e monarca*:—

TO GIORGIO VASARI.

- ' The voyage of my life is all but done:
Over a stormy sea my shallop frail
Draws to the common haven, where the tale
Is counted of the works of every one.
" What freights of error ! " (thus the reckonings run)
" Desires that in a man's own spite prevail,
And vain imagination, crying hail
To art the tyrant on his idol throne ! "
- ' Of early amorous longings, light and gay,
What resteth, if the twofold death be mine ?
(One death is sure, and one has sore alarms ?)
Painting nor sculpture can have power to stay
The soul appealing to the Love Divine,
Who on the cross to save us stretched his arms.'

The date of this is September 19, 1554. Many of the religious poems which belong to this period resemble other undated poems which may very possibly have been written earlier. References to old age are not much of a criterion, for Michael Angelo had a right to call himself old long before he began to think of putting the dome on St. Peter's. The undated poems, 'De contemptu mundi,' are, whatever

the time of their composition, to be taken along with the sonnets to Vasari and the Archbishop of Ragusa, written about the eightieth year of the author's life.

In some of the madrigals he cries to be released from the trouble of living :—

‘ By keenest ice beset, by burning fire,
By years and woes, and now by shame harassed,
The future in the past
I mirror, and my hope is sorrow and pain ;
The joys that swift expiro
A burden are, like curses that remain ;
Of fortune, good and evil, of them twain
That weary of me, I would have release :
The blessing of the years is that they cease,
And time is best approved when time is flown
Since sorrow is assuaged by death alone.’

Madrigal lxxxiii.

He finds small profit in length of life, which is subject continually to storms and snares of the passions :—

‘ Led by so many years to my last day,
Full late, O world, thy flatteries I divine ;
Thou holdest out a peace that is not thine,
And rest, that ere its dawning dies away.
The shame and the dismay
Of years that draw to closing,
One thing alone renew,
The old sweet fatal sway,
Though all therein reposing
Destroy the soul and small delight ensue ;
I say, and hold it true,
As of myself, that he is chiefly blest,
Who being born makes ending speediest.’

Madrigal lxxviii.

The depression, the self-reproach of this are exchanged in another poem for prayer and self-surrender :—

‘ Under what sharpest file,
O stricken soul, comes wasting and decrease
To thy tired carcase ? When will Time release
Thee from thy bondage, and restore to heaven,
Where thou wert pure erewhile ?
Though my old slough be riven
In these last years, soon sped,
I cannot change my antique habitude
That daily plagues the more, and overpowers.
Love, may I be forgiven,
For that I bear such envy of the dead !
Confounded and subdued,

My soul is fearful for herself, and cowers :
Lord, in the latest hours,
Around me let thy pitying arms be thrown !
Teach me thy will : defend me from mine own.'

Madrigal xcvi.

The three madrigals here paraphrased may serve as illustrations of the biography and of certain sonnets which refer to definite events. One of the greatest griefs suffered by Michael Angelo in his old age came from the death of his attached follower, Urbino. Urbino, the stonecutter, came to be the trusted friend of his master : in Francesco d'Olanda's narrative, Michael Angelo is walking with Urbino when Vittoria Colonna's message reaches him ; Urbino shares with Michael Angelo the good wishes with which Vittoria concludes her letter from the convent. Urbino died in December 1555. Michael Angelo shortly after wrote a very touching letter to Vasari, describing his own state : his great sorrow for his loss, and thankfulness for the good example which the loyal servant had given him. 'Death pained him less than having to leave me behind in this treacherous world ; though indeed the better part of me has gone with him, and nothing remains to me but an infinite wretchedness.' A letter of 1558 to Urbino's widow is, like all the other letters of Michael Angelo when any good deed has to be done, full of consideration and kindness ; and matter-of-fact at the same time, as if it were quite a natural thing to take trouble for the sake of others. The year after Urbino's death Michael Angelo for a time went into the mountain country of Spoleto, and appears in that solitude, and in the company of the hermits there, to have discovered a mode of the contemplative life which he had not before imagined. The charm of the forest came upon him, for once at least in his life, and blended with his sad meditations. He was loth to return to the city.

The death of Urbino is connected with a sonnet addressed to another friend of higher rank—Monsignor Lodovico Beccadelli, whose portrait by Titian is in the Tribune of the Uffizi, and who, in 1555, had gone, somewhat against his will, to his Adriatic cathedral. The archbishop, apparently, had at one time hoped to receive Michael Angelo and Urbino. But the distance and the obstacles to travelling were too great. The Archbishop of Ragusa, perhaps remembering Ovid among the Goths, wrote a sonnet to Michael Angelo from his banishment—not the first which had passed between them. The Alps were bad enough, he says, when he was coming down

into Italy; the 'mountain gloom' is intolerable when he is kept in a foreign land:—

' If hopefully I crossed the German snow,
Crossed the high Alps in hope, and left my home
To see you, Michelagnolo, and Rome,
And spite of hoping, found it pain to go :
Consider, now my westering sun is low,
And all before me is the great sea's foam,
And round me mountains, and rude heathendom,
What comfort is there that my heart can know ?

' A voice celestial is my only guide,
That speaks within my soul from day to day,
Saying: " Take this new cross; let it abide
A ladder up to heaven, that so you may,
If safe you cross the narrow earthly tide,
Have with your Buonarroti joyous stay." '

To which Michael Angelo sent the following answer, containing the thoughts which he had already put into his letter to Vasari:—

' God's cross and grace, my Lord, and many a pain
May give us hope to meet in Paradise :
Still, ere the last breath go, might some device
Bring us together here on earth again !
Though seas and Alps and stony ways detain
One from the other, yet no cowardice
Gains on the soul, for any snow or ice;
The wings of thought have neither leash nor rein.

' With those wings I can always fly to you,
And with you mourn Urbino, who is dead,
Who might have helped me, had he lived, to win
Your home, as we proposed; but I pursue
Another course, and by his death am led
Where he awaits my coming at his Inn.'

After this it does not seem possible to fix the date of any of the poems. The letters to Lionardo his nephew continue till within two months of his death. The last of them is given in facsimile by Gotti. It thanks the nephew for a present of cheeses—a Christmas present, for the letter is written on December 28, 1563—and explains the reason why some letters have been left unanswered. ' My hand is failing me, ' and in future I shall make other people write for me, and ' sign the letters. No more at present.' In spite of the complaint of difficulty in writing, there is only a slight shakiness visible in the lines, and the words are almost as carefully formed as in the handwriting of thirty years earlier.

He was known, however, to be growing very frail, and on February 18, 1564, Michael Angelo died—*per resolutione*, as it was put by one witness—from old age and general decay.

His poetical work can never be widely popular, even among those who read old books. It is impossible that it should ever be forgotten: it is a different thing from the ‘flattery’ and ‘fustian’ of decadent Italian literature. Its ideas and style may often be hard to understand, and may in many cases be derived from a bad school of artificial and affected poetry. There is little danger, however, that Michael Angelo will ever come to be confounded with the unendurable Petrarchist rhetoricians. After the labours of the editor of the poems and of the other eminent scholars who since the beginning of the century have illustrated the history of Michael Angelo, very little study is needed to get rid of the accidental hindrances to proper comprehension. But it may be that the best security for Michael Angelo’s poetical fame is the popular recollection of the four lines of the ‘Night,’ which are the key to almost all the verses he ever wrote.

ART. II.—*Mémoires d'un Royaliste*. Par le COMTE DE FALLLOUX. Deux tomes, 8vo. Paris : 1888.

THESE volumes are to us the most interesting and instructive that have issued from the press in France for many years. They are a posthumous record (for the author died on the completion of his work, and before the publication of it) of the opinions and the conduct of one of the noblest men who have taken part in modern French history. They relate in detail the incidents of the short but eventful period which succeeded the Revolution of 1848, including the first months of the presidency of Louis Napoleon—a period comparatively little known and somewhat obliterated by subsequent occurrences, but most important because it was the first attempt of the combined party of order and legality to maintain the principles of liberty and toleration on the basis of republican government. They are marked by a singularly acute and impartial portraiture of each of the leaders of that extraordinary time, and in the long annals of the French Revolution no time was more remarkable for the patriotism, the eloquence, and the parliamentary strength of those leaders than the three years which elapsed between 1848 and the *coup d'état* of 1851. M. de Falloux’s estimate of the characters of his colleagues, and even of his oppo-

nents, appears to us to be always candid and just, marked by that conciliatory and considerate temper which was the mainspring of his policy and of his life. The latter portion of the work contains a very minute and authentic narrative of the measures taken by the Royalist party to restore Henry V. to the throne, after the fall of the Empire in 1871 and the resignation of M. Thiers in 1873, and it reveals, to an extent previously unknown, what were the hopes of the party and what the infatuation of the prince. It throws, therefore, a clear light on two of the most singular and obscure passages in contemporary history, and we are reminded of the dramatic scenes which took place in this country on the demise of Queen Anne, when it seemed that the Pretender was within a few hours of recovering his throne.

Amidst the crowd of eminent and accomplished Frenchmen who did honour to their country between the fall of the First Empire in 1814 and the establishment of the Second Empire in 1851, during an epoch of constitutional liberty which called forth all the genius and greatness of their race, three names occur to us as the representatives of the noblest qualities of the French character, M. de Montalembert, M. de Tocqueville, and M. de Falloux. Other men played more conspicuous parts, wielded power longer, and may claim an ampler page in history; but for nobility, not of birth alone, but of character, they stand in the first rank of the gentlemen of France. Their patriotism was disinterested; their love of freedom sincere. Their religious convictions were strong, and their most earnest hope was to reconcile the democratic spirit of the age with the eternal truths and institutions of Christianity; for they held that a nation which should repudiate its faith in God would abandon the very foundation of morality and civilisation. They were Royalists by tradition and by sentiment, but with none of the subserviency of the courtier; with no lingering attachment to the ancient abuses of the monarchy; but firm in the belief that a free government on a monarchical basis afforded the best security for the peace and prosperity of the country. They were attached to the Catholic Church, and they upheld the authority of her Supreme Pontiff, not because they shared his bigotry or intolerance, but because they regarded the union of the friends of religion with the friends of liberty as an indispensable condition of human progress.

In M. de Falloux these religious sentiments were even more

strongly marked than in his friends. He was a statesman, he might have been a saint. He had not the combative genius which burst forth in the eloquence of Montalembert, or the philosophic mind of Tocqueville. But his piety was fervent, his charity inexhaustible ; his ear was ever open to the cry of the needy, and his most earnest desire was to bring the light of sympathy, of faith, and of knowledge to the hearts of the poor. It will be seen in these pages how far he succeeded and how far he failed. Perhaps the aim of his life was too lofty and too pure to be realised. But he pursued it to the end ; and as he survived until the years immediately preceding our own, his greatest sorrow was to discover that the Third Republic violated and outraged every principle which he had laboured to maintain in the Second. The cause he served with so much zeal was a hopeless one. The prince he would have placed upon the throne was incapable of filling such a position, and bestowed his confidence on less worthy counsellors than M. Berryer and M. de Falloux. One by one the loyal delusions which had animated them faded away ; and they lived to witness the fulfilment, not of their hopes, but of the darkest forecasts of the calamities impending over their country.

Count Alfred de Falloux was born at Angers on the 7th of May, 1811, by the place of his birth and the traditions of his family a 'thoroughbred Vendean.' The extremity of the province of Anjou to the west, called the Pays de Segré or Le Craonnais, was still a dense and impenetrable forest, without roads, without means of transport. The only conveyance was a bullock cart, on which were placed the secular *fauteuils* of yellow velvet, then the appropriate furniture of every French château. In this region the village of Bourg d'Iré was one of the most picturesque and the most primitive. The peasants spoke, and still speak, the language of the thirteenth century. Their customs and ideas were not more modern than their language. Amidst these scenes the early years of M. de Falloux were spent. The period of violent resistance to the Revolution was past, but throughout the province the same passionate loyalty to the House of Bourbon remained. All the neighbouring gentry were what we should call Jacobites. Not a few of them had taken part in the Vendean war. The father of M. de Falloux had emigrated when he was fourteen ; he took part in the Quiberon expedition, and though he escaped with his life, he had lost the greater part of his fortune when he was allowed to re-enter France. His mother was a daughter of

the Marquise de Soucy, and a granddaughter of Madame de Mackau. These ladies had been successively the *gouvernantes* of the children of Louis XV. and of Louis XVI., and they clung to Marie Antoinette until the fatal 10th of August drove them from their post.

‘My childhood, therefore,’ says our author, ‘was spent amongst persons who had lived at Court, but only to make any sacrifice to the Royal Family, or with persons who shared their sentiments, without having seen or wished to see the Court at all. Thus, local history, narratives of the splendour and the munificence of Versailles, or of the courage and the afflictions of the Royal Family, all concurred to keep alive at Bourg d’Iré the Royalist faith. I cannot recall my earliest years without tracing to them the source of the whole spirit of my life—honour before interest, patriotism under a noble and touching form, a heart united to a good understanding, a soil which spoke its own language, and a province faithfully beloved for itself as much as the country to which it belonged. The first scenes of my childhood, the first kind faces of my boyhood, left an impression on my heart that nothing has rivalled or will rival to my latest hour.’ (P. 15.)

The education of M. de Falloux was picked up at the Lycée of Angers, but it was limited. His tastes were early shown by a love of preaching from a mock pulpit—a habit, one might say, not altogether lost in after life. But he was not destined to the Church, and an improvement in the fortune of the family by a considerable legacy from a cousin enabled them to repair to Paris. There a passion for the classical theatre, and especially for Talma, took possession of him. Such was his enthusiasm for the great actor, whom he had only beheld on the stage, that he was seized with a desire to see him in private. Escaping one day from school, he rushed to the house of Talma in the Rue de la Tour des Dames, and was easily admitted to the great tragedian. Once in his presence the boy could say nothing, and burst into tears. Talma was most gracious, and said, ‘My child, ‘I have received many compliments, but none touches ‘me more than yours.’ Some nights afterwards, Talma, having played Macbeth, recognised his visitor in the vestibule after the performance, and addressed him, ‘Well, my ‘little friend! are you pleased to-night?’ Then the whole story came out.

M. de Falloux was but nineteen years old when the catastrophe of 1830 swept from the throne the dynasty to which his life was devoted. But he had entered early into society, and the friendship of the Duchesse d’Uzès for his mother opened to him the most aristocratic *salon* of the Faubourg St. Germain. The Court of Charles X. he saw but

once. It was at the memorable ball given by the Duke of Orleans to the King and Queen of Naples, at which M. de Salvandy said, 'We are dancing on a volcano.' The old king stood on the gallery of the Palais Royal, contemplating the beauty of a starry night, and rejoicing that the fair weather was wafting his fleet to Algiers. Oddly enough, the 'Muette de Portici' was the opera brought out in honour of the King and Queen of Naples—a representation of a successful rebellion in their own dominions; and in the agitation of the following months the popular airs of that charming piece became the signals of revolution—unwelcome to the ears of M. de Falloux.

After the Revolution of 1830, the young Vendean would willingly have joined in any form of resistance. But he was restrained by the prudence of his father and the moderation of the king. The mad attempt of the Duchesse de Berri to rekindle civil war ended in her own ignominious captivity, and those who knew the Vendée best were aware that for military purposes it had lost its power for ever. It had been what the Highlands of Scotland were to Charles Edward, but the roads that now intersected it and the progress of civilisation extinguished the possibility of a successful insurrection. The spirit of the people was quelled, not by violence, but by the increase of trade, of wealth, of comfort. The Faubourg St. Germain went into mourning during the captivity of the Duchesse de Berri, that is to say, it gave no balls, but the winter of 1833 was not without the attractions of society, in which M. Eugène Sue, M. de Balzac, and M. Sainte-Beuve figured for the first time.

The prosecution of M. de Chateaubriand for one of his Royalist pamphlets was the great event of the day. M. de Falloux contrived to get into court in the dress of an advocate, when he heard one of M. Berryer's magnificent orations. Chateaubriand himself was present, and on the delivery of the verdict of acquittal was thrust into the arms of Falloux, whom he did not know, but who escorted him to his carriage, and afterwards restored his papers to him. That was the beginning of their acquaintance. M. de Chateaubriand in society was generally silent; but Madame de Chateaubriand, whose relations with her husband were not of the most friendly character, made up for it. There she sate in a low chair, with a huge Angora cat, given her by the Pope, purring over her shoulders, and launching her tart repartees. 'M. de Chateaubriand,' she said, 'is so dull, that if I were not here, he would not speak ill of

‘anybody.’ But the great man reserved his wit and his eloquence for others than his wife.

The best resource of a young Royalist in 1834, when his entry into public life was stopped, was to travel. That is what sent M. de Tocqueville to America, and M. de Falloux to pay his devoir to the exiled Court at Prague, where he saw the king, the venerable Duchesse d’Angoulême, and the young prince on whom his hopes were fixed ; but nothing could be more dull and mournful than the Hradschin, where there were already signs of the disputes arising in the royal circle round the Duc de Bordeaux. M. de Falloux found a more congenial society at Vienna and at Rome, of which he gives a lively picture. He travelled homewards with Marshal de Bourmont, whom he had met at Rome. The old Château de Bourmont is within six leagues of Bourg d’Iré. The families had long been intimate ; and in the course of this journey the marshal spoke freely of the incidents of his very varied career—accused of treachery at Waterloo, the conqueror of Algiers, a prisoner at Besançon, defeated and rejected by Portugal, settled at last in Italy. But we can only make room for one of his anecdotes.

‘M. de Bourmont began to speak of Waterloo himself, and seemed pleased to tell his story. “I never,” said he, “had the slightest intention of taking service during the Hundred Days. But having accidentally met Fouché, then Minister of Police, he opened a conversation which decided my conduct. ‘The Emperor,’ said Fouché, ‘is mad, and we will not allow him to throw France again into the abyss. The army yielded to a first moment of enthusiasm ; but it now understands that patriotism must prevail over ill-timed excitement. The marshals themselves hold this language to me every day, and will bring this terrible adventure to a close before Europe has rendered it irreparable.’ Fouché supported his assertion by proper names and evidence, which left no doubt on the mind of Bourmont, and persuaded him that in resuming his post in the army as a lieutenant-general he would be aiding a near and pacific settlement. But the advance of Europe was more rapid than was expected. The army and its leaders were less disaffected than Fouché supposed ; and M. de Bourmont was driven to the fatal alternative which blasted his career—either to separate himself from his brothers in arms under painful circumstances, or to march against the allies of the king, who called themselves the allies of France. As for any communication with Blücher and Wellington on the eve of the battle, or any indiscretion which would aggravate the position of the army he was about to quit, M. de Bourmont repelled the insinuation in terms and with proofs which demolished the charge.’

The defence is a very lame one. We can believe anything

of Fouché, who, no doubt, was eager to betray the Emperor. But a man can hardly meet with the persistent ill fortune which attended Marshal de Bourmont without very serious defects of character, insight, and even honesty.

M. de Falloux's next journey was to England. He was presented by General Alava to the Duke of Wellington, who had not forgotten the cavalry school of Angers ; and he saw with greater sympathy Mr. O'Connell. He enjoyed the aspect of English country life, and he admired Oxford and Edinburgh. But, unlike his friends Tocqueville and Montalembert, it is evident that M. de Falloux formed no ties whatever in this country, and remained an entire stranger to it. The only one of our countrymen mentioned in the remainder of the work is Mr. Monsell, afterwards Lord Emly, who paid a visit to Bourg d'Iré, and distinguished himself by falling asleep and snoring when he ought to have listened to Montalembert's melodious elocution. One acquaintance, however, M. de Falloux did make in London, which had a singular effect on his after life. In the drawing room of Grillon's Hotel he was introduced to M. de Persigny, who found himself in want of funds to enable him to rejoin Prince Louis Napoleon in Switzerland. M. de Falloux immediately opened his purse to him, and Persigny, ever eager to win a convert to the Imperial cause, began to enlarge on the glory and greatness of the coming Empire. These two men had nothing in common but their nationality, and the strong sentiment of *fidelity*, but to two distinct causes, absolutely incompatible and opposed—the Monarchy and the Empire. But this sentiment, which amounted to a passion, inspired them with mutual esteem, and led to mutual services on several occasions in the vicissitudes of life. Persigny soon perceived that he could not convert Falloux into an Imperialist, but he added, with that inspired air which he sometimes assumed, ‘ I respect your sincerity, and I know your patriotism. Your eyes will be opened. Prince Napoleon will reign, and you will form part of his first administration !’

‘ In spite of the emphatic language of the prophet, I burst out laughing at his prediction, and replied joking, “ Then promise me, sir, that you will give me my *portefeuille*.” “ I promise,” said Persigny. The pity is that the destinies of France have been so agitated that this idle wager between two young men of five and twenty should literally have been fulfilled by both of them. When I took office in December 1848, I found on my table, sent by M. de Persigny, the *portefeuille* he had promised me in 1835. I have kept it still, and I never look at it

without the melancholy reflexion that unhappy is the country in which such an adventure could occur, not in romance, but in reality.'

When the history of the conspiracies which led to the re-establishment of the Empire is fairly written, M. de Persigny will fill a large and, we must add, an honourable place in them. He was a man of humble birth, for his parents were peasants in the Lyonnais, and we have heard him allude, without affectation, to the lowly condition of what he called 'his people.' He was without education, or political experience, or eloquence. It is one of the most singular incidents in the French Revolution, that so commonplace a person should have had an important influence on the destinies of France, though less perhaps than he himself supposed, for he boasted to M. de Falloux that it was by his energetic impulse that Louis Napoleon was led to return to France, to enter the Chamber, to reach the Presidency, and to proclaim the Empire. We ourselves have heard him say, after the death of the Emperor, 'J'ai été moi-même un moment le Bismarck de la France.' But with due allowance for personal vanity, it is certain that his resolution and fixity of purpose did much to strengthen the vacillating resolutions of his Imperial friend. He was honest and he was enthusiastic. He stooped to no mean personal advantages; and he was daunted by no failures till his end was attained. Let us add, that, being well acquainted with England and attached to that country, he regarded the English alliance as one of the safeguards of the Empire, and invariably opposed any measures calculated to interrupt it. It is not a little to his credit that he obtained and retained the respect and confidence of M. de Falloux, in spite of their radical differences; and it is a characteristic trait of the two men that towards the close of his life M. de Persigny is stated in these pages to have become a sincere Catholic. He pressed M. de Falloux to be the godfather of his son, in preference to all the great personages of the Empire.

In the autumn of 1839 the Comte de Chambord, then in his twentieth year, made his first public appearance in the world and at Rome. His youth had been passed in frigid seclusion, under influences the least favourable to the part he might be called upon to play in the world—a bigoted exiled Court, and such instructors as the Duc de Levis and the Duc des Cars. This event summoned the leaders of the Legitimist party to Rome, and amongst them M. de Falloux, who, singularly enough, paid his respects to Marie Louise, then Duchess of Parma, on his way. In her palace not a

trace was visible of her former greatness ; not a bust or a picture of Napoleon or of her son : all was forgotten.

‘ I expected to find Rome in that state of respectful tranquillity which surrounded Gregory XVI. ; I found it, on the contrary, greatly agitated by the unforeseen arrival of the Comte de Chambord. The Austrian Government was piqued that it had not been consulted. The French Government no less so at the appearance of the young prince on so great a theatre. The Pope would have been glad to escape the appearance of connivance, of which he was wholly innocent. In fact, it was to relieve the pontiff from all responsibility that the prince had not informed him of his intention. As for calling upon the Pope to proscribe the head of the House of Bourbon, no one dreamed of it. Rome had ever been the refuge of fallen greatness. It had received the Stuarts in spite of the House of Hanover, and the Bonapartists in spite of the Bourbons. But little was said on the subject. M. de Flahaut was then in Rome. He met the prince, not undesignedly, in a picture gallery, and afterwards spoke in praise of him to the Comtesse de Menou. “ You must admit,” said she, “ that it is much to be regretted that such a prince has so many enemies.” “ Ah, madame,” said the diplomatist, “ if he had only his enemies !”

The truth was, both then and afterwards, that the prince had most reason to dread his nearest friends. The Duc de Levis had brought him to Rome, but once there his object seemed to be, as it was through life, to narrow the circle round his royal pupil ; to establish a sort of quarantine about him, through which no ideas or suggestions were allowed to pass without fumigation. His vigilance became exclusive, and at last his exclusiveness became fatal. The visit to Rome therefore produced no result ; but it was characteristic of the dark and narrow policy which clung to the prince throughout his life, and became darker and narrower in presence of the events of his later years. Already the rift was visible between the Royalists, like M. Berryer and M. de Falloux, who sought to bring the elder branch of the House of Bourbon into harmony with the liberal opinions of France and of the age, and those who fostered its superstitions and its follies, and even secretly cherished the delusion that the monarchy could eventually be restored by force of arms. It results from every page of this book that the Duc de Levis was the evil genius of the Court of Frohsdorf, and that the Royalists who were contending for the cause of the monarchy in France had no worse adversaries than the men who surrounded the titular king.

It appears also (which we were not aware of) that M. de Villèle, the former Minister of Louis XVIII., still exercised a certain amount of influence over the exiled Court, and it

was on his suggestion that a Legitimist Committee was formed in Paris to conduct the business of the party. M. Léo de Laborde was the principal member of this *bureau*, and M. de Falloux belonged to it. But even at this early period the inherent differences which existed between the Royalists were apparent, and the work before us might be regarded, from first to last, as the history of a struggle, that lasted for thirty years, between the enlightened members of the party led by M. Berryer, who based their action on parliamentary principles, and the incurable prejudices and obstinacy of their royal master. The Comte de Chambord had not only the fate, but the mind, of Charles X. and James II. 'I have never,' exclaimed the Bishop of Orleans in the last paroxysm of the monarchy, 'witnessed such a psychological phenomenon of moral blindness.' And it will be seen in the conclusion of these pages that it was the prince himself who in 1871 and in 1873 gave the deathblow to his cause, in defiance of the direct opposition of all his best advisers.

On one occasion M. de Falloux met with a singular adventure in passing through Strasburg on his return from Germany. That night, an acquaintance, who like himself was no Bonapartist, but a Breton and a Royalist, informed him that M. de Persigny was secretly in the town and would be glad to see him. The hour was midnight, but that was the very time to pay a visit to a conspirator. Falloux assented, and leaving the populous quarters of the town he was conducted through narrow streets and a low doorway to a sort of grange, where he found half a dozen young fellows round a flaming bowl of punch. This was the staff of Prince Louis. The surprise of Persigny was extreme: he flung himself on his friend's neck, and exclaimed, 'May we reckon 'on you at last?' 'As a friend always, as a Bonapartist 'never,' was the answer.

'But the spirit of proselytism never forsook M. de Persigny. He continued, "Be sure it is Providence that sends you to us. Prince Louis is here, close to the frontier. The garrison is ours; in two or three days we shall be received with the acclamations of all France." "No," said I, "you will all be hanged, and you should admire my courage in remaining here after what you tell me. In a minute perhaps the police will be here. I shall be caught, and share your wretched fate without deserving it." The conversation became more serious; M. de Persigny and his friends endeavouring to prove to me the grandeur of their enterprise, I endeavouring to convince them of its absurdity. We could not agree, for my convictions were as stout as their delusions. After an hour's debate I took my leave, embraced

Persigny with melancholy affection, returned to my inn, and left Strasburg at five the next morning. A few days later Prince Louis was a prisoner in Strasburg. Persigny contrived to escape across the frontier, saying, like Barbès in 1848, "Better luck next time." (P. 156.)

He was, however, captured after the affair of Boulogne in 1840, where he was tried with the prince, imprisoned at Doullens, whence he was transferred to the hospital at Versailles, where M. de Falloux saw him again and succeeded in obtaining for him a considerable mitigation of the rigour of his sentence. Indeed, if Persigny would have consented to ask the Government, in any form, for his liberty, it would have been granted him. But this he positively refused to do. His answer to M. de Falloux in 1847 was this : 'Remember, 'that in a year we shall be in their places.'

M. de Falloux was returned for the first time to the Chamber of Deputies in 1846, when M. Guizot was still at the height of his power. The criticisms of the young Royalist deputy on the Minister are not without foundation. Austere and disinterested in his own conduct, living simply and dying poor, M. Guizot had shown too much indulgence to followers who were swayed by meaner motives, and above all he never applied himself to those practical reforms and ameliorations, unconnected with politics, which other countries had adopted and the French nation had a right to demand. M. Guizot remained to the last unconscious that he had done but little for the country except to enrich it, and to extend its influence abroad. His solicitude was chiefly directed to the foreign relations of France ; he relied on his colleagues M. Duchatel and M. Dumon, who were men of considerable ability, to conduct the internal administration of the country, but they lacked originality and enterprise. Even so simple and useful a reform as that of the letter post was resisted. M. de Falloux judiciously saw his opportunity. He got up the question of postal reform, and succeeded in carrying, with some restrictions, the scheme which has rendered such services to France and the world. But within a few months another revolution had swept away the Ministers, the Chambers, and the Throne. The catastrophe of the 24th of February, 1848, arrived.

It has been said that the Revolution which hurled Louis Philippe from the throne was an effect without a cause. The effect was out of all proportion to the cause, and is felt to this hour ; but the event was brought about obviously by the extravagant violence of the Opposition, which, seeking

to upset a ministry, overthrew a throne, and by the weakness of the king at a moment when two or three hours of resolute action and two or three reasonable concessions would have saved the monarchy. No one expected a revolution. After a stormy discussion at a meeting on the 22nd of February, in which M. Odilon Barrot and M. de Lamartine distinguished themselves, but in which M. Thiers took no part, that eminent personage left the room with M. de Falloux, and they crossed the Place Louis XV. together.

‘As we went along I said to M. Thiers, “Are you not alarmed at all we have just seen and heard?” “No, not at all.” “Yet this is uncommonly like the eve of a revolution!” He shrugged his shoulders and replied in a tone of complete confidence, “A revolution! a revolution! It is easy to see you are a stranger to government and do not know its strength. I know it well; it is ten times as strong as any conceivable insurrection. With a few thousand men, under the hand of my friend Marshal Bugeaud, I would answer for everything. Forgive me, my dear M. de Falloux, for saying with a frankness which cannot offend you, the Restoration perished by stupidity, and I promise you we shall not die the same death. The National Guard will give Guizot a good lesson. The king has a quick ear, he will listen to reason and yield in time.”’ (Vol. i. p. 265.)

Two days afterwards all was over, and M. Thiers was as little master of what followed the event as M. Guizot had been of what preceded it.

The Revolution of 1848 differed essentially in its immediate consequences from all the revolutions which have occurred in France before or since. It was instantly followed by the strongest determination on the part of the nation to resist the anarchy caused by the mob of Paris. A powerful combination of statesmen of all parties was formed. Unlike any of the other revolutions which have occurred in France, it was marked by a strong religious spirit, and was entirely free from that anticlerical passion which has been the disgrace and the curse of the last French Republic. The clergy put themselves at the head of the reactionary movement, and were followed with enthusiasm by the people. The name of the liberal Pope, Pio Nono, then recently elected, was hailed with applause. The Royalist party threw its whole strength on the side of a Conservative Republic, and the circulars of M. Ledru Rollin and the harangues of M. de Lamartine encountered a resistance they did not anticipate. The part played by M. de Lamartine has been misunderstood. He aimed at the Presidency of the Republic; he refused to break with the Radical party; and

it now appears that the celebrated speech in which he denounced the red flag and lauded the tricolour as the standard of France *was the exact reverse* of what he had intended and proposed to say, but he was outvoted by his colleagues in the Provisional Government, and yielded with a good grace to their opinion.

The result of this first appeal to universal suffrage showed beyond all doubt what were the sentiments of the nation. The Assembly elected on the 4th of May was the most complete representation of the country which had existed since the States-General of 1789. It included all the principal statesmen of the last reign, except M. Guizot and M. Thiers : a large number of Royalists and men of the highest rank and character, such as the Duc de Luynes and the Marquis de Vogüé ; the Bishops of Langres and of Orleans, not a few seminary priests, and P. Lacordaire, a Dominican monk ; M. Molé and M. de Montalembert, and a host of others united in a patriotic resolution to defend society and save the country. Their labour in the next three years was not in vain. We remember to have heard a Breton lady say, ' Cette petite République était bien respectable.'

In this Assembly, M. de Falloux, from the interest he took in the working classes, was placed on what was termed the ' Comité de Travail,' a post which assumed the greatest importance, for it was there he had to encounter the wild theories of Louis Blanc, and to deal with the frightful peril of the ' Ateliers Nationaux,' which had cast the maintenance of 100,000 workmen on the State. M. de Falloux proposed to meet the difficulty by a variety of institutions calculated to relieve the working classes, such as benefit societies, extension of savings banks, protection of children in factories, sanitary measures, improved lodging houses, &c. His colleagues stood aghast at such a flood of innovations. But time was wanting for these measures. Meanwhile the great insurrection of the ' Ateliers Nationaux ' broke out, the people rose, and Paris was deluged with blood in the terrible days of June. Cavaignac crushed the rebellion, which was directed against the National Assembly itself, and the Executive Government resigned. M. de Falloux betook himself to the hospitals, which were crowded with the wounded. Even there the ferocity of the insurgents showed itself. They sprang from their beds to bite their wounded fellow citizens. It was necessary to separate them from those who wore the uniform of their country. The worst enemies of the Republic were the Republicans. The first act of General

Cavaignac, called momentarily to supreme power, was the dissolution of the National Workshops.

The decisive moment of the election of the President approached, and with a curious want of foresight Louis Napoleon was supported by M. Thiers, by M. Molé, by M. de Montalembert, and M. Barrot, for the same reason that he was chosen by the nation as the most emphatic protest against the Republic, and in the belief (which was temporarily justified) that the prince would form a Conservative Parliamentary Government. At this time (1st of November, 1848) M. Thiers said to M. de Falloux :—

‘I had thought of the Presidency of the Republic for myself, but it must be given up. We must allow Louis Bonaparte to be carried, and even help to carry him, without putting on his livery. If I were to fail, it would be a serious blow to the cause of order ; and if I succeeded I should be obliged to espouse the Republic, and truth to tell I am too steady a fellow to marry such a wench.’

M. Thiers lived long enough to overcome his repugnance to so strange an alliance ; but in 1848 he was an energetic supporter of Louis Napoleon, and he allowed himself to be duped by a completely erroneous estimate of the man. Louis Napoleon was elected by the people for his name, and by the statesmen for his presumed incapacity, but in point of fact he was as much superior in policy and resolution to the conception they had formed of him as the Comte de Chambord was below the imaginary standard ascribed to him by his enthusiastic supporters. M. de Falloux did not share the illusion of the parliamentary leaders. He told M. Thiers that he was deluded, and expressing his opinion in few words, he said, ‘The first day will be better with Prince Louis than with Cavaignac, but the morrow will be detestable.’ That prediction was fulfilled.

The first Ministry formed by the President was to consist of representatives of all the sections of the party of order, and M. de Falloux was pressed, as a Royalist, to take office in it as Minister of Public Instruction. He did so with extreme reluctance, chiefly because it was held that his refusal would be regarded by the prince as a declaration of war, and would compel him to fall back on the Radical Opposition. Thus it came to pass that the promise made by M. de Persigny fourteen years before was fulfilled, and M. de Falloux found upon his table the ministerial portfolio sent him in the name of his friend. Not many days elapsed before the rift became visible between the Imperialist views of the President and the parliamentary views of his ministers. Demands were

made which led to more than one resignation. The celebrated letter of the President to Edgar Ney on the affairs of Rome was to be secret and confidential: the publication of it was a breach of faith. But these difficulties were overcome by timely apologies. The Ministers did not resign on that or any other ground. They were simply turned out of office by the President at the end of ten months, when it suited the future Emperor to form an Administration of men entirely subservient to his will.

The duration of M. Barrot's Administration was brief, but it was marked by considerable events and by the anticipation of greater changes. It was felt by all to be a transitional Government. To M. de Falloux political life presented three leading objects: the possibility of a restoration of the monarchy; the maintenance of the authority of the Pope in Rome and over his temporal dominions; and the establishment in France of a system of entire liberty of public instruction, in place of the exclusive monopoly of the University and the State.

To the first of these questions we shall have occasion to return, in speaking of the chances which appeared to be more favourable than they really were, but it may be worth while to quote in this place one or two striking incidents.

'As for my personal relations with the President,' says our author, speaking of the time when he held office, 'they had gradually become as cordial as they could be under the reserve which on either side we observed. He never spoke before me of ambition or Napoleonic designs. One day he even said to me, "Show me the House of Bourbon united, and you will find me ready to take my hat and stick." I did not let the phrase drop, and hastened to repeat to those who were in communication with the princes, adding, "The tone appears to be sincere; but even if the man be less so, it is worth while to take note of it." Meanwhile I never lost an opportunity of saying to him with entire frankness, "We are travelling towards monarchy, and on the way you will find me a trusty and resolute Conservative. When we attain it I shall separate myself not less resolutely from any government which is not *the* monarchy." On these terms we felt at our ease, and I think his liking for me was not counterfeited, as I had occasion to observe when, many years afterwards, I waited upon him in the name of the Academy.'

King Louis Philippe, in the two years which intervened between his fall and his death, expressly recognised the right of the Comte de Chambord to the throne.

'Living at Claremont, surrounded by his family and visited by his friends, he spoke without excitement of the events which had dethroned him. He willingly repeated that he had been most reluctant to allow

the crown to be placed on his own head, and had only consented because a regency was impossible, and because his accession appeared to be the only means of preserving a monarchical government. But whilst he thus defined his conduct in 1830, Louis Philippe gladly concluded that henceforth no such circumstances existed : that the crown of France had never ceased to belong *de jure* to the head of the House of Bourbon ; and that *de facto* the Comte de Chambord was now in a position to claim and wear it ; that the interest of the country and the legal right to the throne, since the 24th of February, 1848, were as closely united as they had been separated on the 7th of August, 1830.

‘The Duchess of Orleans was of a contrary opinion. She conceived that her duties as a mother and as regent required that she should not determine the conduct of her children until they were of an age to decide for themselves. One day, in London, M. de Montalembert said to her, “What are, in the opinion of your Royal Highness, the rights of the Comte de Paris to the throne, save in the traditional conditions of hereditary monarchy ?” The princess replied with warmth, “My son has no right, but he has claims (*des titres*) ; that is enough.”’

If at that time there were any serious chances of a restoration, they were in the hands of General Changarnier, who might have played the part of Monk. He commanded the army of Paris, and lived in the Tuileries on the side of the Rue de Rivoli. He had recently put down an abortive *émeute*. He was master of the situation, in intimate relations with the parliamentary leaders, and he spoke of the President in the most open and contemptuous language. M. de Falloux breakfasted with him, which led to the following conversation.

“The present state of affairs cannot last long,” I said ; “the Assembly will shortly be threatened. You will be dismissed, and we shall then be tossed into fresh adventures, and powerless unless we can hold forth the monarchy, ready and able to save the country.” “I think exactly as you do,” replied the general, “except on one point. France needs a transition, which can only be effected by a military government. Our unhappy country requires a dictatorship, which, however moderate it may be, will have to brave the unpopularity which must not be cast on the return of the monarchy. This temporary omnipotence is, believe me, a part of my sense of duty more than of my ambition. I give you my word of honour that I desire nothing but the monarchy. I mean the true legitimate monarchy. The Duchess of Orleans knows that very well. You are going to London, and I entreat you to repeat to her what I have just said, and to add, ‘Your Royal Highness is a woman, and can do nothing with the army without Changarnier.’ She will have neither Changarnier nor the army for any other purpose than a frank restoration. Nor would she have the majority in the Assembly. Her brothers-in-law will second you more than you suppose, and you will see whether, hand in hand, Changarnier is sincere.”’

Monsieur de Falloux had no intention of going to London. He believed in the sincerity of Changarnier ; but he attributed his failure to the presumption of the man, and to his confident belief that it was in his power to place the crown on the head of the heir. He omitted to take into consideration that it was in the power of Louis Napoleon, by a stroke of his pen, to deprive him of his command. This is what happened shortly afterwards. Nor is this to be wondered at if these were his secret intentions. It is very questionable whether at that time the Bourbon monarchy had any chances at all, but whatever they were they were speedily extinguished by a 'grandis epistola' from the prince at Wiesbaden, announcing that without the slightest consultation with his ablest supporters he had taken the political direction of his party into his own hands, and that he peremptorily rejected the slightest deviation from the absolute traditions of which he was the representative.

Second only to his enthusiastic zeal for the restoration of the king was M. de Falloux's fervent desire for the restoration of the Pope, who had been driven into exile at Gaëta. He was therefore one of the most energetic partisans of the French expedition to Rome, of which he gives, in these volumes, full and minute particulars. But into this portion of his work we do not propose to follow him. To us it seems that his ultramontane opinions and his fanatical attachment to the Papacy rendered him absolutely blind to the true interests of France. His is a remarkable example of the fatal results of a divided allegiance to an alien Church and to a man's native country. In our eyes the whole policy of the Roman expedition and the subsequent occupation of Rome for many years was a deplorable error, mischievous to Italy and more mischievous to France. Its consequences are felt to this day in the estrangement of the two nations ; for although Italy owes her independence in a great degree to the armed intervention of France, that benefit is effaced in the eyes of the Italian people by the attempts of Frenchmen to re-establish the papal power against the national institutions of the country. The result has been that France has lost the support of a grateful neighbour, and that Italy has sought for alliances in other quarters.

But M. de Falloux's short tenure of office was marked by one real and important service to his country. The establishment of a liberal and voluntary system of public education, by throwing open what had hitherto been the closed doors of the University of France, was one of the chief objects

of his life. As Minister of Public Instruction and of Worship it devolved upon him to propose such a measure, and the circumstances of the time enabled him to break down the prejudices which had hitherto opposed it. He resolved to deal with the question on the broadest liberal principles, without reference to his personal opinions ; and for this purpose he invoked the indiscriminate assistance of men of all parties, pledged only to the cause of freedom. The controversy was an old one ; M. de Falloux appealed to the combatants on both sides to meet him in a spirit of conciliation and peace. Thus on the 4th of January, 1859, a Commission of four and twenty members was appointed, which included M. Cousin, M. Saint-Marc Girardin, and others for the University ; M. de Montalembert, M. de Melun, M. Cochin, the Archbishop of Paris, and the Abbé Dupanloup for the Catholic party ; M. Thiers, M. de Corcelle, and M. Janvier for the State. It is highly characteristic of the spirit of that time that the utmost concord prevailed in this mixed Commission. M. Cousin quoted the Gospel and the Fathers. M. Thiers hung with interest and approval on the words of Mgr. Dupanloup. The Catholic members declared that all they asked for was liberty and no protection. For the moment, and under these auspices, a reconciliation was accomplished between the leaders of the State and of the Church, and a law was passed in 1850 which bore the name of M. de Falloux, and which lasted until another revolution rekindled the anticlerical passions of the Republic.

This was M. de Falloux's chief legislative effort in his official career, which was about to close. His own health was broken by the exertions he had been called upon to make, and for the remainder of his life he suffered from nervous debility, which incapacitated him for vigorous action, and left him a permanent invalid. The Ministry to which he belonged was in an equally precarious state, and on the 24th of October, 1849, he received from the President a letter of dismissal, which was shortly followed by the dissolution of the Cabinet. Thus, after ten months of office, M. de Falloux quitted it for ever. He was then thirty-eight years of age. He retired to Nice for a few months, but was able to resume his seat in the Assembly during the critical debates which preceded the *coup d'état* of December 1851. A few days before that event, at a small dinner given by M. Molé, General Changarnier expressed his entire confidence in the security of the Assembly and his own. ' My apartment,' he said, ' is a little fortress. The people in the house are devoted to me,

‘ especially the pastrycook on the ground floor and all his ‘ lads ! ’ Those who heard thisrodomontadelistened in melancholy silence, concluding that on the morrow the country would fall into the hands of whoever was boldest and most cunning. The general was taken in his bed a few days afterwards.

On the morning of the 2nd of December M. de Falloux was roused somewhat earlier than usual by some account of the events of the night. His neighbours the Duc de Lynes, M. de Vatisménil, and others flocked into his rooms. The members of the Assembly resolved to hold together ; and they eventually met to the number of 300 in the mairie of the Xth Arrondissement, where they deliberated for three or four hours. M. Berryer took the lead in the measures that were adopted. General Oudinot, who was present, was to have the military command ; but if much was said, nothing was done.

‘ The *déchéance* had just been voted by 300 members, when we saw troops collecting under the windows. The staircase was occupied, and an officer, with some soldiers, entered the hall. The two vice-presidents and General Oudinot addressed him with so much force and dignity that the officer withdrew. But reinforcements were at hand, and in short we were seized and marched along the Rue de Grenelle to the barracks on the Quai d’Orsay between two ranks of soldiers.

‘ I had left home without my breakfast and without the least preparation for such an expedition, and we had good reason to be grateful for the hospitality shown us by a regiment of lancers in the barracks. We were turned into the courtyard as they turn sheep into a meadow, and as night came on they thrust us into a large hall. Fortunately for me an officer of the regiment, who was an Angevin like myself, offered me his room, where I was joined by M. de Rességnier and M. Berryer. None of us knew anything of our fate.

‘ About midnight a police agent requested us to come down and “ monter en voiture.” To our great surprise these “ voitures ” turned out to be not respectable *fiacres*, but cellular carriages. To say the truth we none of us expected or desired the honour of martyrdom, and we supposed that these measures of constraint would be of short duration. But we thought that M. de Morny, rarely guilty of an act of bad taste, might, without betraying his new master, have treated his colleagues better than convicts.

‘ It turned out that we had General Oudinot on one side, and General Lauriston on the other ; so in this good company the vehicle trotted on until the cells were opened, and we found ourselves in the fort of Mont Valérien.’

Their confinement was of short duration. Persigny, in this emergency, did not forget his friend, and returned the service formerly rendered to himself by coming to the fortress. A friend at Court was of use, but M. de Falloux

declined his assistance until the whole party were set at liberty.

The opinion of M. de Falloux on the successful aspirant who had seized the vacant throne of France was expressed in few words : ' The conqueror of to-day bears within him ' three mortal maladies—despotism, prodigality, war. If he ' escapes one of them, he will infallibly perish by another.' But neither the Royalist nor the constitutional party had formed a just conception of the duration of their trial. At that time they still cherished hopes that the spirit of loyalty or the spirit of liberty would again rouse the country. Twenty years elapsed before the catastrophe, foreseen from the beginning, recalled them for a moment to public life.

Fortunately for M. de Falloux his strongest tastes were for the life of a country gentleman. His favourite residence was at Bourg d'Iré in his much-beloved province of Anjou ; and here the greater part of these years was spent. He enlarged, or rather rebuilt, the château ; he applied himself to extend and improve the charitable and religious institutions of the department ; he carried off prizes for his cattle at the agricultural shows ; and he continued his literary pursuits. We have said nothing of his earlier works, a life of Louis XVI. and a biography of Pope Pius V., which do not appear to have had much success. But the papers of Madame Swetchine were placed in his hands after her death. He had been attached to that remarkable woman with more than filial affection. Their sympathy partook of the religious enthusiasm which was common to both of them. As Saint-Simon said of Fénelon and Madame Guion, ' Leur sublime s'amalgama ; ' and in writing her memoirs M. de Falloux performed what was to him a religious duty. The result was one of the most remarkable records of piety and fervour which have appeared in our time ; and by its literary merit it opened to M. de Falloux the doors of the French Academy, the honour to which of all others he would be most sensible, for indeed he never sought any other. The Academy is the only institution in France which has survived the revolutions of two hundred years, and which afforded, and still affords, a refuge to the genius and eloquence of the nation. M. de Falloux was supported by all its most eminent members, with the exception of M. Thiers, who declined to vote, and he succeeded to the *fauteuil* of M. Molé.

The Second Empire had at least the merit of uniting men in opposition who had been disunited in power. Thus it fell out that M. Berryer on one occasion brought together at his

Château d'Angerville a party of men who might well figure in one of the imaginary conversations of history—M. de Montalembert, M. Salvandy, the Bishop of Orleans, M. de Falloux, M. Mignet, M. Vitet, and (by his own desire) M. Thiers—a remarkable group, which M. de Falloux has preserved to us.

‘The moated Château de Angerville, flanked with ancient towers, once belonged to the prévôt des marchands, Lhuillier, who surrendered the keys of Paris to Henry IV. At the end of the gallery hung a portrait of Charles X., by Gérard, given to M. Berryer by the king. Thiers looked at it with attention and said :

“That face beams with loyalty and goodness. Now, Berryer, do explain to us what was the real intention of the king when he signed the Ordinances. Did he deliberately intend to break with the Charter, or did he sincerely believe in his right to act as he did under the XIVth Article?”

“I will answer you with pleasure if you will tell us what were the intentions of the Duke of Orleans and your own in making the Revolution of July.”

“By all means,” said M. Thiers, and he went on to tell his story, standing before the fireplace, a little in the attitude of Bonaparte.

“I will confess at once that in the Revolution of July neither the Duke of Orleans, nor Laffitte, nor any one of us knew clearly how it would end. The Duke of Orleans had two fixed ideas ; one was not to overthrow the king, the other not to follow him into another exile. His sole objects were to stand independent, without complete submission to the Court and without any premeditated design against it, and to secure his fortune. When, after the Three Days, we wanted to place the crown on his head, we had to tear him from his retreat as if it had been to go to the pillory, and to demonstrate that the alternative lay between the throne and proscription.”

“Laffitte was a worthy commonplace man, detesting street disturbances, but eager to play a part, which he would have accepted from Charles X. as readily as from Louis Philippe, if it had been offered him. Casimir Perier roared like a lion when it was proposed to touch the dynasty, and Guizot was too faithful a disciple of Royer Collard to be much on our side. Lafayette alone was really hostile to the Bourbons, and had no liking for the Duke of Orleans. But it was necessary to convert him, that he might convert them. As for myself, I was really a son of the Revolution, attached to my parent ; but all the less disposed to compromise her for nothing. I thought the Restoration stronger than it really was or cared to be. The fidelity of the army was indubitable, and I could not suppose it would not be used. However, as we proceeded we gained courage. You may be certain that the Duc de Mortemart did really for some hours hold in his hands the destiny of France. If he had been more prompt, more resolute, or more able, he would have caused the abdications to be accepted ; many of the leading members of the Opposition secretly desired it ; and everybody would have submitted more or less unwillingly. Again, at

Rambouillet there was still time to save the monarchy, if the monarch had attempted it. We had no doubt that the confused mobs which pursued the king would be driven back into Paris flying. The regiments and the strong artillery of General Vincent, officers and men, would have acted instantly on a sign from the king. We made the Revolution of July because we were led to make it. If we had recovered the Charter with the Regency of the Duke of Orleans, we should have been satisfied."

M. Berryer then took up the wondrous tale on the other side, in the following terms, which we are compelled somewhat to abridge.

"I have known no man at heart more amiable or more loyal than Charles X. He had the faults of his generation and his education, but he also had its merits. He loved France, and thought to save her by preserving above all things the rights and prerogatives of the Crown. If the Left had accepted the Ministry of M. de Martignac, the king would now, of his own free will, have changed his course. He was attached to several members of that Cabinet, especially M. Hyde Neuville and M. de la Ferronnays, and he was not insensible to the charm of Martignac. Prince Polignac he did not regard as a great politician, and on this ground somewhat distrusted him. But he was carried away by the fatal predictions of Polignac and his allies in the Tuileries, that all concessions would be vain, and that the king would have to form an exclusively Royalist ministry to win the last battle of Royalty against the Revolution. The unpardonable fault of the Opposition in overthrowing M. de Martignac confirmed the king in this belief, and threw him without reserve into the arms of the reactionary party. Still a year elapsed before he could be induced with great difficulty and reluctantly to sign the Ordinance. Even then, if some members of that Cabinet had had the courage to resign, rather than yield to the disastrous doctrine of passive obedience, the monarchy might have been saved.

"As for Prince Polignac, he was full of the arrogant traditions of his family, and that was not his only danger. It must be confessed that he was a visionary in the strict sense of the word: he believed that he was in supernatural communication with Heaven.

"At that time," said Berryer, "I was presented to the Prime Minister, who even offered me the Ministry of Justice. I declined it, on the ground of my total political inexperience." "There are men," said the prince, "*who do not want experience.*" Such language struck me painfully, the more so as I felt that he applied it to himself. I remonstrated, but he replied, "You think I am engaged in a rash enterprise, without wishing to tell me so. Yes! perhaps I should not have the strength to carry out my purpose if I were alone. But I will reveal to you what I have made known to very few of my friends. God aids me, day by day, by communications, the origin of which is indubitable."

"At these words," Berryer continued, "I was struck with terror. I saw the ruin of the monarchy, and the æra of revolutions burst open before me, and with a few incoherent expressions I left the room,

ordered post horses, and went to plead a cause in the country, full of the most dire presentiments for the future."

On the day which followed this remarkable conversation at Angerville, a confidential interview took place between the Royalist members of this gathering and M. Thiers. They of course defended their principles, and even said to him, 'Beware lest your country should one day write on your tomb, "M. Thiers, who clearly saw all the ills of France, "but would heal none of them."' "

"No!" exclaimed Thiers, in a tone of strong emotion, "my country shall never appeal to my patriotism in vain. If the events occur which you desire, and which I too desire, more perhaps than you suppose, I shall not flinch from truths or even avowals. I am a monarchist, not perhaps as you are in some respects, but as much as you are. I am convinced of the superiority of the monarchical system; above all I am convinced that the French temperament and republican government are incompatible. When we have only to adjust shades of difference, you will see me do for the monarchy what you have seen me do for religion, with you, and with my venerable friend the Bishop of Orleans." The next day we all left Angerville, full of admiration for our host, and in close connexion and union with each other by ties which remained unbroken during the whole period of the Second Empire.'

The closing years of the Empire were marked by events most afflicting to M. de Falloux. The dearest of his friends and the ablest of his allies, Father Lacordaire, General Lamoricière, M. Berryer, and M. de Montalembert all died within a few months. No pages of this work are more touching than the chapter devoted to their memory. They were spared the mournful spectacle of the calamities of their country, which surpassed even the keenest pangs of personal affection and sorrow.

The fatal results of the war and the fall of the Empire opened an entirely new æra in the annals of the Revolution, and although another Republic had been proclaimed on the 4th of September, the course of events appeared to be more favourable than it had ever been before to the Royalist cause. The nation, paralysed by defeat, by invasion, by the dissolution of the army and of all constituted authority, turned to its natural leaders, and the aristocracy and gentry of France sprang once more into active life. From the prince to the peasant all ranks were confounded in the patriotic armies, and the ascendancy of men of education, station, and tried valour, soon placed them in the front of the battle. The result was that when a National Assembly was convoked at Bordeaux,

it consisted mainly of a class of men who had been excluded from public life for many years. The popularity they had won by their exertions in the field carried the elections and sent them to the Chamber. No legislative body which had met for forty years was so favourably disposed to the restoration of the monarchy. It might have been carried at Bordeaux by acclamation. But that solution was met by the influence of two unforeseen but invincible obstacles—the will of M. Thiers and the no less inflexible will of the Comte de Chambord himself. The work before us contains, for the first time, a full and authentic account of these opposing influences, which were destined to extinguish the hopes the Royalist party not unreasonably entertained.

Although the Executive Government at Tours was in the hands of M. Gambetta, the most important fact in the then state of affairs was the universally recognised ascendancy of M. Thiers, who had been the consistent opponent of the declaration of war and the principal negotiator of the peace—that peace which was ardently desired and immediately ratified by the Assembly at Bordeaux. Undoubtedly M. Thiers rendered to his country in those transactions services which will ever reflect the greatest honour on his statesmanship and patriotism. He took the command of a sinking vessel, and saved her from the rocks. This can never be forgotten. But what answer had M. Thiers to give to the question addressed to him by M. de Falloux at their first interview, ‘What will you do with France on the ‘morrow of the peace?’ The reply was evasive, and the subsequent conduct of Thiers was not calculated to throw light upon it. It was thought desirable by the Royalist party that the Republic should bear for a time the burden of the armies of the Empire and of the last Revolution, and that the king should not be brought back in the train of a defeated army and a humiliating peace. But how long was the *interregnum* to last? With a full knowledge of the facts now before us, it is impossible to doubt that M. Thiers was thinking more of his personal position and power than of the future constitution and welfare of his country.

The predominant fault in the character of M. Thiers, in spite of all his versatility and patriotism, was that he knew not how to *serve*. He conceived that he was born to command, never to obey. In all things, small and great, abroad and at home, his own activity and will were to be paramount. The *service* even of the Crown was intolerable to him. His ambition was equal to his activity. The

Republic to him meant his own administration without a master. That power had been placed by events in his hands, and, intoxicated with his position, he meant to keep it. It is within our own knowledge that being asked by a friend how it came to pass that he had adopted the Republic, to which he had been all his life mortally opposed, he replied, 'La République! certainement la République! sans la République que serais-je moi? Adolphe Thiers, bourgeois.' That feeling and that remarkable speech explain the part he played—not with success, for after a short term of power, not always wisely used, his Presidency of the State came to an ignominious close. He appears never to have foreseen that the permanent government of a great nation must rest on principles more solid and unchanging than the popularity of an orator or a minister. At Bordeaux his object was to keep the Royal Family in the shade, and to amuse the supporters of the monarchy with false expectations. He insisted on removing the Assembly to Versailles, although the insurrection of the Commune was imminent; and the first act of his administration was the siege of Paris.

But in justice to M. Thiers it must be said that there was a moment when he favoured the restoration of the monarchy and the reconciliation of the Royal Family, although, as he phrased it, it is not pleasant to be second in a country in which you hold the first place; and it was not M. Thiers, but the Comte de Chambord himself who defeated the combination. On Saturday, July 1, 1871, M. de Falloux, being then at Versailles, learned that on that day the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres were to dine with M. Thiers, and that on the following Monday they were to start for Belgium, where the Comte de Chambord was ready to receive them. The journey had been arranged by M. de Jarnac on the part of the princes, and by M. de la Ferté on behalf of the Comte de Chambord. The dinner took place and was highly successful. Legitimists and Orleanists crowded to the evening reception, and were presented to the princes, who produced a most favourable impression. Their intended departure for Bruges was announced. M. Thiers was delighted, and said to M. de Falloux, 'C'est la Monarchie qui recevait hier chez la République.' Somebody observed that the Comte de Chambord was the only personage wanting at the dinner. 'He would have been welcome,' said Thiers, 'and I don't despair of having that honour.' Never were the hopes of the Royalist party raised higher, and apparently with better reason. In a few hours a frost, a

nipping frost, destroyed them altogether. A cold, we might say a repulsive note, written in the third person and dated from Blois, was placed in the hands of the Comte de Paris, in which the Comte de Chambord desired his cousins to postpone their visit until he had made known to France 'sa pensée tout entière.' That was the first blow, and it was severe. The journey of the princes was abandoned. It then transpired that the Comte de Chambord had spent twenty-four hours in Paris on his way to his own château at Chambord, near Blois. He had visited some public buildings *incognito*, and seen his principal agent, the Marquis de la Ferté. To him the royal intentions were disclosed. They were of such a nature that, although M. de la Ferté was devoted to the service of the prince, and would have laid down his life for his cause, he felt bound to expostulate in the warmest language. The interview ended in an altercation. The prince and his faithful servant parted, never to meet again. This intelligence, which was made known to the Royalist party by M. de la Ferté with tears in his eyes, filled them with consternation. A deputation, consisting of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, the Comte de Maillé, and the Vicomte de Gontaut-Biron, started for Chambord to remonstrate. Even the Bishop of Orleans was persuaded to follow it. 'Never,' writes M. de Falloux, 'will there be more complete unanimity in despair.' All was vain. The prince was inflexible. 'We have lost 'in twenty-four hours,' said the venerable M. de Laurentie, 'the fruits of twenty years' prudence.' On July 6 appeared the well-known manifesto of the prince, in which he declared his unalterable attachment to the white flag of his ancestors: 'Je ne laisserai pas arracher de mes mains 'l'étendard d'Henri IV, de François I^{er} et de Jeanne d'Arc. 'Français! Henri V ne peut abandonner le drapeau blanc 'de Henri IV.' 'O sang de Charles X!' exclaimed M. Vitet as he read the proclamation.

If it were not that the fate of the monarchy and of France was at stake, there is something invincibly comic and absurd in this incident. Very probably the white flag of the Bourbons never was the flag of François I. or of Jeanne d'Arc at all; and as for Henry IV. he made far greater sacrifices to gain the throne, since he changed not his flag but his religion. It was not the flag of the army alone that staggered the Comte de Chambord. There was another difficulty about the national cockade. A uniform had been secretly prepared for his royal highness to enter Paris in state, with a hat to match;

but on that hat was—oh! horror of horrors!—a tricolour cockade! The prince had rather die in exile, and abandon his country to anarchy, than wear such an emblem. What strikes us as still more extraordinary is, that the Royalist leaders should have persevered in their infatuated devotion to their master, and in their efforts to place him on the throne, after this palpable demonstration of his character and capacity. A prince of such consummate obstinacy and folly would not have kept a minister three days or his throne three months. The only service the Comte de Chambord could render to France would have been to abdicate, and transfer his rights to an abler man. But of that, too, he was incapable.

One result of this catastrophe was, that M. Thiers broke with the Royalists altogether, and threw himself upon the Republican, and even the Radical, party. M. de Falloux, in a long and warm conversation, pointed out to him the inevitable consequences of this policy, both to himself and to the country; but the die was cast. ‘The man,’ says Falloux, ‘most able to raise and guide France, was becoming the most obstinate in dividing and misleading her.’ The more M. Thiers inclined towards the Left, the more he estranged the Conservative majority of the Assembly which had placed him in power. It was painful to witness to what a low class of supporters and associates he had reduced the circle of his friends; and at last the inevitable rupture came. On May 24, 1873, the Conservative opposition carried a declaration of its principles against the Government by a majority of 362 to 348. M. Thiers, who never understood the distinction between the presidential and the ministerial office, immediately resigned. Marshal Macmahon was on the same day elected to the presidential chair; and on May 26 the *Moniteur* announced that a Conservative Cabinet had been formed under the Duc de Broglie. It is worthy of remark that on August 5 of the same year the Comte de Paris repaired to Frohsdorf, and the fusion of the two branches of the Royal Family was completed.

The disclosures contained in these volumes prove beyond all doubt that the whole design of what is termed the ‘24th of May’ was not only to govern the Republic on Conservative principles, but to restore the monarchy and to place the Comte de Chambord on the throne. The Duc de Broglie, with more sagacity than his Legitimist friends, saw where the difficulty lay. He wrote to M. de Falloux on August 24, 1873:—

‘Well! we have certainly cleared the way, and there is no impedi-

ment to what you have all your life desired. But it is not everything to have the way open. Who will tread it? A nation cannot cast itself down before a man, however illustrious his birth may be. He must meet it at least halfway. Will that be done? Will even a step be taken? Nothing authorises us to think so.'

The Duc de Broglie shared the opinion of the Royalists as to what was desirable for France, but he evidently did not share their confidence. The question of the Restoration was not brought before the Cabinet, but all the Ministers were united in desiring and promoting it. A curious incident marked the progress of the affair. Count Maxence de Damas, the Master of the Horse at Frohsdorf, was sent to inspect the Imperial stables at the Louvre, and gave his orders as if the king were about to take possession of them. A committee of nine members of the Legitimist and Orleanist parties was formed to conduct the negotiation, and after mature deliberation they agreed upon a form of words which was supposed to settle the difficulty of the flag. It ran thus: 'Le drapeau tricolore est maintenu. Il ne pourra être modifié que par l'accord du Roi et de l'Assemblée.' The meaning of these enigmatical words was, that after the return of the king it should be proposed and voted that the fleurs de lis be added to the tricolour flag.

Meanwhile the Comte de Paris at Frohsdorf and the numerous missions sent to ascertain the intentions of the prince had been courteously received, but they failed to extract from him any positive explanation on the main point in dispute. Perhaps their wishes led them to put too favourable an interpretation on his ambiguous language. As for M. de Falloux, he thought it impossible that the Comte de Chambord should refuse a throne offered to him under the most favourable conditions, without foreign intervention, with no chance of civil war, supported by the existing Government, by the army, and by an Assembly elected by universal suffrage. Could anything more be dreamt of? If the Comte de Chambord asked for more, his pretensions would exceed the limits of all known infatuation. M. Chesnelong laid before his colleagues a textual report of the engagements assented to by the prince. But neither he nor M. de Falloux had sounded the depths of the royal mind. On the 27th of October another verbose and incoherent letter arrived from Salzburg, in which the prince again declared his immutable resolution never to abandon the flag of Arques and Ivry. The effect of this letter was immediate, disastrous, and final. Tears rolled down the cheeks of

General Changarnier. M. Chesnelong exclaimed, 'I appeal from the king to God.' Duc Audiffret-Pasquier (an Orleanist) murmured, 'All is lost.' The effect on the public and the whole Conservative party was not less deplorable.

The Comte de Chambord had not anticipated these consequences. He was rudely undeceived. He repaired at once to Paris and solicited an interview with Marshal Macmahon, which was declined. He saw but few of his friends. Such was his anxiety when the Assembly was deliberating on the prolongation of the power of the Marshal, that he stood at night, wrapped in his cloak, beside the statue of Louis XIV. in the great court at Versailles, to await the vote. The vote was adverse, and the next day he turned his back on France for ever.

We remember to have heard at the time two of the leading French statesmen engaged in these transactions, who were themselves desirous of the establishment of a Liberal constitutional monarchy in France, express their astonishment and regret that the policy of the Government of the 24th of May was regarded with disfavour in England. The answer they received was that in the opinion of their English friends and wellwishers it appeared probable that this policy would defeat its own object. It might be possible in the then state of France to carry on the Government of the Republic on Moderate and Conservative principles, which is what M. Thiers had originally promised and intended to do. But an abrupt restoration of the monarchy in the person of a sovereign wedded to all the prejudices of his race, and full of extravagant conceptions of his own rights, was a different affair, and would probably not carry the country with him. The result would be a failure; and a failure would throw the Republic into the hands of the extreme party, who would make an unscrupulous use of their power. This prediction has been fulfilled. The Ministry of the Duc de Broglie dissolved the Assembly and appealed to the country; the result was the triumph of the ultra-democrats. Marshal Macmahon (who had been declared President for seven years) resigned; and the Government fell into the hands of men who have sought to prolong their precarious official existence by concessions to the revolutionary party and by systematic mal-administration, scarcely distinguishable from anarchy, and the worst forms of corruption.

M. de Falloux completed these memoirs in 1880 and died in 1884. He lived long enough to witness the failure of all his hopes, and the realisation of all his fears. We know not

whether, if his life had been prolonged, he would have seen reason to anticipate greater evils or a brighter future.

‘Thrown back without a pilot in the midst of storms, will France ever again enter the harbour, which we once deemed, for a moment, to be within her reach? I will not despair of it. That is in any case the secret of her return to her former greatness, or her surrender to that decadence towards which she is driven by the treacherous currents that now sway her course. Be this as it may, I have endeavoured in these volumes to vindicate the faith and the patriotism of those with whom I have acted; and if they fail to save our country, they will at least save their conscience before God and their honour before men.’

These are his concluding words. The present state of France is an answer to his question.

ART. III.—*A Study of Religion.* By JAMES MARTINEAU, D.D.
2 vols. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press: 1888.

IN the history of a long antagonism the names which characterise the opposing systems tend to lose their definiteness and become merged in vague and misleading connotations. ‘There has been an old-standing quarrel,’ said Plato, ‘between poetry and philosophy;’ but he meant by poetry the art only of playful imitation, while philosophy covered for him all that was intellectual and moral both in the world and in man. The *παλαιά τις διαφορά* between science and religion has suffered similar mutations in the meanings assigned to the words. To the modern agnostic thinker the word ‘science’ stands for all that is rational and true, while religion becomes the storehouse of dreams. To the theologian, on the other hand, while religion is that which corresponds to the need of his soul for some abiding unity, the word ‘science’ signifies whatever is phenomenal and transitory and meaningless. Some such confusion in terminology is inevitable when men approach a subject from opposite ends; for each of the disputants arrogates to himself as much of the disputed territory as he can grasp, and leaves to his rival the smallest margin of uncultivated remainder. But perhaps the religious thinker is more blameable in this respect than the scientific. For science, in modern times at all events, has always had one method and one animating spirit: what she knows, she knows always in the same way, and ‘the scientific’ is that which is ascertainable on certain regular modes of procedure. But religion has had a more fluctuating meaning, and been

applied to very diverse methods and presuppositions. What does religion mean? Does it mean a dogmatic creed, a theology? Ought the word to be applied strictly to that which is called supernatural religion? And if so, what is the position of that which, more often in the last century than in the present, used to be called natural religion? Is there such a thing as natural religion? Shall we call it an intellectual creed or an emotional habit of mind; or, rather, shall we describe it as the union of the two—emotion tempered by thought and reason touched with enthusiasm? If religion admits of such varying interpretations, there is reason and excuse for the confident rapacity of the scientist.

It is one of the conspicuous merits of Dr. Martineau's work, '*A Study of Religion*,' that he is justly impatient with this want of precision in the leading terms of his subject. He rarely allows himself any tinge of bitterness, but even his unruffled temper is stirred by what he calls 'the limp tendencies of our age.' One of these flaccid habits is to allow the word 'religion' to stand for any culture, whether literary or artistic, and to suppose that God is identical with nature. It follows from such a position that we can vapour about 'ideals,' and deem ourselves religious; that we can divorce emotion from belief, and feel affection for some fiction of our imagination; that we can therefore dispense with any object for our religion, and nurse ourselves with 'sickly talk' of admiration, though there be nothing to be admired; finally, that we can get rid of the word 'atheist' (for no one, if God be nature, can disbelieve his existence), or, if we retain the opprobrious epithet, make it the synonym for feebleness and cynicism. Dr. Martineau cannot away with any of these amiable weaknesses. To him they are in truth the product of invertebrate thought. He is quite aware how they have originated. He knows that it is one of the characteristics of our age to get rid of violence in our altercations, and to see the conspicuous virtues of an enemy. He confesses that such watering down of our conceptions is due to the laudable desire to live peaceably with all men and to agree with our adversary quickly while we are in the way with him. Hence, if the scientist is offended by the word 'God,' let us by all means give up the name or call nature God; and if the term 'religion' be a stumblingblock, it is easy to suppose that it means nothing more than the worship of beauty, the devotion of the artist to his ideal. But revolutions cannot be quelled by rose water, and it is with a revolution that

we have to do here. For revolution it assuredly is when science either in the hands of Comte confines us to the region of phenomena, or in the language of Spencer desires us to call the object of our reverence and awe by the meaningless name of 'the unknowable.' Hence, at the outset of his work, Dr. Martineau lays down in precise and significant terms what he means by religion. 'By religion,' he says, 'I understand the belief and worship of Supreme Mind and Will;' 'belief in an ever-living God, that is, of a Divine Mind and Will, ruling the universe, and holding moral relations with mankind.*' To the innermost seat of this belief in the constitution of the human mind he desires to lead his reader, and thence to draw out all the conceptions which have their birth in so fruitful a germ. This task he essays not wholly without misgiving, for he knows that it is not in sympathy with the prevailing tendencies of the time. He is aware that modern thought brings all its batteries to bear against that which is the essence of his view, the belief in a personal God. But the masterly execution of his task in the two volumes which we have placed at the head of this article proves with what rare steadfastness of aim and consistency of thought the problem has been attacked and conquered. Nor does it give less pleasure to his reader to find that he is led through paths adorned with the flowers of a poetical and graceful fancy, and that a style of grave and sustained eloquence carries on its strong wings the burden of a severely metaphysical system.

If reason, as many philosophers have told us, demands the totality of things, the necessity of framing some general conception of this universe—its origin, its meaning, and its end—becomes more pressing in proportion as the mass of embarrassing detail becomes greater. As science every day adds fresh conquered provinces to the empire of our knowledge, we desire the more ardently to know the nature of the central authority and the character of the government which it sways. The cry is perpetual for some creed, some body of dogmas which contain the essential principles of our cosmos. We are weary of the detail; we wish to find the data falling into some gradations of inferiority and superiority, so that from the lowest rungs of the ladder we may climb to the highest. The unity of science, which was the earliest aim of the scientific explorer, is an ideal which

* *Study of Religion*, vol. i. introd. pp. 1 and 16.

is slow to leave us, and which bids fair, indeed, to tarry with us to the end. Is this perpetual straining after the primal and the real, which is the chief characteristic of our reason, also its chief delusion? So Kant thought; but the tendency cannot be stifled by stigmatising it as an error, and its baulked aims in knowledge became for Kant its guiding principles in morals. Let us attempt to classify some of the answers which are returned to such problems, in order that among the theories of the scope and meaning of the universe, the key which Dr. Martineau has found to the riddle of this painful earth may have its proper place and its due appreciation.

If science is always showing us the interdependence of phenomena, it must lay especial stress on the links which bind its groups of facts together. Thus phenomena are connected by the bond of cause and effect; they are held together by certain regularities which are called laws, among the more conspicuous being the laws of the conservation of energy and the correlation of forces; and nature, as a whole, is found to exhibit uniformity. Theories serve to connect different groups of facts with one another; hypotheses unite the present with the past and the future; the unknown is interpreted according to the analogies of the known. Thus the heterogeneous mass is welded together by the discoveries of affinities, and the resolution of the complex into the simple leads the inquirer to ask for 'the fewest generalisations which being assumed, the framework of nature will remain what it is.' Have we here an answer to our quest? But what is the nature of the universe thus known? Had it a cause? Nay, but this is to travel beyond the region of known phenomena to some unknown thing which is not phenomenal. Has it some essential substance or reality? But this is an old-world theory, which has long ago been exploded. Had it a beginning? Will it have an end? Such creation theories and annihilation theories are unprofitable and, at all events, unprovable. Has it some final end or purpose, towards which it is working? How can we tell? Being part ourselves of the cosmic order, we cannot transport ourselves out of that order to discover whereto things are tending. It is clear, then, that the creed of science is not encumbered with the answering of so-called ultimate questions. The world is the relation of phenomena to one another; there is no cause which is not also an effect of some other cause; and if we seek to retrace the steps of causation, the search is endless. Let us

be content with what we know, and refuse to trouble ourselves with a whence and a whither and a why. Such is the answer of what is termed Positivism or Phenomenalism, the creed of Comtism and of most scientific thinkers, an answer which is no answer, for it opposes to our obstinate questionings the dead blank of nescience. It leads us nowhere, because it leads us to that agnosticism which is the clear contradiction of our reasoning faculties. To the reason, which bids us know the real, it answers that the real is the unknowable.

To rest content with a world of related phenomena is impossible for any one who, in any measure, desires to see the cosmos of things *sub specie aternitatis*. It is, of course, possible for a man to be so occupied with the working out of some special hypothesis, or so engaged with the study of some special sphere of nature's operations, that he has no time or wish to regard what Bacon called 'the fabric' of things. To him it is of no concern that the data of his inquiry, being unconnected with a general metaphysical theory, are hanging, as it were, in the air; for his intense preoccupation with his subject puts out of his mind the consciousness of any such position. Probably it is impossible to be a successful scientist without a specialism of study and interest. But specialism, whether for the politician, the practical man, or the student, means limitation as well as concentration. And sometimes even for such men the impulse is irresistible to 'lift their eyes up to the hills ' whence cometh their help.' Darwin, with all his instincts so finely developed in the way of observation of detail, cannot sometimes help speculating on the bearing of his hypothesis on the relations between God and the world, though his modesty always led him to acknowledge that his intellectual training was not adapted to such 'abstract' questions. Even Comte, who above all was a phenomenalist, and whose chief merit it is to have insisted on the positive spirit as the proper attitude for science, had his constructive moments, when he built his worship of humanity, though on a basis of simple agnosticism. Most thinkers, it is clear, are unable to acquiesce in an attitude of mere intellectual suspense. But what is the character of their ontology? When once the step has been taken from the 'relations of ' phenomena to one another' to something behind and above them which is their essence or real being or cause, how is this essential reality interpreted? Ontology—the recognition of a real ground for all the things which are born

and appear to pass away—may be carried out either in the interests of materialism or idealism. The ‘real ground’ may be an irrational force or a rational self-consciousness; or, again, it may be the Father and God of us all. It is needful to distinguish with some care between the different forms which such ontological theories may assume.

The materialistic form of the theory need not detain us long. It is above all the worship of force, for directly we seek to understand how and why the various combinations of material atoms pass through their changing developements, we leave the conception of matter as some dead thing or passive vehicle for mechanical ingenuity, and rise to the notion of an active side of matter, a universal energy which works through every wheel and joint of the machine. To this universal energy or world force Schopenhauer gave the somewhat deceptive name of ‘the will.’ This will must be construed not (as is the case with our wills) as conjoined with intelligence and foresight, but as a monstrous irrational force, constantly rushing into life, and exhibiting itself in ascending forms of existence. At the last, it begets the consciousness of man, which serves to mirror its own devouring activities, but can in no wise control them; for conscious man is but the latest child of will, and is swept along the current of the natural forces which he is powerless to guide. An essential part of the conception of this world force is, that it is irrational; if it were rational it would not be materialistic, and could not, therefore, stand at the head of the material world as its author and inspirer. It follows also that intelligence is not that which explains the universe except in the limited sense that it can reveal the hideous turmoil of warring waters; it does not explain the universe in the sense that it is akin to the inspiring spirit which is the essence of the world and makes it what it is. The theory, then, is a Moloch creed; it sacrifices the best things of the spirit to a nature which, because emptied of intellect, is not God, nor even a devil, but the blank negation of all that we ourselves are. We are, therefore, orphaned in such a universe. Feeling that we are better than the secret Power of things—for do we not think and feel?—we are yet left in the hands of that merciless Power. There is no light brooding over the tempestuous waters; the universe is not rational, though instinct with tremendous energies. But such a conception is the deathblow of philosophy, which cannot proceed except on the assumption that the world is rational. If this is the God which the

scientific materialist worships, let us hasten to add that he does not consciously bow his knees to such a monstrosity. Still there the conception remains, as the final term of his speculations; it is the only logical result of such ontology as he allows himself; and if he does not proceed to the legitimate conclusion it is only because he prefers to remain a Positivist, occupies himself with phenomenal relations, and resolutely abjures the ultimate problems of thought. He does not profess the Moloch creed, but only because he is without a creed at all. He has in truth a distaste for metaphysics, and does not see that metaphysics of some kind must underlie even the speculations of science. For those who are not blind to such consequences, and who feel the necessity of a metaphysic, the alternative is clear. If they are to be ontologists, they will have an ontology of a very different stamp. The 'real ground' of all phenomena cannot be material force, but a spiritual energy. And here we are approaching the position of those thinkers who in England are sometimes called Neo-Kantians or Hegelians, a position with which Dr. Martineau has some sympathy, but from which he very widely dissents in many essential principles.

There is a spiritual principle in man, which alone explains his intellectual and his moral activity. If we start from the conditions of knowledge (which is the starting point of one of the most characteristic of these thinkers, the late Professor Green), we discover that all knowledge implies the existence of one permanent self, which is the focus, as it were, of all the rays, the centre towards which all the lines of knowledge run. If knowledge exists, it must be knowledge for some subject; and this subject, which is implied in all feeling and thinking, is the necessary and inevitable background of every phase and activity of consciousness. Now, knowledge means the system of relations which for us holds the whole universe of things together. Without this system of relations the world would for us fall into a heterogeneous mass of isolated and disconnected particles, and, so far as we are concerned, cease to be a knowable world at all. Thus the knowable world implies a connected system, and the connected system implies a constant and abiding self or spiritual principle. And so we pass, by steps which it would be impossible to summarise without an intricate metaphysical analysis, into the conception of a universal self or absolute spiritual principle as the real secret of things—a universal self which is akin to the self within each of us, or

rather which identically animates and inspires every individual thinking self. This universal self-consciousness we may call God, or world-soul or spirit, but the essence of the conception is that, whatever else it may be, and however it may be called, it is spiritual and not material, it is rational, not arbitrary, because it is thought itself. However majestic this conception may be, and however arduous may be the terminology in which it is expressed,* we must not be daunted by its majesty or deterred by its technical nomenclature, but we must ask of it some of the questions which are most important for us as individuals in a world larger than ourselves. What are the issues which are of most moment for ourselves? As individuals, we desire to know what relation we bear to the Divine power which upholds the universe. We wish to know whether we as persons can speak to God as a person, whether His spirit can communicate with our spirit, and whether the relations upon which we enter in this life are continued in some future existence. Is God a person? Are we immortal? These are the problems which vex us most, for if there be no kinship between us and the Divine, or if there be an interruption of such kinship at death, then for us the world is still unrationalised, it is still a lodging in which we are strangers, and not a home in which we are recognised as sons. It is when confronted with such persistent questions that the system which we are now examining exchanges its majesty for a somewhat shadowy mysticism.

Are we immortal? Yes and no. The essential part of us is thought, for the 'spiritual principle' within us, which gives to all our actions and our conceptions their meaning as well as their meeting place, is defined as a self-consciousness which, if not a thinking consciousness, is nothing. Now if it be thought which for us makes a world of phenomena, on which thought is exercised, and which, in turn, wake its activity, thought is apparently the very condition of reality and life. As such it is plainly deathless, for it is the very spirit of life. But just as Plato, in the proofs of immortality which he details in the 'Phædo,' glides from the immortality of individual souls into the immortality of soul in general, so, too, the modern Hegelian cheats our personal desire for another life by laying stress on the deathless character of thought or spirit in general. We live and move and act because we are incarnated thought. Yes, but when the incarnation is over, will thought resume its universal

* Cf. for instance, Green's 'Prolegomena to Ethics,' Bk. I.

existence, as though freed from the temporary bounds of a personal embodiment? And is this the immortality we crave, this shadowy existence in which personality ceases, and where there are no links of memory to connect the universal eternity with the individual life? If to this the reply be given that the case stands as it does with the previous ante-natal existence, of which, indeed, we are not conscious, but which is also involved in the eternal existence of spirit, such an argument can be easily rebutted. We are not dealing with what a metaphysical system may or may not necessitate, we are only demanding an answer to a plain question. Am I, an individual self, whose essence, let it be granted, is a spiritual principle, to look forward to a life after death *as an individual*, or am I not? For if the future life be no more wedded by links of recollection to the present than the present is to a possible past, in which also the spiritual principle may have had its being, then for me, as an individual, there is no immortality. For there can be no memory to connect the new phase with the old, no golden thread run through the diverse experience to preserve the sense of personal identity.

So, too, with the other question, What is the relation in which man stands to God? or, if the proper terminology must be adhered to, What is the relation between the individual self-consciousness and the universal self-consciousness? The first is clearly a person. What is the second? Is a God, so interpreted, a person also? To this, too, the answer is equally embarrassed. For from one point of view, the personality of God must clearly disappear. God is the universal, the infinite self-consciousness, and the universal and the infinite cannot be individual. But so conveniently elastic are these metaphysical conceptions, that from another point of view a kind of shadowy personality seems to emerge. The Universal Spirit is one with our spirit; he it is who inspires our spirit with such spiritual life as it possesses: so that so far as the spiritual principle within us is personal, to that extent God, too, is an apotheosed personality. But this is not the solution we want. We do not desire to know whether the God *in us* be personal, but whether the God *without us*, the eternal omnipresent God, is personal. Can our spirits have communion with His; or are our spirits evaporated, as it were, into His? Here is the crucial question on which so many philosophies have suffered shipwreck. It is easy enough to have a philosophy of the individual, for have we not the line of English

philosophers from Hobbes to John Stuart Mill? It is no difficult task to have a philosophy of the universal since Spinoza reared his stately fabric of pantheism. But a philosophy of the universal *plus* the individual, that is the hard matter. Our individualities are real enough, at all events; their personality is pressing and insistent. But a metaphysical system which shall reconcile the personality of man with the universal God, which shall interpret a cosmos in which the spiritual principle includes, and yet does not cancel individual spirits, this is the goal which the English Hegelian has, indeed, set before himself, but which he can be hardly said to have attained. And short of this consummation, the tendency in him is obviously in the direction of a pantheism. The God which he hypostatizes is a universal Weltgeist in which personality is absorbed. The Hegelian has taken the universal form of thought and converted it into a substantial reality; but such an object, even if real, is not the God with whose lineaments we would fain make acquaintance. He has, indeed, preserved the spirituality of his ontological principle; but he has done it at the expense of all that could make it a principle of religion.*

It is here that the importance of Dr. Martineau's opening definition becomes manifest. For he begins by professing his belief in 'an Everliving God, that is, of a Divine Mind 'and Will ruling the universe and holding moral relations 'with mankind.' He does not, indeed, prove this first principle; he assumes it as one of his postulates. All philosophy must begin with some assumptions. 'A philosophy without assumptions must be a product outside the 'realm of thought, and inappreciable by human reason.'† He finds the belief within his own mind, and he is content to take his stand on it. In such matters he assumes the position of Reid. 'This is to return to what it has become 'customary, in the esoteric schools, to call "the common ' "consciousness;" in ignorance of any other, and unable 'to find myself in the sublimer experiences of the closet 'philosopher, I cannot withdraw my natural trust from a 'guide that has never deceived me. . . . The first condition of a sound mind is to plant a firm trust on all 'beliefs and feelings involved in the very exercise of the 'natural faculties.'‡ But though Dr. Martineau accepts the

* See some excellent remarks in Professor Seth's 'Hegelianism and Personality,' especially in the epilogue.

† Study of Religion, vol. i. p. 135.

‡ Ibid. vol. i. p. 80.

principle on trust, he proposes to explore the conception to see what it involves and what it entails. The result is seen in the volumes of religious philosophy now before us.

Philosophical scepticism has assumed many forms and appeared in various disguises, but it never metamorphosed itself in more cunning fashion than when by its assertion that 'all knowledge is relative' it led to the conclusion that we cannot know what we ourselves are, nor what the world is, nor yet what God is. For in each of these cases the exact meaning lent itself to an easy but inconsistent transformation into an apparent meaning. The apparent meaning of the assertion is an affirmation of what is now known as agnosticism; but the exact meaning was rather that all our knowledge, whether of God or world or self, must not be taken as an indication of what these three verities are *in themselves* or in their absolute character, but only of the way in which they appear to our consciousness and are construed by our intelligence. Understood in the latter sense there is no limitation of our knowledge, but only an affirmation of the indispensable conditions of our knowledge. We cannot know an object except by distinguishing it, in some way or other, either from ourselves, the knowers, or from other objects with which it can either be compared or contrasted. This is the essential law of our intelligence: by affirming it I do not cast discredit on my intelligence, I only explain what it is. Thus it is quite clear that I can only know the world in which I live by distinguishing it from myself who live in it, just as I can only know God because I start from my own consciousness, with which I contrast His. But because all knowledge thus implies at least *two* terms, it does not follow that either of these is untrustworthy. Apart from knowing other things, I cannot know myself. Granted; but it does not follow that *therefore* I do not know myself. Unless I start with myself, together with all my powers and feelings and aspirations, God is for me unknowable; but this condition does not necessitate the conclusion that my knowledge, such as it is, of God is unworthy of reliance. That 'I know by distinguishing' does not mean that 'I do not know at all.' And yet this is the implied doctrine contained in much of the philosophy of the so-called 'relativity of knowledge,' a condition of knowledge being turned into a condition of its annihilation. But when once I have made up my mind that I must accept the nature of my intelligence, and that I cannot 'jump off my own shadow,' I can with better heart accept the truths in which

it undeniably leads me to trust. What, as a matter of experience, do I find in my intelligence? I find that, apart from all the different states and phases of my consciousness, I believe in my own personality and selfhood, as the indispensable permanent condition without which these states and phases could not exist. Therefore I believe in my own self as a reality. I find that the growth and progress of my ideas necessitates for me the belief that there is a settled order of things outside me with which I progressively get into communion. Therefore I believe in the world as a reality. I find that all my knowledge of the outside world leads me up to the conclusion that there exists some eternal Being as its source and its upholder, just as I also learn that my moral feelings of obligation within me lead to the conclusion that there exists some eternal Power which ordains the obligation. Therefore I believe in God. All these three items of knowledge are, if you like, relative to myself. But that is only to affirm in other words that they are parts of my knowledge. They are, in the language of the schools, *noumena*. What they are apart from my intelligence altogether, of course I can never know; but then I need not concern myself with knowing them in this absolute character.* They exist for me, and that is all I want. Ah, but, it will be said, if you can only know God as He appears to your intelligence, all your affirmations about Him will be guilty of the offence of anthropomorphism, and then what becomes of such attributes as eternity and infinity? To this, however, there is a double reply. In the first place anthropomorphism, like all other useful weapons of dialectics, is double-edged. It is possible through fear of anthropomorphism to deny to God attributes of intelligence, power, and love; but what is the alternative? The substitution of a nature which works mechanically. You have got rid, therefore, of a contriver, and you put in his place a contrivance; you have abolished a machine maker, and you substitute a machine. Are you better off? Nay, but have you even so escaped anthropomorphism? For this view of the world as a cunningly constructed machine is also due to the working of your own intelligence, and bears the stamp of your own workmanship. How am I to understand a machine except on the analogies of my own mechanical ingenuity? And in the second place, it is not necessary so to translate

* Cf. Martineau, *ibid.* vol. i. p. 121, where a *noumenon* is distinguished from an absolute.

infinity as to abolish man's personality. On this point we cannot do better than quote Dr. Martineau's words in an important passage, which though they perhaps do not altogether get rid of the difficulty, yet present it in a new and instructive light.

'There are two ways of taking these words [infinite and absolute]: the infinite, the absolute, the all-acting may be construed monistically, as embracing and absorbing the finite, the relative, the passive; or dualistically, as antithetic to them and implying them as their opposing foci. It is in the latter form alone, as I have endeavoured to show, that they are given to our thought: the infinite which we cognise as the background of a finite is all *except the thing*: the absolute is the sphere of the relation we contemplate, *so far forth as exempt from it*: and the universal causality is apprehended by us only as that which is *other than our own*, and planted out in the non-ego, without displacing our personal activity. In all these cases, our thought holds on to a definite locus whence its survey is taken of all else: it sails in its little skiff and looks forth on the illimitable sea and the great circles of the sky, and finds two things alone with one another, the universe and itself: the metaphysicians who, in their impatience of distinction, insist on taking the sea on board the boat, swamp not only it but the thought it holds, and leave an infinitude, which, as it can look into no eye and whisper into no ear, they contradict in the very act of affirming.'

Thus, according to Dr. Martineau, we are left with God and man, as two ultimate factors in our thought; and we do not sacrifice man to God, as the pantheist does, nor yet God to man, as is the procedure of the individualist. This is, it is true, to crown dualism as the proper philosophical creed, which Dr. Martineau boldly does, looking upon himself and Dr. Laurie as the only two dualists left. According to Fichte, on the other hand, it is the business of philosophy to deduce all the elements of existence from a single principle, because to rest in an unexplained dualism is to despair of philosophy. But great as are the difficulties of dualism, yet, if the result of monism be to deprive us of that which is indubitably the most real thing for us, viz. our own real personality, there are others beside Dr. Martineau who will cheerfully take upon themselves the reproach of incurring this kind of philosophical despair. And Dr. Martineau's own dualism is not in all respects inconsistent with the belief in a single principle: for to him, too, though in a different sense from that of Spinoza, God is all in all.

It is impossible in treating of a work like the 'Study of Religion,' which is a metaphysical and ethical treatise quite as much as it is a religious one, to avoid entering upon such thorny paths as those through which in his company we have

just been travelling. Only thus can we see that though he accepts the doctrines of 'the common consciousness,' he yet does not incur the charge levelled at most commonsense doctrines of 'taking things for granted,' but honestly faces the position and explains what it entails. We can now, however, pass to other characteristic parts of his work, which appeal to a wider class of readers and have a more general interest. Of these the most important are: God as Cause of the world, God as moral perfection, and the meaning of death and its bearing on the life to come. We will invert the order of topics, and as the last subject most nearly concerns us as individuals, we will begin with immortality, and from that pass to the philosophic creed of Dr. Martineau on the nature and character of God.

If we have every right in framing a metaphysical system to start with that which has the most pressing and insistent reality for us, viz. our own personal and conscious identity as individuals, what is implied in this conception? Apparently three things: first, that this personal ego has a self-consciousness, which, under whatever name it appears—whether as mind or spirit or soul—is something distinct and separate from any or every of the material elements, which appear in our frame; second, that this self possesses a free activity of will, which cannot be brought under the scientific category of determination; and third, that in virtue of its specific nature it may confidently look forward to a life beyond the grave. The second of these points—the possession of free will—is of paramount importance in morality, and we knew from Dr. Martineau's earlier work on 'Types of Ethical Theory' that it was the foundation on which the moral structure was reared. But in the volumes before us it is of equal importance in its bearing on the doctrine of God as Cause, the whole conception of causation being derived by the author from the free relation in which we stand to our actions; and an integral portion of the book is therefore given up to the criticism of necessitarian and determinist theories and the elucidation of the doctrine of free will.* We need not, however, pause over this subject further than to point out the brilliant and suggestive criticism† which Dr. Martineau passes upon the arguments derived by Buckle and others from statistics. The other two points are more nearly connected with the

* Vol. ii. pp. 195-320.

† Vol. ii. pp. 264-272.

subject of the duration of the individual life, which occupies the concluding part of the treatise.

Is there such a thing as a soul; and if so, what is it? Let us listen to Dr. Martineau:—

‘A personal being may remain the same (in contrast with a physical object) under a total change of all perceptible attributes: the identity consisting not in partial similitude at different times, not in a reserve of stereotyped phenomena, but in the unity of the ego or self to which all the attributes and phenomena belong—a unity undisturbed by the greatest contrasts of experience and revolutions of character. This durable *self-dom* attaches to us, not as *conscious*, but as personal (i.e. self-conscious) beings; as is evident from our different treatment of domestic animals and of men, in case of injuries received from them. . . . This constant centre to which we refer all our acts as their source, and all our experiences as their receptacle, is what we mean by *the soul*. The conditions of which it is successively conscious are so many phenomena; but in its continuous capacity for being conscious of them as its own, it is itself an entity, which being deserted by phenomena, is not on that account lost as a possible subject of them. Hence the self or soul stands for us as the permanent term in a relation of change; abiding as the patient background, indifferent to the rates of succession, now rapid, now tardy and interrupted, that pass across it; not therefore necessarily affected by long blanks of silence, be it in the suspense of a swoon, a sleep, or death.’ *

The essence of the argument is, that because there is a permanent self, a unitary ego, which abides while all the phenomena of conscious life change and pass, therefore it will exist even where there are no phenomena to appear to it. The argument is at least as old as Plato, though, of course, in his case the form of it was determined by the details of his metaphysical system of ‘ideas;’ and it has been generally met by two kinds of argument. On the one hand there is the pantheist or absolutist, who declares that personality is itself only a transitory phenomenon, and that it must relapse into the infinite or absolute. On the other hand there is the materialist, who refuses to believe in a mind or spirit apart from the physiological processes of nerve action and the material structure of the brain. To the first objector may be brought forward the argument to which we have before referred, which takes its stand on the belief in God *and* man, and not in a God which absorbs man; and to this may be added the consideration that in the case of personality we are in contact, not indeed with the largest but

with the highest fact in the known cosmos, and that if it be absorbed or destroyed, then death can undo the utmost which the Divine will has wrought.

The other, and more common, objection of materialism must be differently treated. It is not enough merely to fall back on the metaphysical distinction between the mental or that which thinks, and the material or that which is thought, though indeed that may be made to do much and manifold service. But it is necessary to scrutinise very closely the material processes which physiology offers as the equivalent of thought, and to see how far they explain what has to be explained; and especially to watch the use made of the scientific law of correlation and transformation of energy, which is here employed to demonstrate the impossibility of there being a mental sphere *as well as* a physical. To do this within our present limits is obviously impossible, and the reader need only be referred to the chapter in Dr. Martineau on 'the physiological aspect of death,' or, as he treats this important question somewhat shortly, further reference may be made, among other books, to the learned treatise on mental physiology which Mr. George T. Ladd has sent us from across the Atlantic.* There, after an exhaustive inquiry, the author strongly asserts his belief that physiology does not and cannot explain even what we mean by perception and sensation; still less can it explain thought or destroy the reality of the self-conscious spirit.

Yet even so we have by no means proved the immortality of the soul. We have at most 'warded off unfavourable 'presumptions against the future life, drawn from alleged 'canons of possibility.' We are so far, then, left in a state of suspense. There is nothing to forbid the future, but there is nothing as yet strong enough to prove it; and, as Dr. Martineau remarks, in such cases the intellectual balance is tantamount to practical negation. What, then, converts the attitude of suspense from its dubious balance into a decided and unmistakeable tendency? For the arguments hitherto, making only for an eternity of thought or spirit, would lead to such immortality as Plato predicated of the eternal soul, in which the individual with his personal aspirations and loves would be merged in a blank and colourless infinitude. How am I to trust that not only for the principle of intelligence within me, but also for my own individual self-consciousness, there is immortality? The

* 'Elements of Physiological Psychology,' by George T. Ladd. 1887.

answer is to be found by looking at the moral aspects of the question, which thus supplement the conclusions of the physical and metaphysical. And these moral aspects must be regarded in the most comprehensive way as 'relative to 'the character either of God as the ordainer, or of man as 'the self-knowing subject, of death.' In other words, the question viewed in this aspect moves from the consideration of man by himself to the position of man in the universe, and especially his position in relation to the Author of that universe.

A man who can look before and after, who is not limited to the present and the fleeting, but can view things, as Spinoza said, 'sub specie æternitatis,' is placed in a different position from any and every animal in the created world. Shall we look at his intellectual achievements? The highest works of the human mind—an Iliad, an Agamemnon, a Divina Commedia, a Hamlet, a Faust, a Madonna di San Sisto, a Sinfonia Eroica—have nothing of the transitory or the perishable about them. On the contrary, they seem expressly designed not for the present, but for all time. Or shall we look at his moral character, and the nature of his conscience? Are the announcements of his conscience relative to a perishable and transitory scene? Is the notion of guilt and sin something which is only guilty and sinful relatively to the present conjuncture, or is it not rather sin and guilt for all time? On the other hand, virtue is not merely a moral excellence which is satisfied with the fulfilment of partial and transitory claims. It looks forward, as Kant allowed in his 'Critique of the Practical Reason,' to an eternity of moral achievement; it would be balked of its sovereign rights if it could not claim an endless roll of years through which to pursue the satisfaction of its ideals. If even so we have hardly accounted for personal immortality, we have but to transfer the question from the power of thought or the power of conscience to the power of human love, and the individual character of the future life which we crave is brought home to us as an indispensable element of the question. It is a subject on which rhetoric is facile, but which yet ought not to be given up entirely to the perorations of the orator. For as a mere matter of ordinary experience the force of human love reaches a depth and an intensity far beyond the exigencies of our present life, and, 'after providing for them all, is capable of passing into a 'transcendent, almost an infinite, function of character.' In the touching correspondence which Mr. Martineau

quotes* between Schleiermacher and Henrietta von Mühlenfels, we see not only the contrast between the notions of a mere immortality of thought and a personal immortality, but also the masterful power of the human affections to overcome the barrier of death. For to the bereaved young wife the husband whom she had lost by death was not really lost; 'his image, a little paler and a little graver, it 'may be, but suffused with a diviner light,' is nearer to her than before, and guides her into higher ways. The God to whom the human affections point is a God not of the dead, but of the living. The general conclusion which is reached on such lines puts before us the following dilemma: on the one hand we find everywhere indelible marks of a morally constituted world, moving towards righteous ends. On the other, we find nowhere the fulfilment of this idea, but only here and there a partial approximation. What should be the natural attitude of our minds? Should it not be that which is appropriate in dealing with an unfinished system—the confident expectation of a justifying and perfect sequel? For we feel that 'we stand in Divine relations which 'indefinitely transcend the limits of our earthly years.'†

In these considerations we have already passed to a second great topic of Dr. Martineau's work—the idea of God as moral perfection. Based on the study of what our personal consciousness reveals comes the conception of an eternal Being, who is the infinite consecration, as it were, of all that is highest within us and all that that highest involves.

If we analyse our moral nature, we find as its permanent characteristic a sense of obligation or law of duty. It is this which distinguishes the sphere of ethics from that of any other science, and preserves it in its essential validity as independent of either politics or biology, physics or the so-called science of sociology. It is on the ground of this law of duty that we are able to traverse the indictments alike of Hobbes and Hume, Mill and Spencer. But if we analyse the notion of duty, it involves, according to the system which Dr. Martineau expounded in his earlier book, a dualistic relation between obliged and obliger, that which is due and that to whom it is due. Thus, if conscience gives us the law of duty, it also implicitly contains the acceptance of a source of obligation, a Divine Being who gives us the law—in other words, God. For conscience is declared to be 'the inner sense of differences along the scale

'of our impulses without regard to the quality or quantity of each;' and if we ask for the origin of this scale which conscience reflects, we find that it is not due to conscience itself or the reason, as some intuitionists have declared, but it originates with God himself. The position of Dr. Martineau is not, indeed, wholly free from ambiguities. For if we ask whether ethics is independent of, or dependent on, religious belief, or, to use the older form of words, whether good is made good by God's will, or is good by an inherent necessity of nature, the answer is apparently, Both. We find, for instance, Dr. Martineau declaring, 'I do not regard moral rules as depending upon religious belief,' and, 'I do regard the consciousness of duty as an originating condition of religion' (i. 16); and in such sentences he takes up the position of moralists like Cudworth and Clarke. But a little later on the tone is altered. 'Righteousness is instituted by God's will,' we are told (i. 28), and, 'what we choose is from God's possibilities' (i. 17), in which case the position comes nearer to that of a moralist like Paley. There can be no doubt, however, that the latter is, in reality, Dr. Martineau's view. For ethics are declared to be incomplete unless they end in religion, and the point of contact between the two is declared to be analogous to that between the bondage of the Law and the freedom of the Gospel (i. 27). Moreover, the notion of conscience, as explained in 'Types of Ethical Theory,' is clearly that of a more or less passive register of a divinely ordained standard. Accepting, then, this subjection of conscience to God, what is the testimony which this inner sense or register bears to the nature and character of God? What attributes can be justly ascribed to Him on the strength of our moral nature? God, relatively to us, is 'identical with our highest, the supreme term in the hierarchy of spiritual natures; blending in Himself the superlatives of all that we reverence as great and good; the eternal life of moral perfection.' And from this conception flow at least three predicates, as attributable to God. In the first place, we cannot but ascribe to Him *benevolence towards sentient beings*; in the second, we must recognise in the Infinite Disposer *justice towards moral beings*, i.e. a treatment of them according to character; in the third place, to God must be attributed *amity towards like minds*, however vast the moral dimensions of their distance.* Such

* Vol. ii. pp. 43-49.

appear to be the revelations of our conscience. But now comes the great moral difficulty of the universe. If God be all that our own moral nature authoritatively declares Him to be, how can He allow pain, which so emphatically contradicts His benevolence, and moral evil, which seems at once to overthrow the conception of the cosmos as a kingdom of God? If, as plain matter of fact, He *does* allow them, can our reason explain the *why*?

These are old-world difficulties, which even the Stoics had to face, and which they answered according to the best of their lights. But perhaps the problem is even harder for one who, like Dr. Martineau, commences from the side of the individual and gives to the individual consciousness indefeasible rights. If the religious creed be, like that of the Stoics, the assertion of a universal and impersonal system of reason as the central fact of the universe, then pain and evil, because finite and partial in their nature, may be declared to be unreal from the point of view of the whole. But if the individual is not to be construed as himself partial and therefore unreal (and only in a pantheistic and universalistic system can he be so construed); then the pain and evil which appertain to the individual cannot be thus summarily dismissed as wanting in reality. They have to be faced as real facts, which can only be properly estimated as blots, and not merely as shadows, on an otherwise fair and sunny world. The fatal dilemma then presents itself: either evil is a semblance, or else God is not omnipotent. It is impossible to escape the dilemma, and the choice has to be made between the two alternatives. Dr. Martineau cannot choose the first, because his metaphysical system is constructed on the belief that the deliverances of the individual consciousness are trustworthy. And the second seriously interferes with the ascription of the whole created cosmos to the power of God as sole creator. As a matter of fact, he *does* choose the latter, though he gives it a somewhat novel turn. For if the scheme of Divine government is to give free play to a number of independent personalities, such as we understand men to be, and if God has pledged Himself to one course of action rather than another, and one evolution of the universe out of countless possible ones, then the full logical consequences of this limitation of possible courses of action must be accepted. It must follow that some unforeseen, or, at all events, undesigned, events should occur as parts or accompaniments of a scheme which only looks at large universal ends.

'Do you ask,' says Dr. Martineau in an important passage,* 'what business have "imperfections" in the work of an infinite Being? Has he not power to bar them out? Yes, I reply, if he lives out of his boundless freedom, and from moment to moment acts unpledged, conducting all things by the miscellany of incalculable miracles, there is nothing to hinder his will from entering "where it listeth," and all things will be "possible to him." But if once he commits his will to any determinate method, and for the realisation of his ends selects and institutes a scheme of instrumental rules, he thereby shuts the door on a thousand things that might have been before; he has defined his cosmical equation, and only those results can be worked out from it which are compatible with the values of its roots. . . . It is vain, therefore, to appeal to the almightiness of God, unless you mean to throw away the relations of any established universe and pass into his unconditioned infinitude; in the cosmos he has abnegated it; and there is a limit for what you may demand from it as within its compass. The limits, it is true, which are assigned to its play are *self-imposed*; but in order to any determinate action at all, *some* limits had to be assigned; and unless you can show that to a different scheme better possibilities and a less mixed good would have attached themselves, a tone of complaint which could only be justified by such comparative criticism is out of place.'

Thus, just as Leibnitz declared that God had to solve a problem in maxima and minima, so Dr. Martineau declares that the legislative volition of God narrowed the range of events previously open, it being the general characteristic of willing that it should render one set of conditions impossible when it selects the other.

For the rest we travel over the usual lines of optimistic apology. Pain is the *postulate* of our moral nature, the structure of which, in some of its essentials, would be absolutely unmeaning without it. Pain is further the *discipline* through which our moral nature gains its true elevation, for, albeit that 'ease and prosperity may supply a sufficient school for the 'respectable commoners in character,' the greatest and best could not be ennobled without suffering. And, lastly, the existence of sin in a moral universe is a necessary condition, without which character could not be formed; for without responsibility and free choice there could be no character, and responsibility and free choice inevitably bring in their train the possibility of sin. For what is the alternative? If both the knowledge of the right and the power over it were secured for man, we should have not moral agents but machines. 'God might have certainly [made sin impossible],

* Vol. ii. pp. 85, 86.

'but only by substituting mechanism for free agency—by locking up, for example, his bills and money in an iron strong room during his absence, instead of leaving them to his cashier to meet and present his claims as they fall due: at the cost, therefore, of barring out the honesty and the dishonesty together.'* There is no stranger characteristic of Dr. Martineau's style than his fondness for metaphors, and sometimes they are not only ingenious, but in the highest degree instructive. Yet here and there the metaphor apparently comes at the very pinch of the argument, and serves to cover the defect of stringent logic. We have already seen how, when the mystery of infinity coexisting with individuality is to be explained, we are referred to the image of a solitary boat on a wide sea, where those who merge the individual in the universal are likened to those who swamp the boat by taking the sea on board. So, again, the dreary gibe of the cynic that men betake themselves to religion when they have lost all else is met by a metaphor of a workman in a cathedral who has no time to note the grandeur of its aisles, save when his activity is suspended.† And a still more characteristic metaphor is to be found where the author is accounting for the increase of pain due to the sensitiveness of our memory and our expectation. 'The longest shadows of life are cast by the light of thought from low altitudes above a far horizon, and disappear for those who live always under the vertical sun of the present moment.'‡ Doubtless this metaphorical tendency increases the general attractiveness of the work, and makes it more widely popular. But rhetoric sometimes confuses a clear thought instead of rendering it more perspicuous; and if it be blame to Plato to have had recourse to myths when his hearers demanded dialectical argument, it is not possible for Dr. Martineau to escape some reproach when he leaves the clear issue for a flight into tropes and allegories.

We have left to the last one of the most important (and, in our opinion, most successful) portions of the book—that which deals with the notion of God as cause, together with its sequel, the treatment of teleology in relation to nature. The contents of Dr. Martineau's theism, as revealed in his 'Study of Religion,' are simple enough to satisfy the least dogmatic of theologians; for besides the notion of God as *holy*, with which we have been recently concerned, we have

* Vol. ii. p. 107.

† Vol. ii. p. 103.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 98.

only the notion of God as *power*, having, that is to say, in relation to the cosmos the command of all methods needful for the accomplishment of contemplated ends. It is to this second item in Dr. Martineau's creed that we now have to turn. When we speak of God as the embodiment of power, or God as supreme cause, what is precisely the conception in our minds? One thing is, at all events, clear at the outset; that we lay stress on the *dynamical* conditions of His supremacy and are not concerned with the *statical*. It is not enough for us that God should contain within Himself an infinitude of potential energies, unless He is found actively exerting them in reference to the universe which He has made. We expressly put aside the notion of some epicurean God who exists in the lucid interspaces of the sky, peaceful and untroubled by the storm and stress of events which are happening in the regions below Him. In ascribing to Him the notion of power, we do not merely refer to some initial act of creation, done once and done for ever, with the universe left to work out its history according to what are called secondary or mechanical causes. We believe rather in a Divine agency which is unweariedly active in the changing scene, in the midst of which our lot is cast, and which ever works to some final end of good. But if this be our notion in calling God a power or a cause, are we using the terms in their proper scientific import? That depends on the true meaning to be assigned to the word 'cause'—a word which has had so picturesquely varied a history, and which even now enjoys a sort of monopoly of protean shapes. A cause may mean some thing or object existing in space, as when Locke ascribed to the sun that productive force which he believed to be the essential part of the conception; a productive force which led, for instance, to the melting of wax. Or cause may mean merely some prior phenomenon, as when Hume asserted that the causal relation was merely that of the sequence of impressions, one idea constantly observed to follow another idea, so that when the first appears we naturally expect the second to follow. But the later definitions of scientific knowledge are not content with the version either of Locke or Hume. A cause means, says Mill, the sum of antecedent conditions, both positive and negative, on which the effect invariably and unconditionally follows.* Nor is Mr. G. H. Lewes content even with this sufficiently wide and vague formula. To

* Mill's 'Logic,' Bk. III. c. v.

him there is no real difference between cause and effect, except an arbitrary distinction for convenience's sake.* The real cause of any event is not a mere given sum of antecedent conditions, but in reality the whole antecedent history of the universe. Assuredly we have now a large enough conception of what cause is; but it is so large as to be confusing and useless. Still such is the logical and necessary sequel of trying to find cause amid the relations of phenomena; if cause be nothing but the relation of phenomena to one another, then our inquiry will go back for ever in an infinity of regressive steps without ever finding a first link in the enormous chain. Shall we, then, try to amend our conception of cause, and boldly give up the scientific definition? If cause be not the relation of objects to objects, or impressions to impressions, or of phenomena to phenomena, what shall we say it is? The real meaning will never be found if we confine ourselves to the world of phenomena, for the essence of the conception is dynamical; and force, as so many scientists are constantly repeating, must have nothing mysterious or dynamical about it, but for science merely mean the transformations of energy. If, however, the dynamical be the essential meaning of the term 'cause,' we must throw overboard the scruples of the scientist. And now emerges a wholly different definition of cause. Cause is not 'the relation of phenomena to one another,' but 'the relation of phenomena to *something which is not phenomenal but real.*' This definition is a distinct challenge to the Positivist conception of things; and so far as the scientific view of nature is grounded on the Positivist doctrine, so far must we expect its strenuous opposition. How, then, can such a definition of cause as the last we have mentioned be justified? On what is it grounded, and where are we to look for its support?

The answer is not difficult. We derive our notion of cause entirely from our own activity as personal agents. It is from our own personal experience that we first gain the idea of cause, which we then transfer as the key of the explanation to external phenomena. 'Were the world a panorama and man an intellectual eye stationary before it, he would have no insight into this relation. Not till he throws himself into the field as agent can he find the problem and try to solve it. Its very rudiments spring from

* Lewes's 'Problems of Life and Mind,' vol. ii. problem v.

'the activity of the ego.'* But further, it is because we are aware of our activity in the exercise of our will, and because will means the conscious choice between alternatives, that we fill in the whole conception of cause. 'If I know myself at all, it is in *trying* "with all my might" to do something needed but difficult, to heave away a retarding resistance; nor does anything sooner bring home to one the poise and counterpoise between self and nature than the attempt to shut a door against a furious wind. When thus withstood, and resolved to persist rather than desist, I am conscious of exercising a causal will to institute 'or sustain efficient movement.'† Now let us collect some of the consequences which flow from this conception. In the first place, I clearly discover an antithetic relation between self and not-self, and thus get hold of my primary belief in man and the world. In the second place, my own activity I explain by the notion of myself as causal will, and attribute the various phenomenal acts which follow to the central power within me which is myself or my will. In the third place, when I attempt to explain nature, I apply the conceptions which I have already learnt from myself, and look upon the phenomena of nature as themselves due to some causal will. And inasmuch as, throughout, my view of cause is 'the relation of phenomena to something which 'is not phenomenal, but real,' and this non-phenomenal cause within me is my will, so, too, I learn to speak of a non-phenomenal, real, causal will of nature, which is God.

'In thinking of causation, we are absolutely limited to the one type known to us; and so, behind every event, whatever its seat and whatever its form, must post, near or far, the same idea, taken from our own voluntary activity. This, it is plain, is tantamount to saying, that all which happens in nature has One kind of cause, and that cause a Will like ours; and that the universe of originated things is the product of a supreme mind. And precisely thus, by no less immediate a step, are we carried, by the causal intuition, to the first truth of religion.'‡

The question that follows is clearly, How are we to discover the signs and evidences of God's causal volition in nature? For is not this to view nature teleologically, and is not the teleological view one which has been discredited by great scientific thinkers and superseded by Darwin's theory

* Study of Religion, vol. i. p. 178.

† Vol. i. p. 199.

‡ Vol. i. p. 230.

of evolution? Doubtless it may be said that there is a low type of teleology which, so far from increasing our knowledge of nature, actually retards it, and replaces a puerile conception of things for a scientific one. To ask with regard to any given natural product, what is the cause or end which it subserves, is often to disparage any real account of its nature, which can only be gained by studying its origin. It was from this consideration that Bacon first started, and so many thinkers of less authority have repeated, the objection that final causes are like vestal virgins, which are barren. Yet, without laying stress on the discoveries which have been made by the use of the final cause, such as Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood and Cuvier's reconstruction of extinct animals, it can be confidently maintained that there is a higher teleology which is even necessitated by evolution itself. For if evolution means the development of the better and higher form from the lower and the worse, it necessitates the conception of some grand presiding plan which the long histories of the world are slowly working out. Can such a plan or purpose be called an unconscious one? Certainly the attempt has been made, and we are familiar with theories of automatism, just as philosophers have had to take stock of Schopenhauer's irrational will and Hartmann's principle of the unconscious. But if, as has been just explained, the key to the explanation of nature—causation, in short—is to be found in our own conscious volition, it will be impossible to accept these theories. 'If will supplies whatever meaning there is in the word causality, and must itself be taken to include intention, we are led by an *à priori* necessity to look upon the universe, no less than upon the person of a fellow man, as pervaded by intellectual power, and must assume purpose to be everywhere.*' Hence Dr. Martineau boldly takes up the challenge of science, and there are no more brilliant sections in his book than those in which he explains and justifies, in dealing with scientific criticisms in general and with the Darwinian hypothesis in particular, the teleologic attitude. It is not possible within our present limits to follow the details of his exposition; it will be enough to draw attention to some of the most salient features.

What are the marks of conscious volition or intention? Clearly one mark would be selection, and, so far as its

* Vol. i. p. 270.

activity is to be found in the world, it would be shown in a determinate system selected from indeterminate possibilities. A second mark is concentration, the independent lines of its action converging upon an end for the sake of which they exist. And a third mark is gradation—that is to say, the subordination of minor ends to major, framing the scheme into a hierarchy of good. Now is it possible to find these three marks in the world as we know it? Can we discover evidences of selection, of combination, of gradation in the processes of nature, so that we shall be justified in inferring the presence of design? Selection there plainly is, and we need not go further than the works of Darwin to prove our point. Further, to take only one example out of indefinite possibilities, we find the limbs of the vertebrate animals so constructed that they are adapted to the medium in which they live; and unless we adopt the absurd supposition that the medium can mould the organs committed to it into congenial shape, we have to admit that fishes have been designed to live in the sea, beasts on the land, and birds in the air, and that, though there might be endless variation in the proportions of the skeletal frame, as a matter of fact a presiding plan has selected that which is most appropriate. Is there not equal evidence of combination or concentration? Yes, for Darwin himself has pointed out what he calls ‘a correlation of growth’ in animals. ‘The whole organisation,’ he says, ‘is so tied together during its growth and developement, that when slight variations in any one part occur and are accumulated through natural selection, other parts become modified.’* And so it is that we find that the complex stomach of the ruminants is inseparable from a hoof: that modification of the teeth carries with it an alteration of the thigh and the claw: that the web-foot goes with the spoon-bill in the duck which discusses the mud and feeds on the soft ground, while it accompanies the sharp-pointed bill in the gull and the petrel that have to catch and hold their fish. In all these cases we recognise without difficulty ‘the confluence of several provisions to a single ‘type of life.’ If selection and combination be granted, does not gradation also follow? Is it not exhibited on a large scale in the change from the inanimate to the animate, from the vegetable to the animal, the animal to the man, the man to society and those social forms which we call the University, the State, the Church? Surely here, at all

* *Origin of Species*, c. v. p. 143.

events, our judgement cannot go wrong. For nature is full of stages and resting places; and at each stage and resting place we catch sight of a fresh landscape which unfolds itself before our gaze, and scenes which would be incomprehensible for us had not the stages been exactly what they were. The only possible alternative to this conception of a designed and purposeful nature is the assertion that the developement was due to chance—not, indeed, chance as a wilful and irregular agency, but chance disguised under the names of *natural* selection and evolution of the fittest. That such a view has recommended itself to scientists can only be due to the fact of their positivistic creed; for if we can only deal with the relations of phenomena to one another, we cannot *ex hypothesi* raise our eyes from the phenomenal scene to the eternal heaven of its Creator. But if cause be meaningless unless it designates a real volitional agency, then we can dismiss this possible empire of chance as an idle dream. As well might we suppose that types upset out of a compositor's basket 'might tumble at last 'into the text of Shakespeare's "Macbeth."

But are there not mistakes in nature? are there not useless and noxious products, and a wasteful prodigality which is even criminal? It is not without humour that Dr. Martineau replies to such objections. He takes, for instance, Lucretius's complaint about the earth's poles, or Comte's suggestion that the moon should always be at the full, and points out that such criticisms of nature indicate rather an atrabilious than a scientific temperament. Helmholtz, it is true, declares that the human eye is so badly constructed that if such a product were turned out of a mortal workshop it would be indignantly returned to the maker. But Helmholtz himself supplies the answer to his own attack. For he has ultimately to declare that 'the adaptation of the eye to 'its function is most complete,' and that 'the result coincides with what the wisest wisdom may have devised beforehand.' No one has given more picturesque expression to the wastefulness of nature than Lange in his 'History of 'Materialism.' 'If,' he says, 'a man, in order to shoot a 'hare, fired off millions of gun barrels in all random directions upon a great moor: if, in order to get into a shut 'room, he brought ten thousand keys at haphazard, and 'tried them all: if, in order to obtain a house, he built a 'city and abandoned the superfluous houses to wind and 'weather—no one, I suppose, would call such an action an 'example of design; and much less should we suppose that

‘in this procedure there lay any higher wisdom, recondite reasons, and superior skill.’ It is a strong impeachment, and it needs an answer. Dr. Martineau comments on such difficulties in the following passage:—

‘Unless everything is to be condemned as abortive which, in leading to an ulterior nature, at present stops short of it, though carrying in it its own minor end, there is not the slightest resemblance between the real process of the organic world and the senseless actions with which Lange compares it. Take the maximum of what he calls *failure* in nature, and what does it amount to? Simply this: that a variation of organ, occurring once, does not repeat itself, but, like a personal peculiarity—a mole spot or a white lock of hair—disappears with the individual; while other variations, chiming in with the present conditions of life, gain more or less persistence, and some embody themselves in permanent novelties of race. When regarded not in itself alone, but as part of a general provision for starting everywhere new possibilities of advance and enabling them to try their strength, its intuity at a particular conjuncture dissolves itself away in the beneficent intention of the comprehensive law. Evolution, rightly interpreted, sustains rather than contradicts Aristotle’s principle that “Nature makes nothing in vain.”’ (Vol. i. p. 379.)

Here we may take leave of Dr. Martineau’s ‘Study of Religion.’ We have been more concerned with expounding its contents than with arrogating to ourselves the right to be its critics. To criticise adequately is the privilege only of some thinker who is Dr. Martineau’s peer in range of speculative thought and depth of religious feeling. But if we do not criticise, we are not therefore debarred from admiring, so noble a work, so full of scientific insight and simple faith. His scheme is not indeed free from difficulties, such as a system of dualism would naturally suggest to a philosopher, and a system of realism bring at once to the lips of a psychologist. But whatever may be the problems which such dualism and realism may fail to answer, there can be no other feeling than gratitude to the veteran author who has so vigorously defended for us the sanctities of our creed, and restored to us the privileges of our faith. He has long been known as the philosophical champion of theism; in two closely argued volumes he has maintained the defence of ethics against empiricism and utilitarianism; but in the marriage feast between Reason and Faith, Science and Religion, he has kept his best wine until now.

ART. IV.—*L'Heptaméron de la Reine Marguerite de Navarre ; avec une Introduction, un Index et des Notes, par FÉLIX FRANK.* 3 vols. 12mo. Paris : 1879. .

The Heptameron ; or, Tales and Novels of Marguerite, Queen of Navarre, now first completely done into English. Privately printed. 1886.

NEARLY a quarter of a century has elapsed since Le Roux de Lincy edited the 'Heptaméron' for the Society of French Bibliophiles. That was the first edition which had the least claim to be regarded as authentic, being founded on early manuscripts of the work, of which there are no less than twelve in the Bibliothèque Nationale. So far, indeed, as the text of the book is concerned, this edition may be regarded as definitive. The editor was too well versed in his duties, as well as too careful and conscientious, to leave more than a few insignificant mistakes and oversights to be gleaned by those who came after him. But if the text of the 'Heptaméron' was thus fairly established, there were questions relating to the authoress and her surroundings, literary and personal, which the editorial labours of Le Roux de Lincy, so far from solving, served merely to initiate and propound. It holds true of most worthy editions of classical works that their influence is as much prospective as retrospective. They kindle an interest in their authors and in their varied relations and environments of every kind far transcending the scope of an accurate text. Such has been the case with Le Roux de Lincy's edition of the 'Heptaméron.' It has been followed by essays, monographs, and biographies without number, as well as by improved editions of the remaining works of Marguerite of Navarre. Among the writers who have concentrated their attention on this portion of French literature a prominent place must be assigned to M. Félix Frank. Already favourably known as the editor of the Queen of Navarre's poetical works—'Les Marguerites de 'la Marguerite des Princesses,' to give it its punning title—as well as of other works having an illustrative bearing on the cycle of literature of which the 'Heptaméron' is the centre, he has edited for M. Isidore Liseux the last-named work, and performed his task with a conscientious care, as well as a full grasp of his subject, which has obtained for his book the coveted distinction of being *couronné* by the

French Academy, and will secure for himself the gratitude of all students of French classics. Leaving the text in the definitive and authoritative form of Le Roux de Lincy's version, the editor has expended no small amount of successful labour on the personal and historical environment of the book. In the case of the 'Heptaméron' this labour appears to us of even more importance than textual criticism. Both its personal and historical implications exceed infinitely those of Boccaccio's 'Decameron.' Marguerite's fellow *raconteurs* are actually living men and women, not, like Boccaccio's narrators, a series of masked figures—a haphazard collection of Florentine citizens with little or no distinguishing qualities except that of sex. Similarly the stories of the 'Heptaméron' are, with a few trifling exceptions, founded on actual events—occurrences which befell the narrators, or happened within the purview of their personal knowledge, not mere reproductions, as are Boccaccio's tales, of older *fabliaux*, *contes*, &c. Not unfrequently, indeed, the characters represented in Marguerite's tales are well-known historical personages, whose identity can be established by references to contemporary writers.

Now the singular merit of M. Félix Frank's edition lies in his adequate appreciation of this living and actual environment of the 'Heptaméron.' For the first time in the history of French literature the critic of this classical work accepts it not as a collection of fictions, but as an assortment of historical pictures, adventures, and narrations vividly and graphically recorded. It is scarcely needful to point out how immeasurably the interest and importance of the work have thereby been enhanced. Instead of being accepted merely as fictitious, or regarded as throwing light on a single isolated point, as e.g. the character of its authoress, the Queen of Navarre, the book must henceforth be esteemed as an authoritative record—all the more valuable for being indirect and incidental—of the thought, manners, and institutions of France during the reign of Francis I. It cannot be said to detract from its value in this respect if its general tone and spirit are intended to be amusing. The first editor of the book, Claude Gruget, said of Marguerite, 'elle se joue sur les actes de la vie humaine,' and Nisard remarks that this characterisation of her genius is correct; but its especial importance consists in the recognition that it was the actual 'human life' by which she was surrounded, with its pursuits and amusements, its doubts and convictions, its joys and its sorrows, its wisdom and folly, its strength and its weakness,

which she transferred to her graphic pages. On a smaller canvas, and with a finer pencil and less gaudy colours, she forestalled Balzac's attempt. She depicted in the 'Heptaméron' 'the human comedy' of her time, just as the great novelist did that of the nineteenth century.

Granting this historical significance of Queen Marguerite's work, it is obvious that the demands it makes on a successful editor are more than usually great. Besides an intimate knowledge of the queen's life and surroundings, he should possess a no less thorough acquaintance with the events of her time and the persons who took part in them. Probably few writers possess an ampler fund of this antiquarian and historical erudition than M. Félix Frank. Its extent and profundity are borne witness to not only by his preface, illustrative notes to the 'Heptaméron,' but by similar additions to the edition of Queen Marguerite's poetical works to which we have already alluded.

Among those editorial labours in which M. F. Frank has surpassed his predecessors in the same field must first be mentioned his identification of Marguerite's fellow-narrators. The names of these personages are so evidently anagrammatic that it seems hard to guess why their respective riddles had not been solved before. No doubt the Bibliophiles Français in Le Roux de Lincy's edition made an attempt in this direction, but it went no further than the identification of the two persons about whose individuality there could be no reasonable doubt, viz. Madame Osile and Parlamente. The former is so obvious an anagram of Loise, that, coupled with the characteristics assigned her, and the reverence with which she is addressed by her companions, her identity with the queen mother, Louise of Savoy, is unquestionable; while as to Parlamente, concerning whom editors have been more divided, her identity with Marguerite herself is, as M. Félix Frank points out, openly admitted in *NOG.* LXXII., so that the immense volume of circumstantial evidence on the point afforded by her self-disclosed character and sentiments is rendered needless. Of course, the identity of Parlamente being established, that of her husband Hircan follows; but inasmuch as Marguerite was twice married, commentators have to choose between the Duc d'Alençon and the King of Navarre. The French Bibliophiles, led by their learned secretary, Le Roux de Lincy, gave their preference to the former; but, as M. Félix Frank well remarks (*i.* lxxxvii), 'rien, dans la série des entretiens, ne révèle ce prince effacé; tout y affiche la personnalité intelli-

‘gente, railleuse, parfois un peu brutale, l’humeur pratique, les goûts sensuels du roi de Navarre.’

The name *Hanric* may easily be an abbreviation of *Hanricus* for *Henricus*, the king’s proper name, its actual form being perhaps determined satirically by the Latin word *Hyrceanus*, in allusion to his savage, untameable nature, or by *Hircinus*, as a covert reference to that amorous disposition so often mentioned in the ‘Heptaméron.’ But M. Frank does not rely only on the name for his identification; he has collected with equal discrimination and industry a number of minute details and allusions pertaining to Hircan and Parlamente (i. lxxxvii-cii) which can leave no possible doubt that the former is the King of Navarre. Equal certainty may be claimed for M. Frank’s next identification. *Geburon* unquestionably is M. de Burye, a companion soldier of the King of Navarre—a man of strong Protestant tendencies who is frequently alluded to in Marguerite’s letters.* The remaining characters are discriminated and assigned with similar care as well as a fully adequate knowledge of the persons and surroundings of the Queen of Navarre during every period of her life. We have, however, only space for the bare results, and must refer the reader who delights in the solution of historical riddles to M. Frank’s interesting pages for the details in each case. *Simontault* is François de Bourdeille, the father of Brantôme, his pseudonym being based, to quote M. Frank, ‘sur une double allusion au fief de *Montauris* possédé par la famille de Bourdeille et aux alliances fréquentes de cette famille avec celle de *Montant*’ (i. cxxxvii). His wife, *Ennasuicte*, is consequently Anne de Vivonne, her anagrammatic name being formed of Anne and *suicte* or *suite*—‘qui rappelle la situation de *dame suivante* d’Anne de Vivonne ‘auprès de la reine Marguerite,’ as M. Frank says. This identification is confirmed by the evidence of Brantôme that his mother was one of the narrators, ‘une des devisantes,’ of the ‘Heptaméron.’ *Saffredent* and *Nomerfide* are identified, for sufficiently valid reasons, with Jean de Montpyat and his wife, who was of the house of Fimarcon or Fiedmarcon; *Dagoucin* is Nicolas Dangu, Abbot of Juilly and Bishop of Séz, one of the chief confidential advisers of Marguerite. Lastly, *Longarine* is clearly La dame de

* M. Génin’s ‘Lettres de Marguerite d’Angoulême,’ p. 393, note, and the still more frequent references in the ‘Nouvelles Lettres de la Reine de Navarre,’ by the same editor.

Longray, the widow of the Seigneur de Fay and of Longray, in Normandy—a lady in whom Marguerite manifested her confidence by entrusting her with the education of her daughter, Jeanne d'Albret.* Now these personages, we must remember, are not isolated individuals with whom Marguerite became acquainted in the course of her private and official life. So far as we can gather, they represent her actual *entourage* at one particular period of her history, around which as a nucleus of reality the events and persons of the 'Heptaméron' seem to converge. M. Félix Frank has no hesitation in fixing this date at 1529–30, when, as he says, 'elle était dans la plénitude de son bonheur, jeune 'encore, mère pour la première fois (en 1528), aimant Henri 'd'Albret et aimée de lui,' &c. We need not point out how the fundamental basis of the 'Heptaméron' is affected by this circumstance. Marguerite's *dramatis personæ*—for the 'Heptaméron,' as we have said, is but a peculiarly constructed comedy—must henceforth take their places as well-known historical characters, each individual enacting the part and manifesting those qualities independently assigned to him or her by contemporary history. A further proof of this, though not insisted on by M. Frank, seems to us to be derivable from the artistic persistency with which the individual characteristics of each of the narrators are sustained all through the 'Heptaméron,' as well as by the delicate care and dexterity of the authoress in making their various rôles embrace all the principal thought tendencies of the time.

This may be illustrated by the following conspectus of the representative significance of Marguerite's fellow narrators, which we confidently invite our readers to test for themselves. Thus, Madame *Osile* represents chiefly the religious aspect of the French Renaissance, so far as it was a compound of Protestant doctrine with Romish ritual. *Parlemente* (Marguerite) seems to combine with her mother's rôle the literary phases and sympathies of the same movement. *Hircan* represents the Rabelaisian cynicism of the movement, the attempt to make nature and freedom the sole standards of human conduct. *Geburon* and *Dagoucin* respectively stand for two kinds of chivalry; the former that of knightly experience, old age, and blunted passion; the latter the warm impulsive Platonic idealism of youth. *Simontault* and *Saffredent* may conjointly represent the

* Comp. M. Génin, 'Lettres,' i. 378, note.

blending of amorous license with chivalric devotion, sexual passion with romantic disinterestedness, so characteristic of the French Renaissance. *Nomerfide* and *Ennasuicte* seem to stand for the extreme *Radical* side of the movement, i.e. that in which freedom from the religious discipline of Romanism declared itself by unseemly license of speech and indifference to high principles and honour; while *Longarine* is the amiable impersonation of invincible veracity, as well as of womanly modesty and virtue. In short, we have in Marguerite's fellow narrators an authentic gallery of her contemporaries, in the selection of which her sole guiding principles seem to have been her intimate acquaintance with their dispositions, and her desire to secure all the interest she could obtain from strongly contrasted types of character and modes of thought.

Indeed, we are firmly persuaded—the conclusion is no more than a corollary from what we have advanced—that the ‘Heptaméron’ may be regarded, so far as its main plot and characters are concerned, as a record of actual occurrences, that the meetings and conversations narrated really took place, that the interlocutors manifested their characters and sentiments in the manner described. We know that it was a custom of chivalry for the knights, squires, and ladies of every great house to assemble after dinner in order to hear or relate stories and adventures, and it seems impossible to suppose that Marguerite, with her lively humour and literary tastes, took no part in a recreation so thoroughly congenial. We may, on the contrary, rest assured that the residence of the Queen of Navarre at Amboise, Alençon, or Longray was the centre of a cultured society, accustomed to entertain itself in what we may now term, from its chief literary product, the ‘Heptaméron’ fashion, and that the halls and courts of her palaces responded to the Biblical exhortations of Madame Osile, the brusque raillery of Hircan, the sly innuendos of Simontault, the Platonic aspirations of Dagoucin, and occasionally resounded with the laughter caused by the free stories of Nomerfide or Ennasuicte. A particular stimulus to this kind of recreation has, moreover, been occasioned by La Maçon's translation of Boccaccio's ‘Decameron.’ The author was one of Marguerite's secretaries, and undertook the work at her request. It soon acquired the reputation, which it has ever since enjoyed, of a French classic, and was undoubtedly the book which obtained most currency among Marguerite's friends. ‘Je croy,’ says Parlamente to her ‘Heptaméron’ circle, ‘qu'il

‘ n’y a nul de vous qui n’ait leu les cent Nouvelles de Bocace, ‘ nouvellement traduites d’italien en françois.’ We need scarcely add that the ‘Heptaméron’ was originally based on the work of Boccaccio, and that the curtailment of ten days’ entertainment to seven was caused simply by Marguerite’s death.

To sum up our argument. The ‘Heptaméron’ seems to us to have been the outcome (1) of the general system of story-telling which had long obtained in the feudal castles and great houses of France; (2) of the particular incitement furnished by Boccaccio’s ‘Decameron’ and similar Italian collections. The framework and characters of the book are real. Marguerite has merely transcribed her reminiscences of certain *séances* which actually took place under her supervision, and of which she was the originator and guiding spirit. Her fellow *devisants* are well-known members of her courtly entourage, who are assigned stories and sentiments in harmony with their characters. All that Marguerite seems to have done in the way of fiction-moulding is that she has distributed the various tales among her confabulators, and that she has brought the anecdotal record of her age as nearly as possible ‘up to date’—some of the events narrated having happened only a short time before her death.

Passing from the workshop with its tools and models to the work itself, we proceed to take advantage of M. Félix Frank’s definitive and classical edition to consider the ‘Heptaméron’ in what appears to us its most important aspect, viz. as a specially illustrative exponent of the French Renaissance. In this respect only two authors could by any possibility come into rivalry with Marguerite of Navarre. These are Rabelais and Montaigne. Undoubtedly both are salient and indisputable products of the great upheaval, but they represent only a few of its many-sided aspects, whereas the ‘Heptaméron’ represents them all. We find there, in the modified colouring which is mostly nearer to reality than bizarre and extravagant tints, the gross humour and brutal cynicism by which Rabelais disguised his love of justice and humanism, as well as the frank naturalness and intellectual suspense of Montaigne’s ‘Essais.’ But we also find, in combination with these well-known features of the French Renaissance, other characteristics no less typical of it. We find suggested, e.g., as a kind of undertone faintly discernible beneath the many-voiced clamour of the movement, the moral earnestness which in France rendered the Renaissance

a fitting cradle for a considerable developement of Protestantism. We remark also a stress on pure scriptural teaching, which was similarly a notable feature of the period, but of which we find no trace in the Italian Renaissance, or in Boccaccio's 'Decameron' as its literary exponent. In the 'Heptaméron,' indeed, the Bible and its teachings occupy a considerable portion of the space which in the 'Decameron' is taken up by classical humanism and freethought. Not that the latter element is wanting in Queen Marguerite's work, as we shall see further on—indeed, if it were, the 'Heptaméron' could no longer claim the high position to which we think it entitled as a complete exponent of the French Renaissance—but that the movement was on its spiritual side closely allied with and in part sustained by the influence of Calvin, Beza, and other less illustrious apostles of early French Protestantism. Further, the 'Heptaméron' not only presents us with the constituent elements of the French Renaissance, but it does so more or less in the *order of their importance*. Any one endeavouring to form an idea of the movement from the works of Rabelais or from the 'Essais' of Montaigne would probably arrive at a distorted estimate of its products. He would conclude that its chief outcomes were a depraved naturalism—an unrestrained license in thought, speech, and manners. Now, the 'Heptaméron' not only corrects such a perversion by presenting the factors of the Renaissance as complex and many-sided both in cause and operation; it does more, it exhibits its issues in what we may safely term their natural order of precedence, viz.:

1. Humanism supplied and fostered by the classical revivalism of Italy in the preceding century.
2. Protestantism, or Biblical anti-Romanism.
3. A growing conception of freedom suggested by naturalism and attended occasionally by license.
4. Common sense, or principles of justice and equality derived from the universal reason of humanity.

It must not, however, be supposed that these new fermenting agencies exhaust the salient phenomena of the French revivalism as illustrated by the 'Heptaméron.' A geological upheaval will of necessity reveal not only the forces which caused it, but the older conditions of formation disturbed by them. Similarly the new forces of the Renaissance are found blended with prior conditions of thought and life whose activities are not yet wholly exhausted. As a result the actual products of the movement are extremely heterogeneous. Thus we find the usages and traditions of chivalry

blended with those of modern society: we have freedom of speculation combined with abject superstition; devout religious observances with extreme license of conversation; external rites of Romanism with incompatible principles of Protestantism; the nicest sense of humour with the laxest notions of ordinary morality; the worship of the God of Christians with a semi-sincere recognition of the deities of Olympus, or with a naïve and unrestrained observance of the dictates of nature. Not that this multifariousness, grotesque and inconsistent as it is, is really remarkable. It is merely the reflex of the time. The age of the 'Heptaméron' was preeminently a period of transition. Feudalism was passing away as a political and social *régime*, not as in Italy by the growth of free municipalities and civic rights, but by the gradual advance of monarchical power. Chivalry—the true religion of feudalism—shared in its decline, but left behind ideas and usages which long survived their parent institutions. Humanism, which had actually spent its force in Italy, still exercised no small influence in France, though here it was allied as a disintegrant force with the nascent vigour of Protestantism. Romanism, fatally undermined in Switzerland and Germany, was even in France and Italy liable to periodic attacks—partly of assailants without, partly of ill humours and diseases within—and in the former country was in a decidedly declining condition during the first half of the sixteenth century. All these religious, political, and social changes are depicted in the 'Heptaméron' with varying distinctness and intensity of colouring. In order to estimate their value from that point of view we proceed to consider the light, direct and indirect, which that work reflects upon them.

First, we begin with its illustration of feudalism and chivalry. The contrast on this particular subject between the 'Heptaméron' and its Italian prototype is instructive. Feudalism, as is well known, never took root in Italy, the circumstances which might have led to its planting and early growth being arrested by the rise of the communes, and the rapid advance in commercial importance and municipal freedom of the great cities. Accordingly most of the personages whose words and deeds are recounted by Boccaccio belong to the mercantile or middle class, whereas a considerable proportion of the characters in the 'Heptaméron' are sovereign princes, suzerains, seigneurs—in other words, persons who exercised feudal rights; and these rights are alluded to in terms which prove that they were at least

partially still in existence. Indeed, the forms, usages, and ideas of feudalism, with its concomitant chivalry, may be said to have survived to the close of the century; but the soul and sentiment of chivalry—that sublime union of valour with humanity and courtesy, that rare combination of magnanimous generosity in war with scrupulous gentleness and delicacy in the arts of peace—that high-toned and genuinely Christian consideration not only for women, but for the weak, the dependent, and the oppressed of both sexes, which reconciles us to much that was one-sided and unjust in feudalism, was already departing. The ‘Heptaméron’ is separated only by a few years from the death of Bayart, the crowning glory of French chivalry, and yet Marguerite in her assumed character of Parlamente could already say, ‘Le temps est passé que les hommes oublient leurs vies pour les dames.’ How truly her judgement was formed, and how altered the position of women and dependants was already becoming in the estimation of the leading princes and knights of France, is abundantly manifested, as we shall soon see in the course of the ‘Heptaméron.’

Meanwhile, we must direct attention to a fact which has hitherto been unnoticed by writers on the ‘Heptaméron,’ viz. that the fictitious framework of the book is supplied by the recognised decadence of feudal chivalry. In contrast to the ‘Decameron,’ where the occasion is furnished by the retirement of well-born youths and maidens from the plague-stricken town of Florence, the narrators of the ‘Heptaméron’ are brought together by a series of marvellous deliverances from fierce men and wild beasts, adventures of the precise type which formed the staple of all stories of knight errantry. One hardly knows whether the Queen of Navarre is to be taken wholly *au sérieux* in her circumstantial narratives of these hyper-romantic wonders, or whether there is an intentional travesty, somewhat in the manner of Don Quixote, of these marvellous occurrences. To us the latter hypothesis seems the more probable. It would be quite in harmony with the satirical poignancy, ‘la veine gauloise,’ which is apparent in all her secular writings, as well as with her professed contempt for the debased chivalric training which, commencing, as La Curne de Sainte-Palaye said, by teaching ‘en même temps le catéchisme et “l’Art d’aimer,”’* ended as Marguerite re-

* *Mémoires ut supra*, vol. i. p. 5. That this account of the early

proached her knightly companions: 'Votre plaisir gist à déshonorer les femmes et vostre honneur à tuer les hommes en guerre: qui sont deux pointz formellement contraires à la loy de Dieu' (ii. 202). We can hardly conceive her inventing the incidents described in the prologue (i. 10) unless with the tacit intent of throwing ridicule on the similar marvels and manners of perverted and declining chivalry. In these supposed occurrences we have all the constituents of an adventure of knight errantry, but with the colouring of sordid and grotesque incident with which such events are travestied in 'Don Quixote.' High-born married ladies accompanied by their husbands, and attended by their *serviteurs* or sworn knights (these again being attended by their varlets), are rescued by the latter, not from giants or superhuman monsters, but from the predacious inmates of a roadside inn. In the *mêlée* these degenerate chevaliers slay not only their male foes, but the hostess herself, on the plea that she was worse than her husband. Hardly less contemptuous in their reflections on chivalry are the adventures which brought the remaining *dramatis personæ* to their trysting-place at 'our Lady of Serrance.' Two damsels are chased by a bear with such terrific speed that their horses drop dead before they can reach a place of safety, while the bear succeeds in killing all their men servants; a man clad only in his shirt flees hurriedly into a church while mass is being said, thus finding refuge from pursuing robbers; and a gentleman trying to cross the flooded river Gave compels his servants to form themselves into a breakwater in order to stem the force of the stream. He is himself saved with difficulty, while his vassals are carried away and drowned. We readily grant that these fictitious embellishments were adopted by the Queen of Navarre in order to give a plausible colouring to the substratum of her stories, and to account for the presence of herself and fellow *raconteurs* at our Lady of Serrance; but regarded from this point alone, they are forced and unreal. They are only coherent and intelligible when considered

education of the young scions of chivalry, grotesque as it may seem to us, is neither satirical nor sensational, but a sober treatment of fact, is shown by Boccaccio's *Filocolo*, 'Opere Volgari,' vii. 76. When the young prince and Biancofiore are being educated by Racheo, the process adopted by their venerable teacher is thus succinctly set forth: 'E loro in breve termine insegnato a conoscer le lettere, fece leggere il Saltero e 'l libro d' Ovidio.'

from Marguerite's position of contempt for decadent chivalry.

This relation of the 'Heptaméron' to the chivalry of its time is further confirmed by other passages and references of the book. The power of the feudal prince or knight over his vassals and dependants is, though diminishing, still great and unquestioned. The feudal superior might, as we have just seen, compel his servants to plunge into a swollen river, and lose their lives by breaking its force while he himself crossed in safety; but his power in former times went far beyond the enjoining services which were merely riskful. He could flog, maim, torture, or even slay those of his dependants who might have incurred his dislike; but the 'Heptaméron' indicates clearly that this extreme power was on the wane. Indeed, its exercise was becoming increasingly incompatible with the supremacy arrogated by the French monarchs, and with laws which were little else than expressions of their own personal will. An interesting exemplification of this is found in Nov. XL., which recounts how a nobleman puts to death a servant or vassal who had married his sister, but at the same time takes all possible precautions to avoid being brought to justice for the murder. This was a contingency which would hardly have occurred to a chevalier a century before, except as an unlikely possibility of being called to account by his own feudal superior. We may add that in the actual event, of which this novel is a fictitiously coloured presentation, the murderer, the Viscomte de Rohan, was really brought to justice for his crime and imprisoned. This decrease in the prerogatives of chivalry was accompanied by—what is also well indicated in the 'Heptaméron'—the advance in power and independence of the *bourgeoisie*. Indeed, the difference in respect of class distinctions between Marguerite's book and its Italian prototype is instructive, and throws considerable indirect light on the different social conditions which obtained in France and Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Doubtless there is a demarcation of classes in Boccaccio's work, but only in an incidental allusive manner not unlike what we find in English novels of our own time; whereas in the 'Heptaméron' social distinctions are emphasised and insisted on as if they were of primary importance in the eyes of the narrators, though, as we shall presently see, various influences of an equalising character were already at work tending to their gradual obliteration. Thus we have frequent allusions to the inferiority of the *bourgeoisie*

as well as of the peasantry below them, not only in respect of personal beauty and virtue, but also of capacity for chivalric feelings and duties. Nov. V., for instance, is told to prove 'que tout le sens et la vertu des femmes n'est pas au 'cœur et teste des princesses, ny toute l'amour et finesse 'en ceulx où le plus souvent on estime qu'ilz soyent' (i. 80). Similarly, Nov. XXXVIII. is related to show what is supposed to be an exemplification of prudence on the part of a *bourgeoise* of Tours, a class of people 'qui de leur 'coustume ne sont nourryes si vertueusement que les autres' (ii. 309). The contrast of chivalric with peasant manners is dwelt on in the epilogue to Nov. XXIX., where Geburon says that 'tous pauvres gens et mécaniques' are more mischievous than the classes above them, proving his assertion by the allegation that thieves, murderers, sorcerers, and coiners were drawn from that class.

On the other hand, we must acknowledge that chivalry, in spite of (in some cases we might say on account of) the enormous power which it put in the hands of the privileged classes, had a distinctly humanising and equalising influence. The relation of knight and esquire, of a lady and her sworn *serviteur*, was such as to neutralise largely their difference of birth. As Saffredent remarks in the epilogue to Nov. X., good service necessarily implied intimacy and friendship, quoting the proverb (i. 191):—

' De bien servir et loyal estre,
De serviteur on devient maistre.'

It was hardly more than a natural extension of this principle when the inferior classes claimed equality with their superiors in respect of virtue and uprightness, as e.g. the maiden 'of low birth' in Nov. XLII. who assures her princely pursuer that, *bourgeoise* as she was, there was no princess whose heart was more upright than her own, and there was no treasure in the world she valued so highly as honour and conscience (iii. 15). Theoretically, the maxims of chivalry enjoined not only the recognition of the inferior's claims in respect of service, fellowship, &c., but also a practical consideration even of an enemy's condition in the jousts and the battlefield. On the former point we have Saffredent's allusion to 'la reigle de vraie amitie, qui esgalle 'le prince et le pauvre' (iii. 32); on the latter we have Geburon's reminder, 'Les livres de la Table Ronde nous 'apprennent que ce n'est point honneur à un bon chevalier, 'd'en abattre un qui ne vault rien' (iii. 114). Perhaps

also we may accept as a further operating motive for the just treatment of inferiors by feudal princes and lords, as well as an incidental acknowledgement that the power of the former was on the increase, the remark of Dagoucin in the epilogue to Nov. XII. : ‘ Et doivent bien craindre les princes et ceulx ‘ qui sont en auctorité, de faire desplaisir à moindre que eulx. ‘ Car il n’y a nul qui ne puisse nuyre, quand Dieu se veult ‘ venger du pécheur, ne si grand qui sceust mal faire à celuy ‘ qui est en sa garde.’ At least the deterrent is one which would have hardly occurred to an extreme advocate of feudal prerogative.

But the religious sentiment of Dagoucin’s remark, and its declaration of God’s coequal care of all classes of men alike, show us how the humanising influence of chivalry, though not wholly derived from the teaching of the Church, was necessarily sustained by it. The brotherhood and equality of all men in the sight of God—the chief feature of its first promulgation—still formed part of the theory on which the Christianity of the Middle Ages was built, however much it might be deviated from in actual practice. Osile’s definition of the Holy Communion as ‘ the Sacrament of Union which ‘ makes all equal,’ throws an incidental light on what might be called the levelling tendency of the rites of the Church—a tendency which was confirmed, we need scarcely add, by her constitution. In an age when social distinctions were so sharply demarcated it is impossible to overrate the effect in an opposite direction of an institution invested with Divine sanction and political supremacy, to the highest offices of which the sons of *bourgeois*, *roturier*, or even villein, when duly qualified, might hope to attain. Similar tendencies are also discernible in Calvinism, the form of Protestantism most popular in France in the time of the ‘Heptaméron.’ At first sight it might seem as if the effect of this particular theory would have been parallel, if not identical, with the distinctions of feudalism. The suzerain or seigneur was born to his lordly rule and highborn privileges, as the *roturier* or villein was to his enforced position of dependence or thralldom. But the Divine decrees operated, according to Calvin, without the least reference to earthly position. The *roturier* might be predestined to election, while his feudal superior might be marked out for eternal reprobation. This aspect of Calvinism, and its issue, are so fully recognised by Osile, who, with her daughter Marguerite (as we shall see further down), was thoroughly permeated with Calvinistic prepossessions, that we must quote her observations in full (i. 50): ‘ car

‘les graces de Dieu ne se donnent point aux hommes pour leurs noblesses et richesses, mais selon qu’il plaist à sa bonté: qui n’est point accepteur de personne, lequel eslit ce qu’il veult, car ce qu’il a esleu l’honneur de ses vertuz. Et souvent eslit les choses basses, pour confondre celles que le monde estime haultes et honorables, comme luy mesmes dict.’ Indeed, the democratic equality, which was one issue of Calvinism, was even more potent than that which was implied by the constitution and ritual of the Church, inasmuch as it was the direct outcome of the Divine purpose—not an incidental feature of an ecclesiastical system which might have been originated by her own needs or views of expediency.

But besides these levelling tendencies of Roman Catholicism on the one hand and Calvinism on the other, influences of the same kind must be ascribed to the naturalism then so prevalent, and which we have in a form so loathsomely realistic in the works of Rabelais. The general presentation of this influence, as we have it in the ‘Heptaméron,’ will meet us further on. Here it may be enough to note Saffredent’s vindication of a supposed *mésalliance* (ii. 332): ‘les sages philosophes tiennent que le moindre homme de tous vault mieulx que la plus grande et vertueuse femme qui soit’—an interesting illustration of the effect of supposed sexual, in minimising real feudal, distinctions. Dagoucin’s ironical (?) defence of the existing state of things shows us how feudal usages prepared the way for their consolidation in a supreme monarchy, and suggests that this consummation may already have been attained: ‘pour entretenir la chose publique en paix, l’on ne regarde que les degrez des maisons, les aages des personnes et les ordonnances des loix, sans peser l’amour et les vertuz des hommes, afin de ne confondre point la monarchie.’ (*Ibid.*)

The treatment of dependants and subordinates in the decadent chivalry of the ‘Heptaméron’ seems also connected with the position that work accords to women. Of the older romantic chivalry with its exalted estimate of, and profound deference to, the female sex, Dagoucin and in a lesser degree Geburon are the ‘Heptaméron’ representatives. That it was a passion often insufficiently based, sometimes running into extravagant extremes, and at all times liable to peculiar risks and perversions, must be allowed, but it was essentially noble, unselfish, religious, and chaste. It was a protest—stronger while it lasted than even religious precepts or purely ecclesiastical conceptions of duty—against

the animalism of an age of general laxity and unrestrained passion. Its principles are set forth by Geburon in the epilogue to Nov. XII. (i. 221) : ‘ Quant à moy, je puis bien ‘ vous jurer que j’ay tant aymé une femme, que j’eusse mieulx ‘ aymé mourir que pour moy elle eust faict chose dont je ‘ l’eusse moins estimée. Car mon amour estoit tant fondée ‘ en ses vertuz, que, pour quelque bien que j’en eusse sceu ‘ avoir, je n’y eusse voulu veoir une tache.’ And similar views are enounced, if possible still more strongly, by Dagoucin in the epilogue to Nov. VIII. (i. 110), and in other parts of the ‘Heptaméron.’ Nevertheless, we are made aware that this conception of the relation of the sexes is now becoming antiquated, being superseded by the more material theory of that relation of which Hircan and Saffredent are the fitting exponents. In the epilogue to Nov. XIV. (i. 259) the latter wishes that ‘ the observance of the law of nature on ‘ that point were as productive of honour as it was of ‘ pleasure ;’ on which Dagoucin remarks, ‘ Those who would ‘ rather die than that their passion should become known ‘ would not agree with your law.’ ‘ Die ! ’ exclaims Hircan ; ‘ the good knight [chevalier] has yet to be born who would ‘ choose to die for such a publicity.’

It must be acknowledged that the ladies of the company approve of the older theory of the relation of the sexes, and take every opportunity of repressing and ridiculing the coarser ideas of Hircan and Saffredent. The more chivalric and Platonic notion is also expressed by several of the novels, as e.g. IX. XXI. LXIII., at the same time—and the remark must be taken as illustrative of the many-sidedness of the ‘Heptaméron,’ as well as of the strong common sense of Marguerite herself—that she is fully alive to the peculiar extravagances and insidious dangers of the spiritual passion of love which assumed a Platonic form in chivalry and a mystical form in mediæval conventual life. She has no hesitation e.g. in qualifying Dagoucin’s praises of Platonic sentiment as ‘fantastic’ (‘cette fantaisie,’ i. 111), and expresses in more than one place her distrust of the language and powers of spiritual love (cf. e.g. the epilogue to Nov. XXXV.). We need not accept this as an indication of the warm or amorous tendencies which some writers have seen in Marguerite. All that it proves is her insight into the complicated springs of human conduct. No one who has learnt anything of the inner life of mediæval religionists will need to be reminded that her judgement of spiritual

passion was as accurate as her distrust of it was well founded.*

Before leaving the subject of chivalry, we must cast a passing glance on the peculiar idea of 'honour' to which it gave birth. The chief characteristic of the 'contents' of that term which may be said to sum up in itself the ethical creed of chivalry is its extreme diversity. It ranges through all the stages of moral merit and demerit from the high temperature of nobleness, manly dignity, self-restraint, and heroic self-sacrifice to the very zero of self-indulgence and unscrupulous lust. Not the least significant symptom of this diversity is the axiom that pervades the whole of the 'Heptaméron,' that the honour of the two sexes is based upon different principles. This is avowed by Marguerite herself in the epilogue to Nov. XLIII. (iii. 45): 'Celles qui sont vaincues en plaisir ne se doivent plus nommer femmes, mais hommes, desquelz la fureur et la concupiscence augmente leur honneur; car un homme qui se venge de son ennemy et le tue pour un desmentir en est estimé plus gentil compaignon; aussy est-il quand il en ayme douzaine avecq sa femme. Mais l'honneur des femmes a autre fondement: c'est douceur, patience et chasteté.' Probably the queen's utterance is to be taken at least in part as ironical, but it is demonstrably in harmony with her general opinion of the degenerating chivalry of her time. Our readers may remember the quotation given above which expresses the same view. Another passage bearing on this point is Saffredent's satirical account of the origin of feminine honour in the epilogue to Nov. LXII. where it is made the synonym of hypocrisy. But the general sense of the word in the 'Heptaméron' is 'good fame.' In this sense it is applicable to the two sexes, and is employed as the equivalent of 'virtue' and 'conscience,' though there is one passage Nov. III. (i. 54) in which honour in the sense of 'good fame' is correctly differentiated from 'conscience.'

On the other hand, there is one notable passage—put into the mouth of Longarine, who is the feminine advocate of that higher sentiment of chivalry maintained among the other sex by Dagoucín—which shows us that the high ethical sense of honour and conscience inculcated both by

* A curious and instructive comment on Marguerite's frequently expressed distrust of spiritual love, so called, is furnished by Renan's recent 'Studies in Religious History,' A Monastic Idyl of the Thirteenth Century, trans. p. 330.

religion and by the noblest developements of chivalry was not yet extinct. (i. 192.) To Saffredent's definition of 'honour,' identifying it with 'good fame,' she replies, 'Vous ne parlez pas du vray honneur, qui est le contentement de ce monde; car, quand tout le monde me diroit femme de bien, et je scaurois seule le contraire, la louange augmenteroit ma honte et me rendroit en moy-mesme plus confuse; et aussi, quand il me blasmeroit et je sentisse mon innocence, son blasme tourneroit à mon contentement, car nul n'est content de soy-mesme.' Let us add that chivalric glory or good fame or renown is in one place (epilogue to Nov. LXX.) contrasted with the mercantile occupation of amassing wealth, a calling befitting 'caitiffs.'

Summing up this brief account of the ethical aspects of chivalry which may be gleaned from its technical terms in the 'Heptaméron,' we must say that the impression left on our minds is wholly unfavourable to that institution regarded as an influence for good. Not only is chivalry a declining power, but its decline is marked by an unexpected amount of debasement and degradation. Hircan, Simontault, and Saffredent, though styling themselves knights (chevaliers), are very degenerate successors of Bayart, La Trémoille, and La Palisse. The combination of valour with magnanimity and unselfishness which constituted the very essence of that institution in its palmier days has either become extinct or remains only as a vague tradition of the past.

Similar indications of the decline of feudal chivalry and its supersession by modern ideas and institutions meet us continually in the 'Heptaméron.' Thus we have incidentally recorded the interesting fact that the sons of good families were sent to school to be educated instead of being brought up, as was once the custom, in the household of some feudal seigneur. Similarly we find the literature of feudalism is still read, as e.g. the 'Roman de la Rose,' the 'Knights of the Round Table,' though the book most read and quoted by the narrators of the 'Heptaméron' is the Bible. The phrases of chivalry are still in use. The Apostles are described as 'the glorious knights and Apostles of Jesus Christ.' The male narrators speak of themselves as 'wearing harness' and as bound by oath to render duty (*devoir*) to the ladies. The attendants on noble ladies are described with technical accuracy as their 'serviteurs,' just as the attendants on esquires are called 'varlets;' in a word, the skeleton of chivalry, its definitions, forms, usages, titles, associations, still exist. Its essential spirit as a living and

in no small degree ennobling influence, has departed for ever.

But besides feudal chivalry there is another animating force of the French Renaissance which the 'Heptaméron' reveals to us in its decline, and that is classical humanism. That the influence of this great factor in the intellectual revivalism of Europe was not so great in France as in Italy is as well known as it is readily accounted for. Not only was this influence less in volume, it was inferior and secondary in origin; for whereas the Italian humanists received their light directly from Greece and Rome, their imitators in France, as indeed in Germany and England, took theirs at second hand from its Italian reflection. M. Charles Aubertin suggests that the plan of the 'Decameron'—and necessarily of the 'Heptaméron' as well—was derived from classical usages and times;* but the likelihood is greater, in our opinion, that it came from the feudal custom of the inmates of great houses assembling after dinner for such narrative purposes as recounting stories and singing songs.† But whether the origin of the 'Heptaméron' be classical or not, the references it contains to classical writers or their opinions are neither many nor important. The title already alluded to by which the book designates the Apostles—'the glorious knights and Apostles of Jesus Christ'—is doubtless an illustration of the curious notion common to the Renaissance generally by which Christianity was regarded as the outcome partly of classical, partly of chivalric ideas. Especially pertaining to the literature of the Italian Renaissance, it is found in probably its most grotesque form in the 'Filocolo' of Boccaccio, which restates all the doctrines of Christianity, including the traditional scheme of redemption but with the divinities of Olympus as the *dramatis personæ*. Marguerite's 'glorieux chevaliers . . . de Jesus Christ' is indeed no more than a rendering of Boccaccio's 'prencipi de' suoi cavalieri,' speaking, i.e., of the 'figliuol di Giove' or Jesus Christ.‡ We have a similar admixture of classical events and personages with Christian doctrines in the reference to Cupid as 'the little god who loves to torment princes and poor folk, . . . and so blinds them that they forget God and their conscience' (i. 219). Still more remarkable is the blend of Platonism with the Pauline doctrine of faith which Marguerite gives

* Hist. de la Littérature Française du Moyen Age, ii. 3, note.

† Mémoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie, *ut supra*, i. 40.

‡ Opere Volgari, vii. 11.

us, by no means unskilfully, in the epilogue to Nov. XIX. Under this head also comes the description of the old Duchess of Cardona who was constantly at the bedside of the bereaved Amadour (Nov. X.), 'luy alleguant les raisons 'des Philosophes, pour luy faire porter ceste mort patiemment' (i. 163), i.e. in all probability reading the 'De Consolatione' of Boethius, which was the accepted medium of administering religious consolation in those days and was employed as largely by the clergy as by cultured laymen. A further illustration of a similar kind we have in the teaching of Colimant, 'grand prescheur et principal de leur ordre' (Minorite), who tried to persuade his brethren 'que l'Evangile 'n'estoit non plus croyable que les Commentaires de Cesar, ou 'autres histoires escriptes par auteurs autentiques' (iii. 51). We are made aware by these passages that, spite of the stress which Marguerite and her mother laid on the teaching of the New Testament, the demarcation between sacred and classical literature was not very sharply drawn at the time of the 'Heptaméron,' and that Vergil and Plato e.g. had as much chance of a deferential hearing as Isaiah and St. John. We need hardly point out that this idyllic state of literary and religious comprehension is a perpetuation in France of a feature still more strongly impressed upon the Italian Renaissance. In the former country it was destined soon to give way to the exclusive Bible teaching of Calvin and his fellow-founders of French Protestantism.

The classical authors mentioned or alluded to by the 'Heptaméron' are Plato, Cæsar, and Boethius. Apart from the names of authors, however, Platonism is by far the most decisively marked classical influence in the 'Heptaméron.' This must be ascribed, as regards origin and filiation, to the Platonic school of Florence in the previous century, and, as regards tendency, to its readier assimilation with the doctrines of Christianity. At the same time the 'Heptaméron' novelists cannot be credited with any great knowledge of Plato's works. The 'Republic,' 'la chose publique de Platon,' is truthfully described in terms so pithy as not to be readily rendered: 'qui s'escript et ne s'experimente point' (i. 111); but the myth of the origin of the sexes &c. told by Alkibiades in the 'Symposium' is (in the same epilogue to Nov. VIII.) apparently derived from the 'Republic'—a mistake all the more strange inasmuch as that myth was a favourite of the thinkers of the Renaissance, doubtless for the reason that it supplied a classical origin and justification of the adventures of knights errant,

who were ever sallying forth to find their destined ladye loves, with as much eagerness as the Platonic lover, conscious of his halfness, expended on the search of his other half.

Chivalry and classical humanism are, however, not the only forces which, vigorously operative in the Middle Ages, are represented by the 'Heptaméron' as on the decline. Notwithstanding its enormous preponderance, Romanism in France was decidedly on the wane during the first half of the sixteenth century. Not only was it suffering from internal corruptions and disorders of all kinds, but it was exposed to powerful aggressive influences from without. In addition to the solvent force of classical humanism and extreme naturalism, both of which were largely derived from the Italian Renaissance, it had a native force of its own exceeding in its aggregate power all the other disruptive influences put together. This was the early growth and rapid diffusion of Calvinistic Protestantism, which, had it not been arrested by such unscrupulous means as the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the wars of the Cévennes, and the dragonnades of Louis XIV., would have made France in the course of another century the most Protestant country in Europe. The exposure and ridicule of ecclesiastical miracles, the attacks on monks and friars, are of course features which the 'Heptaméron' has in common with its Italian prototype. Indeed, they were current subjects of jesting in mediæval times, even among those who still clung with fealty and affection to the old faith. What is more noteworthy in Marguerite's book is the deeper insight it occasionally manifests into the vital principles of the rival creeds, though this does not prevent the eclecticism which appreciates Calvinistic doctrine even while joining daily in Romish worship. This point of view will, however, meet us a little further on when we come to consider the Protestantism of the 'Heptaméron.' Here we have to point out overt signs of the declension of Romanism which it contains. In the epilogue to Nov. XXIII. (ii. 141), Geburon gives a striking illustration of the different estimate of monks which had grown up within his own memory: 'J'ay veu le temps que en nostre pays il n'y avoit maison 'où il n'y eust chambre dédiée pour les beaux pères; mais 'maintenant ilz sont tant congneuz, qu'on les craint plus 'que advanturiers.' We find a similar appeal to memory in Nomerfide's remark (epilogue to Nov. XI. i. 205) as to the comparative reception of the friars' sermons and those of the new gospel preachers in country villages: 'En

‘ce temps là, encore qu’il n’y ait pas fort longtemps,’ with the clear implication that the preference for the friar over the gospeller no longer existed. Combined with these allusions to a rapidly changing state of things, we have indicated the causes on which it was based. Not even Luther or Wiclif could have put finger more adroitly on the abuses which were inherent in Romanism than do the Queen of Navarre and her fellow novelists. Take, for instance, Marguerite’s own keen remark in the epilogue to Nov. XXXIV. (ii. 276) on the dangers of the external sanctions and miraculous power of a church in veiling individual depravity: ‘Il n’y a nul de nous qui, par ceste epistre [St. Paul’s ‘Epistle to the Romans] ne confesse que tous les péchez ‘extérieurs ne sont que les fruictz de l’infelicité interieure, ‘laquelle plus est couverte de vertu et de miracles, plus est ‘dangereuse à arracher.’ The criticism of herself and her mother Osile on the practice of leaving legacies to the Church as a compensation for an ill life (epilogue, Nov. LV.) is equally incisive, and has a wide-sweeping scope outside the bounds of Romanism: ‘Voulons appaiser Dieu, pour ‘cent mille ducatz de larcin, de dix mille ducatz de édifices, ‘comme si Dieu ne scavoit compter.’ More instances of a similar kind will meet us when we come to consider the Protestantism of the ‘Heptaméron.’

It is well known that some of the stories which tell against Romanism were suppressed in the first edition of the ‘Heptaméron,’ e.g. XLVI., LV., part of LXV., and LXXII.; but even leaving these out, a large proportion of those left dwell upon the same theme. We must, however, remark, on comparing the respective treatment which the ‘Decameron’ and ‘Heptaméron’ award to the subject of Romanist corruptions, that the work of Boccaccio is wholly wanting in the moral earnestness which imparts gravity and even religious horror to Marguerite’s treatment of the subject. At the same time it would be a mistake to suppose that these stories of ecclesiastical license and the implications they carried excited at that time the disgust that they would in our own days, or even that Marguerite’s severe tone in reference to them must be accepted as a proof of uncompromising aversion to Romanism. The general attitude of French nobles and ladies to that faith as indicated by the ‘Heptaméron’ was a traditional regard for the worthier features and personages of Romanism, mingled with a profound indignation for its more salient corruptions, but seasoned with a half-contemptuous *laissez-faire* disposition—

a conviction that it was not expedient to meddle with institutions possessing ancient traditions and superhuman sanctions—an increasing indifference flavoured with contempt, which was itself a presage of coming dissolution. This point of view meets us at different portions of the book. (Comp. e.g. the epilogues to Novels XXII. XXIII. LV. &c.)

We turn now to those influences in the 'Heptaméron' which have a wholly different aspect, which display not only vitality but vigorous growth, which point to the newer impulses engendered by the Renaissance, not to the effete and decaying influences of which that new birth was in a great measure the signal of death. Taking them in the order of their importance they are: I. Protestantism; II. Naturalism.

I. The religion of Marguerite has always been a moot question among her biographers. She is claimed equally by Roman Catholics and by Protestants. It is certain that she availed herself largely of the rites of the dominant Church, that she had numerous friends among its clergy, that she used occasionally to retreat to convents and religious houses for spiritual meditation and seclusion, that she died in outward communion with Romanism. On the other hand, it is no less certain that she favoured and protected Protestants, often at considerable personal risk, that she was a diligent student of the Scriptures, and imbibed from them—perhaps under the influence of Calvin or Beza—precisely those principles which were most divergent from Romanism, that she had a keen and enlightened sense of the abuses inherent in Romanism, and had no objection to denounce them in the strongest possible terms. Her best biographers have, therefore, gradually arrived at the opinion—the only tenable one in our judgement—that Marguerite's mind was as broad and comprehensive in matters of religious faith and practice as we know it to have been in literature. She instinctively perceived and readily appreciated excellence not only in divergent but even opposing forms of faith, and she had an unerring insight into the more secret and insidious abuses underlying a morbid religionism, no matter from what source it sprang. M. Félix Frank—and it would be difficult to find a more competent authority—makes the personal consciousness of truth to have been her guiding motive. Quoting her lines—

'O port de salut, Verité,
Sauve la nef qui te reclame!'

he adds: '*La Vérité*, voilà le mot qui explique sa vie. 'Cherchée par elle dans l'Eglise et loin de l'Eglise, avec 'la foi, puis avec la curiosité d'une Raison qui devient 'sceptique aux chimères, toujours et "par tous moyens" 'la Vérité fut l'Idéal, la joie et le tourment de sa vie, le souci 'quotidien de sa haute et vive intelligence, l'indéfectible 'espoir de ses années tombantes, sous l'écroulement de tout 'ce qu'elle a édifié ou chéri' (i. xxxvii). With the exception that they do not lay sufficient stress on her identification of '*La Vérité*' with the Bible, these eloquent words may be allowed to stand as a truthful memorial of Marguerite of Navarre—a tribute as well to her intelligence as to her large and comprehensive charity. Happy indeed would it have been for the future of French Protestantism had her own genial breadth, her Christian liberality, her mature and well-balanced judgement, animated the minds and directed the counsels of the leaders of the new movement. Not that this would have exempted the Protestant Reformation in France from the evils which actually befell it, but it might have freed it from the imputation of having copied too servilely the bitter intolerance and loathsome cruelty of its persecutors.

The religious standpoint of the '*Heptaméron*' must therefore be described as that of its author, viz. a combination of Romish ritual and worship with distinctively Protestant and Calvinistic doctrine. This gives us the feature which of all others demarcates the '*Heptaméron*' from the '*Decameron*,' and imparts to the former a religious gravity and seriousness of purpose which are wholly wanting to the latter. No doubt our modern perceptions of taste and congruity are occasionally violated even in Marguerite's book by such a statement e.g. as that which forms the prologue to Day VI. taken as a preface to a series of licentious stories, but we have no right to suppose that the shock we experience would have been at all felt by Marguerite and her friends. What is important to note as a set-off against this partially unconscious license is that we have Calvin's doctrines and dogmas not only touched upon incidentally, but insisted on so forcibly and continuously that it would not be very hard to formulate from the pages of the '*Heptaméron*' a concise summary of Calvinistic teaching. Thus we have election and reprobation taught with a disregard of human freedom and responsibility which might have satisfied Calvin himself (epilogue to Nov. II. i. 50). Human depravity is depicted in colours which it would be difficult to outblacken

(epilogues to Novels XIX. and XXI.). The doctrine of grace is asserted with a force which might have satisfied the authors of the Westminster Confession (epilogues to Novels XXI. and LXVII.); and the verbal inspiration of the Bible is set forth in terms which seem to forecast already the complete bibliolatry which attended the growth of Calvinism (epilogues to Novels XLIV. and LVII.). Sometimes, however, we find distinctive Calvinistic doctrine shading off into a somewhat milder and more general Protestantism, not the less opposed, however, to the errors of Romanism. Thus in the introduction Madame Osile expounds the traditional Protestant doctrine of the Atonement in a sense which would have delighted the heart of Luther, and we have another noteworthy illustration of the same teaching in Novel II. The distinction between merits acquired (supposedly) by ritual, and free grace conferred by God, is laid down in terms which would have satisfied both Calvin and Luther (Novel XXIII.). Similarly we have the grace alleged to be bought for money and that freely given by God compared in the beginning of Novel LV. So again the abuse of the sacraments on the principle of *corruptio optimi pessima* is pointed out in the epilogue to Novel LXI. The immoral casuistry of Romish preachers—which almost reads like a Jesuit precept denounced by Pascal in the ‘Provincials’—is set forth in Novel LVI.; and the doctrine of confession is incidentally attacked on the potent grounds of God’s own final judgement (epilogue to Novel LX., and compare that of LXI.). In short, the whole doctrinal system of Romanism is traversed by the ‘Heptaméron,’ and that not only in its most offensive corruptions, but in the fundamental principles on which it is based.

II. But if the Protestantism of the ‘Heptaméron’ is the feature which most distinguishes it from Boccaccio’s work, the characteristic which most assimilates the two books is their extreme and often repulsive naturalism. As we have already pointed out, this is the most conspicuous feature of the ‘Heptaméron;’ indeed, it is so preponderating and obtrusive that in popular estimates of the book it not uncommonly obliterates all the rest. We find it involved even in the structure of the book, just as it also forms an integral feature of the plan of the ‘Decameron.’ The characteristic which will especially impress itself on the reader who takes up either work for the first time is the overwhelming preponderance of what may be termed the erotic interest; nine-tenths of the ‘Heptaméron’ stories are concerned directly or

indirectly with this theme—a fact which we may incidentally accept as a striking illustration of the paucity of subjects of human interest in those days of imperfect culture. To our colder temperaments and more restrained manners this exclusive stress on man's animal passions seems morbid and exaggerated, inducing a sense not of amusement but of loathing. But those who are conversant with the popular literature both of France and Italy at the close of the Renaissance will know that this form of naturalism is common to most of their chief products. Nor are its causes hard to determine. In the case of France, the manners of chivalry, the influence of the crusades and the Italian wars may be enumerated as the social, and classical humanism and intercourse with Italy as the literary, causes, while perhaps reaction against excessive ecclesiasticism and asceticism may have been a contributing religious cause. As we have mentioned above, Hircan is in the 'Heptaméron' the most outspoken exponent of this tendency, and the rôle is admirably adapted to his sensuous unrestrained temperament. The manner in which he plays his part and the stress which he places on natural inclinations, with a suggestion that Nature herself is vicious, are shown in the epilogue to Novel XXVI. Hircan's point of view is indeed thoroughly Rabelaisian, both in his conception of Nature and the deference which he thinks should be paid to her dictates. He might have graduated among the monks of Thelema so far as any restraint on his animal impulses is concerned. Another Rabelaisian feature is his personification of Nature. Thus, he terms her a 'maistre d'escolle bien secret' * (Nov. XXX. ii. 222), and asks 'Ne savez-vous pas que Nature est 'coquine?' (Nov. XLIV. iii. 65). One might have thought that the feminine capriciousness attributed to Nature by the 'Heptaméron,' as it is also by Rabelais and Montaigne and other advocates of naturalism, might have induced a doubt of the wisdom of deferring to her dictates, but this is an inference they are not disposed to make. The extreme form of this unworthy submission in the 'Heptaméron' occurs in Novel X., where a designing and insanely sentimental lover says, 'Ne doutez point que, quant l'amour 'force le corps et le cueur, le péché soit jamais imputé' (Nov. X. i. 167).

Saffredent and Simontault, as well as Hircan, give occasional expression to the same vein of thought, and we may

* Comp. Rabelais, 'Pantagruel,' book iii. c. xxxii.

take it as a proof of the fidelity of the 'Heptaméron' to contemporary manners that the very foremost of the male novelists are almost wholly Rabelaisian in their ideas of nature's authority and the obedience which they are in theory prepared to yield it. As we might have supposed, Marguerite takes the opposite side, and she does this with her usual judiciousness, and more than her usual verve and spirit. She does her Rabelaisian spouse no injustice when she says that he and others like him would be very glad if there were neither god nor law but what agreed with their inclination (epilogue to Novel XXV.). Let us add that she not only sees the error of naturalism, but has insight enough to detect the best mode of encountering and humanising it. In harmony with the general aspiration of her thought she discerns that the passion of love, in order to be worthy of reasoning beings, ought to have an ennobling and exalting tendency. She had been speaking of 'perfect lovers,' and on Saffredent's demanding what she meant she answers: 'J'appelle parfaicts amans ceux qui cherchent en ce qu'ils aiment quelque perfection, soit beaultés, bonté ou bonne grace; tousjours tendans à la vertu, et qui ont le cuer si hault et si honneste qu'ils ne veulent pour mourir mettre leur fin aux choses basses'—noble words, which M. Félix Frank well compares (i. xcvi) with her device, which was a marigold turned towards the sun, with the motto, 'Non inferiora secutus.'

We must draw now to a close. Our remarks have been confined mostly to the object for which they were undertaken—the consideration of the 'Heptaméron' as a full and fair exponent of the French Renaissance; as a contemporary narrative, fictitious in form but truthful in substance, of the manners and ideas—social, literary, and religious—of French society in the first half of the sixteenth century. We are not aware that this work has ever before been attempted in England, and the appearance of M. Félix Frank's edition appeared to furnish a satisfactory reason for its undertaking. Other criticisms and comments on the 'Heptaméron' we have purposely left out of consideration; they may be found in most good histories of French literature. The merits of the book as a recognised French classic are, indeed, too well known to need remark. The incisiveness and pith of Marguerite's prose have lost nothing by the labours of her last two editors to present it in its genuine and original form. We are now in a better position to judge of the truth of the allegation that she copied her secretary La

Maçon's translation of the 'Decameron' for her prose, as she did Marot for her poetry. That there are similarities between her 'Heptaméron' and La Maçon's 'Decameron' is unquestionable, but they are hardly more than the similar expressions and turns of thought which will always characterise those who move in the same social circle. The humour of the 'Heptaméron,' notwithstanding its liability to grossness of thought and expression, is more marked than ever. We could fill several more pages with extracts in which keen satire and delicate irony attain a felicitous charm of expression altogether unsurpassable. Such excellencies of expression as of thought would indeed be needed to sustain the claim of the book as one of the leading French classics of the sixteenth century. But its highest and most enduring interest appears to us to consist in the fact, to which we have now drawn attention, that it is the chiefest and completest literary exponent of the close of the French Renaissance.

ART. V.—1. *The Life of William Barnes, Poet and Philologist.*

By his daughter, LUCY BAXTER (Leader Scott). London : 1887.

2. *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect.* By WILLIAM BARNES. London : 1887.

3. *Poems of Rural Life in Common English.* By WILLIAM BARNES. London : 1868.

MANY years have passed since the reputation of William Barnes as a poet began to extend beyond the limits of his native county ; but, except in the district where his own language is spoken, the recognition of his genius has been confined to critics and students of literature. His death in the year 1886, at an advanced age, elicited many appreciative notices of his poetry ; and his provincial admirers have taken steps to perpetuate his memory. The announcement of the present record of his life probably surprised some of his admirers at a distance. They may have supposed from his use of a rustic dialect that he was an inspired peasant who had overcome the disadvantages of an imperfect education. It seemed doubtful whether there would be sufficient materials for a biography ; and in fact his external life was uneventful.

He was for forty years a schoolmaster in a small pro-

vincial town, and afterwards for more than twenty years he was a country clergyman. His poems, which were in fact his principal achievements, might be supposed by strangers to have formed the main occupation of his life. Only his friends and neighbours knew that he had accumulated a vast fund of multifarious erudition, and that he was both an indefatigable student and an ambitious theorist in some of the most abstruse departments of learning. In one of his treatises he professes to have analysed for the purpose of his work fourteen languages. At a later time he extends the number to sixty. He was a zealous and laborious antiquary; he wrote on various historical questions; he studied geology and botany; he played two or three musical instruments, and in his youth he acquired so much skill in wood engraving that he at one time thought of adopting the art as a profession. It is not certain whether he could be properly called a scholar. His philological doctrines have not been accepted by competent authorities, and, as far as they are stated in the *Life*, they appear to have been more or less fantastic. In some branches of learning he had the qualities and the defects of a self-taught student; but he had the good fortune to obtain instruction on special subjects at different times from more than one friendly neighbour. He read mathematics with General Shrapnel, inventor of the shell which bears his name. He studied Hindostanee, Arabic, and Persian with a Major Besant, who had been an army interpreter in India, and French with a surgeon who had formerly been a French prisoner of war in England. One pupil whom Barnes had prepared in mathematics and Hindostanee took the first place in the Indian Civil Service examination.

Mr. Barnes's daughter, Mrs. Baxter, has succeeded in the difficult task of making the life of a studious recluse generally interesting. She retains on the present occasion the name of Leader Scott, which she seems to have formerly assumed for literary purposes. Her style displays the skill of a practised writer, and she has studied with intelligent sympathy her father's abstruse philological speculations. The historical and chronological part of her work is curiously defective; especially in her account of that part of Mr. Barnes's life which cannot have been within her own recollection. Leader Scott has not mentioned in its proper place the date of her father's birth, which appears from the heading of a chapter, and from incidental notices of his age, to have occurred in 1801. A more important defect is her omission to explain the circumstances and associations of his boyhood. Leader

Scott, though she briefly describes the characters of his father and mother, forgets to state whether they were alive when he was educated with the boys and girls of the neighbourhood at a school in Sturminster. When he left school at the age of fourteen he was apparently an orphan.

The blank in the narrative is in the present case peculiarly vexatious. The thoughts and images which are reproduced in his poems must have been impressed on his memory in his earliest years. After the age of eighteen, when he left Sturminster, he can never have enlarged the store of associations which had gathered in his memory round the Vale of Blackmore. That both his parents died during his childhood may be inferred from a touching poem which bears the title, 'A Father out, an' Mother Hwome.' A little girl, after bringing her father his dinner while he is at work, is picking flowers to take to her mother.

'Vor she wer bless'd wi' mwore than zwome—
A father out, an' mother hwome.
A father out, an' mother hwome,
Be bless-ens soon a-lost by zome;
A-lost by me.'

Mr. Barnes's mother is described as a graceful and refined woman, and Leader Scott commemorates the sturdy and upright character of his father, the first of the family who sank from the condition of a freeholder to that of a tenant farmer. It would have been worth while to allot so much space to their lives and histories as to state whether they were able to make any provision for their children. At the age of fourteen William Barnes was selected among his schoolfellows by a local attorney for promotion to the office of a writing clerk; and three or four years afterwards he occupied a similar position in the office of another attorney at Dorchester. His preference of sedentary employment to the alternative of agricultural labour may be easily understood. When he left school he at once devoted his spare time to study, and he had the good fortune to receive some classical instruction and the use of a library from Mr. Lane Fox, rector of Sturminster. About the same time he acquired a certain amount of musical knowledge, and he began to execute woodcuts for local publishers. At the age of twenty-two he became engaged to a Miss Julia Miles, daughter of an excise officer at Dorchester; and for the purpose of providing a home for his future wife he became master of a school at Mere, in Wiltshire. In 1827 he

married, and in 1835 he set up a boarding school at Dorchester, which for many years provided him with an income sufficient for his wants, and with a not uncongenial occupation. During all these years he continued and extended his wide range of study. Beginning with Latin, Greek, French, Italian, German, and Spanish, he proceeded to Persian, and for a short time he tried the experiment of learning Russian. He began in early youth a lifelong practice of keeping a diary, for the most part in Italian, with an occasional change to Spanish or to Welsh. During a visit to some relatives of his wife at Abergavenny he first became acquainted with Welsh, in which he always afterwards took a special interest. The language was, in his judgement, exceptionally pure, and he acquired a habit or trick, which may sometimes have been wearisome to his friends, of arranging his thoughts after the Welsh fashion in triads. Leader Scott quotes from his diaries long lists of books which he read on the most miscellaneous subjects; but philology in various branches had already become his favourite study, and while he was still at Mere he wrote pamphlets and articles in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' on etymology, on pronunciation, and on various other subjects, including hieroglyphics. About the time of his return to Dorchester, and in the following years, he began to publish the Dorsetshire poems in a county newspaper, and in 1844 the first collective edition was issued. The first recognition of his genius beyond his own neighbourhood was offered by Lady Dufferin and Mrs. Norton, two of the most brilliant women of their time. At their instance, he was invited by their brother, Mr. R. B. Sheridan, to meet a party of distinguished guests at Frampton, and he was hospitably entertained by Mrs. Norton in London. As his reputation gradually spread into wider regions, his neighbours probably appreciated his poems more fully. In 1860 he for the first time gave a public reading of his poems before a Dorchester institution, and 'it seemed to one of the poet's children that 'the crowd of human beings was a magic harp on which he 'played, bringing forth at his will the emotions he chose.' In the following year, on the urgent application of several Dorsetshire members of Parliament, a civil list pension of 70*l.* a year was conferred on Mr. Barnes on the recommendation of Lord Palmerston. It may be safely assumed that the Minister never read a line of the poems, but a petition backed by half a dozen political supporters naturally commanded attention; and it is possible that Mrs. Norton

or Lady Dufferin may have intervened on behalf of the poet whom they so heartily admired.

The addition to his income was highly welcome, as the prosperity of his school was declining, and his literary works were unremunerative. 'Then came sickness, and other troubles, the result of underhand dealings on the part of 'one whom William Barnes had trusted for years,' and the expenses of the education of his children were increasing. A far graver trouble was the death of his wife, which occurred in 1852. During her lifetime he almost daily added the word '*felice*' to the entry in his diary. From the date of her death to the end of his own life he substituted with equal constancy some word of affectionate remembrance. Many of the most tender and fanciful of his poems refer to the loss of a wife by some imaginary mourner; but his own private sorrows are never obtruded on the world. Among the Janes and Jessies and Ellens who are the fictitious subjects of his verse, his wife's name, Julia, is not once introduced. There is a touching delicacy in the reticence which 'in 'another's woe now wept his own,' and which yet never invited direct personal sympathy. From 1852 to 1862 was the only unhappy portion of Barnes's life. His old age was, almost beyond his expectations, serene and fortunate in the enjoyment of a competence which relieved him from pecuniary pressure and anxieties, in the society of his children and grandchildren, and in pleasant relations with neighbours and with strangers who shared his tastes and occupations. As early as the year 1837 Barnes had entered his name at St. John's College, Cambridge, as a ten-year man. The machinery by which a mature candidate for orders was enabled to take an academic degree has since been altered or abolished. At the end of his probation, after a residence of two or three terms and the performance of certain exercises, and after ordination, the ten-year man proceeded to his degree of Bachelor of Divinity. Leader Scott, by a pardonable mistake, supposes that her father received a dispensation from taking the degrees of B.A. and M.A. Ten-year men, as such, never graduated in arts, though a few of them may, by a change in their original purpose, have gone through the regular university course. In 1847 Barnes was ordained to a small and almost nominal curacy in the neighbourhood of Dorchester, where he had no parochial duty except the performance of Sunday services. Five years afterwards he resigned his modest preferment, and from that time till 1862 he remained without regular clerical employment.

In 1862, to the great joy of himself and his family, Barnes was appointed by the patron, Captain Dawson Damer, to the rectory of Came, in the neighbourhood of Dorchester. Repose after long years of school work, which had latterly become irksome, and freedom from all money troubles, were only a part of the advantages of his new position. Although he had been a layman up to middle life, and although he had until the age of sixty-two been occupied as a school-master, he discharged his parochial duties not only with conscientious assiduity, but with keen enjoyment. His constant intercourse with the inhabitants of a rural Dorsetshire parish renewed the habits and interests of his youth. If he could have chosen an ideal mode of life, he would probably not have desired any alteration in his circumstances or situation. He thoroughly understood the language and the ways of thinking which he had interpreted in his poetry for the instruction of the outer world. The latter part of the Life, from his settlement at Came to his death, is comparatively full and exceptionally interesting. The systematic visitations of his parish were shared with his daughters, including probably the present biographer. For them, as for himself, he cultivated, like Chaucer's country parson, a healthy indifference to weather. Leader Scott's picture of his cheerful and useful life is as attractive as it is evidently accurate. The understanding between himself and his parishioners was apparently reciprocal. A young woman told one of the rector's daughters with affectionate respect, not unmingled with kindly and unconscious satire, that she could tell him all her little troubles 'as if he was her grand-mother.' He was not exclusively dependent on professional occupation or rustic companionship. His society was appreciated and cultivated by some of the neighbouring gentry, and he was an active and popular member of the local associations for the study of antiquities and natural history. In his later years his son, the Rev. W. Miles Barnes, became incumbent of a neighbouring parish, and two or three families of grandchildren were constant and welcome visitors to the pleasant rectory of Came. Even the indifference with which his more abstruse speculations were received scarcely disturbed the even tenor of his days by a succession of mild disappointments. After a life which, with one interval, had been singularly happy, William Barnes died, apparently of old age, in the year 1886. Leader Scott says nothing of local efforts which have since been made to do him posthumous honour. It may well be believed that his memory is cherished

in his native county, to which he was so deeply attached. His place among English poets will be independent of local patriotism.

His biographer is laudably jealous of her father's reputation as a proficient in severer studies. In her judgement 'he was before his time—a thinker who may probably lead the next generations even more than his own. . . . The reading world know him chiefly by his poems, but the making of poems was but a small part of his intellectual life. His most earnest studies and greatest aims were in philology; but he was also a keen thinker in social science and 'political economy.' It is true that he wrote numerous essays on miscellaneous subjects; but all his more ambitious and systematic inquiries were devoted to philology. His economic disquisitions, his antiquarian researches, his botany and geology, his wood engraving, and his music were rather diversions of his leisure than serious occupations. It was only in the science of language that he claimed to be a discoverer and a teacher. It would be unnecessary for even a competent critic to examine the soundness of his theories, inasmuch as he seems neither to have converted a single scholar, nor, with the exception of his daughters, to have left a disciple. He had two main philological objects which were but remotely connected. He was fantastically anxious to eliminate from the English language all words which were not of Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic origin, and he endeavoured to discover elements which he believed to be common to all languages. His *Philological Grammar* was the most elaborate of many treatises on the identity of all grammatical forms. Some critic of the time appears to have thought the grammar 'a most valuable monument of a well-read man's mental capacity.' Leader Scott less cautiously believes that it contains 'the general laws which control all speech.' She even asserts that 'the author himself had by these means so reduced the study of grammar to general rules that he could with the help of a dictionary for root words learn to read or write a foreign language in a few weeks.' 'Just as a matter of curiosity I quote the list of languages from which he has drawn his principles.' The list is, indeed, sufficiently curious, for the number of languages, many of which can scarcely have been reduced to writing, is no less than sixty. The languages of the Marquesas Islands, of the Philippine Islands, of the Chippeways, and the Koords, are specimens of Barnes's philological catalogue. Whether he imagined himself to have learned to read and write any

or all of the enumerated tongues is left to conjecture. The theory which he proposed to establish by a large collection of instances is to a certain extent sound. As long as speech expresses the necessary processes of the human understanding, all languages must have some part of their grammar in common. The general proposition is as barren as it is true. Barnes added a new difficulty to a sufficiently obscure branch of inquiry by exercising his Teutonic hobby in speculations on grammar, which he thought fit to translate into *speechcraft*, and on *redecraft*, which seems to be the philological name of logic. The technical terms of both sciences were subjected to a similar metamorphosis. A *dilemma* is, in the opinion of his sympathising biographer, 'aptly put as a *two-horned redeship*, and *induction* is *law-tracking*.' A flaw or an unsoundness in *redecraft* is a *thought-putting which is unsound or cheatsome or quilesome*. In these and in many other cases the new-fangled jargon is less accurate, as it is less intelligible, than ordinary English. *Flaw* conveys only a part of the meaning of *fallacy*, and conversely there are flaws which are not fallacies. Words in common use, whether or not they have been legitimately formed, acquire new significance with the lapse of time. Barnes often involuntarily illustrates the inadequacy of orthodox or mediæval Saxon to the needs of civilised life. In substituting *folkdóm* for *democracy* he omits the principal factor in the compound word which expresses the supremacy as well as the existence of the bulk of the population. It is as natural that cultivated society should give a name to the conception of popular sovereignty as that the farmers of Blackmore should distinguish a *drong* (a road or path between two straight fences) from a track of any other kind. One community has borrowed a Greek word, while the other has retained the old English word, to describe objects or thoughts in which they are respectively interested. West Saxon was admirably suited to Barnes's purposes as a poet; but it sometimes produced a grotesque effect in his erudite lucubrations.

The most valuable result of Barnes's philological theories was his selection of the Dorset dialect as the language of his poems. According to his biographer, 'when he began, it was as much the spirit of the philologist as the poet that moved him. His studies had traced the dialect of Dorset through all its pedigree, from the followers of Cerdic and Cymric, who brought it into England through "Eald Saxon," as King Alfred called Holstein and Denmark, back to its still remoter forefathers, the Frisians.' For-

tunately, when he followed the true bent of his genius, he forgot Eald Saxon and Alfred and Friesland. As a laborious philologist or linguist he would never have been heard of fifty miles from home, or remembered twenty years after his death. His exquisite idylls, though his biographer thinks that they 'formed but a small part of his intellectual life,' constitute his title to fame. Many of his poems are admirable as works of art, for he possessed the rare faculty of confining himself to his chosen subject, and of knowing as instinctively as Horace when he had done. His verses are almost always musical, and he may claim the credit of discoveries in metre. Above all, he was uniformly original, having, indeed, no model before him. To his omnivorous appetite for learning there was, unless his biographer has been strangely forgetful, one remarkable exception. In her account of his life and studies there is little or no trace of an interest in the poetry of others, or, indeed, in any kind of literature. He read Welsh and Spanish and Hindostanee almost exclusively for purposes which may be called scientific. Grammar, etymology, and prosody bear the same relation to literature as anatomy to painting or sculpture. Barnes believed himself to have owed some obligation to Petrarch, and to Theocritus, whose poetry has some resemblance to his own, but there is scarcely a single mention in the *Life* of an English poet or author. It is not surprising that he should have derived nothing from Scott or Byron, or Shelley or Keats, but it is scarcely possible that, if he had known their writings, he should have escaped the influence of two poets whose interests and favourite subjects were almost identical with his own. Wordsworth writes as one who had spent his life among a primitive peasantry, in constant sympathy with their thoughts, their feelings, and their domestic traditions. Burns was even more completely identified with the rural population of which he made himself the mouthpiece. In the 'Hwomely Rhymes' there is not the faintest echo of either poet. It is probable that Barnes's unacquaintance with the works of his predecessors and contemporaries was both a cause and a consequence of his singular originality. It may, indeed, be said that the lyric fire of Burns and the tranquil pathos or playfulness of the Dorsetshire poet had little in common; but any contact with Wordsworth could scarcely have failed to leave its mark; yet there is no more likeness between the 'Poems of Rural Life' and the 'Lyrical Ballads' than between either book and 'Marmion' or 'Don Juan.' Of the two poets, though Wordsworth takes

the higher flight, Barnes is, in the modern sense of the word, the more dramatic; in other words, his personality is more completely merged in the imaginary personages of his rustic scenes and stories. Wordsworth never succeeded in identifying himself with the pastoral characters whose feelings he professed to share. In 'Hartleap Well' it is with a sense of philosophic condescension that he recognises the similarity of his own imaginative doctrine to the kindly superstition of his companion:—

'Grey-headed shepherd, thou hast spoken well;
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine.'

Yet the intervening space is that which separates the cultivated poet from the simple mountaineer. Barnes, if he had dealt with the same subject, would have been content with the popular belief that 'the place is curst' because it was there that the stag had suffered and died. The Leech-gatherer and the Cumberland Beggar are described with subtle tenderness of appreciation, but always from the outside, as they would present themselves to a thoughtful observer. A similar distinction may be drawn between Barnes's interpretation of rustic character and Lord Tennyson's delineation of the Northern Farmer. The vigour, the loyalty, the pride of art, and the resolute narrowness of the tough old Lincolnshire peasant are admirably real, but the poet contemplates the person whom he has created from the point of view of a sympathetic humourist; and a slight admixture of caricature renders the likeness more perfect. Leader Scott is probably subject to a misapprehension in supposing that the experiment of writing in a provincial dialect was first suggested to Lord Tennyson by the Dorset poems. However this may be, there is no resemblance between the two poets, except that both have applied to literary purposes the language which they heard spoken in their youth.

An instinctive sense of fitness preserved Barnes from the error of adulterating his 'Homely Rhymes' with pedantic scraps of philology, such as *speechcraft* and *redecraft*. In prose he only incurred the risk of puzzling readers and correspondents by the use of a language which was neither ancient nor modern. His poetry commends itself even to strangers as colloquial and idiomatic. It was probably fortunate that he addressed in the first instance an exclusively local audience. At Dorchester or in the Vale of Blackmore his antiquarian phrases would have been much more unintel-

ligible than common English. No philologist knew better that provincial dialects are not corruptions, but independent varieties, of the language which, through the operation of political or geographical causes, has happened to become national. He sometimes regretted that Alfred had not permanently settled in Wessex, because in that case the Dorset dialect might, perhaps, have expanded into the language of business, of conversation, and of literature. On fuller consideration he may have reflected that in becoming a national language the purity of West Saxon would have been sacrificed to the necessary introduction of innumerable alien additions. One consequence of the supposed change would have been that the '*Hwomely Rhymes*' would never have been written. Macaulay, in an early passage of his History, imagines the converse case of England, as it might have been reduced to a province of France, if the Plantagenets had retained their continental dominions. 'The noble language of Milton and Burke would have remained a rustic dialect without a literature, a fixed grammar, or a fixed orthography, and would have been contemptuously abandoned to the use of boors.'

The Dorset poems, though they may at first sight repel indolent readers, are not difficult to understand. The glossary appended to the collected edition contains about four hundred words, some of which are common to the whole or the greater part of England, and some are merely oral corruptions. The remaining part of the list contains words peculiar to Dorsetshire, and probably to parts of the neighbouring counties. Almost any portion of the catalogue selected at a venture illustrates the copiousness of the descriptive words which in a country of woodland, pasture, and orchard supply the subject-matter of local conversation. Thus, a *kapple* cow is a cow with a white muzzle. *Kern*, perhaps connected with *kernel*, means to grow into fruit. *Leaze* is an unnown grass field stocked through spring and summer. *Nitch* is a faggot of wood which a hedger has by custom a right to carry home at night. For poetical purposes a single substantive is always preferable to a description which involves the use of adjectives and prepositions, and sometimes of an entire clause in a sentence. The abundance of special names for common objects varies inversely with the general richness and elasticity of a dialect. It is said that the vocabulary of Shakespeare outnumbers fifty or sixty fold the scanty stock of words which is sufficient for the needs of an unlettered agricultural

labourer; but Shakespeare would have been compelled to substitute a description for a name if he had had occasion to speak of a *drong*. In his old age Barnes was persuaded by injudicious advisers to employ common English instead of Dorset as the vehicle of his poetry. He had no difficulty in producing a supply of smooth and pretty verses, and some of the English poems have considerable merit; but the general result was to reduce originality to commonplace. His biographer confirms the conjecture of one of his critics, that some of his English poems were composed in Dorset, and then deliberately translated. In other cases the version was made at an earlier stage in the poetical process by the use of an alien form of speech, while he still thought in his own language. The same result had in the previous generation followed the trial of a similar experiment by a more famous poet. The hand of Burns lost its cunning whenever he exchanged his native Scotch for the artificial English which he learned from books and newspapers. The metrical capabilities of Lowland Scotch, arising in part from its numerous vowel endings, are probably greater than those of the West Saxon dialect; but even in this respect the local dialect has sometimes an advantage over ordinary English. *Worold* for *world*, *elem* for *elm*, and the adjective *stwonon* for *made of stone*, fit more readily into verse than the corresponding monosyllables; but the essential merits of the dialect are of a different character. As he says himself, 'the Dorset dialect is a broad and bold shape of the English language, as the Doric was of the Greek. It is rich in humour, strong in raillery and hyperbole, and altogether as fit a vehicle of rustic feeling and thought as the Doric is found in the "Idyllia" of Theocritus.'

'It was,' says his biographer, 'with a hope of preserving and a dream of restoring the pure ancient language and character of England that Barnes began to write in dialect. The success of the first few experiments was enough to convince him that the simpler Saxon English was not only more forcible but more poetical than latinised speech, and he soon found that no other form so well suited the rural scenes that he loved to paint. . . . Thus in course of time the poet reigned alone, and the philologist found other means of expression in grammars and dissertations.'

It was well that the paths of the poet and of the philologist diverged so widely and so soon. The 'Hwomely Rhymes' would have lost their charm if they had concerned themselves with *speechcraft* or *redecraft* or *folkdom*.

It may be doubted whether there is in all literature a

more genuine or more attractive picture of rural life. It is true that the poet's range is narrow, but he is never insincere or bookish or artificial. He has not exhausted even the limited subject with which he exclusively dealt. On the banks of the Stour and in the mills and farms of Blackmore as in the larger world there must be tragic complications, angry passions, indignation, love and hatred. Barnes confines himself almost exclusively to the gentler emotions of family affection, and to the cheerful or sorrowful associations of domestic life. In his idylls the course of true love almost always runs smooth, and before or after marriage the lovers are united, and, while both survive, there is no true disturbance of their happiness. The tranquil poet is at leisure to remember the sadness which the bride leaves on her father's household. The deserted farm

' . . . is now a lifeless pleice,
Vor we've a-lost a smilèn feice—
Young Meiry Meid o' merry mood,
Vor she's a-woo'd an' wedded.'

The regrets of those left behind and the signs of her departure are admirably true to nature. Her father's workmen, whose wages she paid,

' . . . men she zent so happy hwome
O' Zadurdays, do seem to come
To door, wi' downcast hearts, to miss
Wi' smiles below the clematis,
Young Meiry Meid o' merry mood,
Vor she's a-woo'd an' wedded.'

Within the house her absence is more deeply felt.

' When they do draw the evenèn blind,
An' when the evenèn light's a-tin'd,
The cheerless vier do drow a gleäre
O' light ageün her empty chair;
An' wordless gaps do now meäke thin
Their talk where woonce her vaice come in.
Zoo lwonesome is her empty pleice,
An' blest the house that ha' the feice
O' Meiry Meid, o' merry mood,
Now she's a-woo'd and wedded.'

The remembrance that another home gains what her father's home loses appropriately prevents sadness from degenerating into melancholy. The concluding stanza with its selection of little external circumstances is highly characteristic of Barnes. The holiday allowed to the horses

would alone be enough to inform a countryman that a festival was held at the farm.

' The day she left her father's he'th,
 Though sad, wer kept a day o' me'th,
 An' dry-wheel'd waggons' empty beds
 Wer left 'ithin the tree-screen'd sheds;
 An' all the hosses, at their eise,
 Went snortèn up the flow'ry leise,
 But woone, the smartest for the roid,
 That pull'd away the dearest lwoad—
 Young Meäry Meid o' merry mood,
 That wer a-woo'd an' wedded.'

The beginning of a country courtship is described with a still lighter touch. At Minden House on a hot June day the family were all in the hayfield, except Fanny Deane, who was left to take care of the house.

' The air 'ithin the gæarden wall
 Wer deadly still, unless the bee
 Did hummy by, or in the hall
 The clock did ring a-hettèn dree,
 An' there, wi' busy hands, inside
 The iron ceisement, oben'd wide,
 Did zit an' pull wi' nimble twitch
 Her tiny stitch, young Fanny Deane.'

There was a knock at the door, and there was a young stranger holding his bridled 'meäre,' a word which in Dorsetshire applies equally to male and female. He brought a business message which she did not understand; and she asked him to ride to the field where her father would be near the 'plow,' which in Dorsetshire is the wagon. The interview, short and uneventful as it was, sufficed for love at first sight. 'His hwomeward road wer gay.'

' Vor Time had now a-show'd en dim
 The jay it had in store vor him;
 An' when he went thik road ageün
 His errand then wer Fanny Deane.

' How strangely things be brought about
 By Providence, noo tongue can tell,
 She minded house, when vo'k wer out,
 An' zoo mus' bid the house farewell;
 The bees mid hum, the clock mid call
 The lwonesome hours 'ithin the hall,
 But in behind the woaken door,
 There's now noo mwore a Fanny Deane.'

In another pretty idyll, a lover cuts initials on the turf,
J. L. and T. D.

' 'Twer Jessie Lee J. L. did meän,
T. D. did stan' vor Thomas Deäine;
The "L." I scratch'd but slight, vor he
Mid soon be D, at Meldonley.'

This was in spring. In the late summer—

' An' heärebells there wi' light blue bell
Shook soundless on the letter L,
To ment the bells when L vor Lee
Become a D at Meldonley.'

To ' ment ' is to imitate, be like.

The ' Wife a-lost ' is one of several touching lamentations for the loss which to him was the heaviest of human sorrows. With the instinct of an artist, Barnes confines himself to the single topic of local association. The mourner is supposed to shrink with a tender sentiment from all the spots which his lost wife had been accustomed to frequent.

' Since I noo mwore do zee your feice,
Up steüirs or down below,
I'll zit me in the lwonesome pleüce,
Where flat-bough'd beech do grow:
Below the beeches' bough, my love,
Where you did never come,
An' I don't look to meet ye now,
As I do look at hwome.'

She had naturally not been accustomed to go out in mist and rain, and therefore he goes.

' Below the rain-wet bough, my love,
Where you did never come,
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
As I do grieve at home.'

She no longer sits beside him at the ' dinner bwoard,' and therefore he now takes his food with him out of doors.

' Below the darksome bough, my love,
Where you did never dine,
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
As I at hwome do pine.'

The most pathetic of all his dirges on a lost wife is also remarkable for the musical richness of an unusual metre, which might have seemed to be an invention of his own. In ' Woak Hill ' the only rhymes, unless the repetition of the same syllable in the refrain may be so called, are those in

the middle of the last line of each stanza, and yet the rhyme is seldom or never missed by the reader. Leader Scott calls attention to the assonances which, together with the alliterations, largely supply the place of rhyme. She adds the interesting statement that 'the original of 'this metre is a Persian poetical form called the "pearl," 'because the rhymes form a continuous string, like beads 'on a thread.' It seems that 'another Persian metre much 'used by him was the "ghazal." This is similar to the ' "pearl," having a rhyme followed by an assonance at the 'end of each verse, which in the "ghazal" is a couplet 'instead of a four-line metre.' The special subject of 'Woak Hill' is a change of residence by the bereaved husband, who fancies that he is leaving his wife behind him in their deserted home. In conformity with his uniform practice, Barnes, instead of confining himself to the bare fact of a removal, presents a picture of the accompanying details. It must have been at the beginning of May that the tenant of Woak Hill left his farm.

' When sycamore leaves wer a-spreadèn,
Green-ruddy, in hedges,
Beside the red doust o' the ridges,
A-dried at Woak Hill ;

' I packed up my goods all a-sheenèn
Wi' long years o' handlèn,
On dousty red wheels ov a waggon
To ride at Woak Hill.

' The brown thatchen ruf o' the dwellèn,
I then wer a-leiùvèn,
Had shelter'd the sleek head o' Meiry,
My bride at Woak Hill.

' But now vor zome years, her light voot-vall
'S a-lost vrom the vlooren.
Too soon vor my jaý an' my childern,
She died at Woak Hill.

' But still I do think that, in soul,
She do hover about us ;
To ho [care] vor her motherless childern,
Her pride at Woak Hill.

' Zoo—lest she should tell me hereafter
I stole off 'ithout her,
An' left her, uncall'd at house-riddèn,
To bide at Woak Hill—

- ‘ I call’d her so fondly, wi’ lippèns
All soundless to others,
An’ took her wi’ air-reachèn hand,
To my zide at Woak Hill.
- ‘ On the road I did look round, a-talkèn
To light at my shoulder,
An’ then led her in at the door-way,
Miles wide vrom Woak Hill.
- ‘ An’ that’s why vo’k thought, vor a season,
My mind wer a-wandrèn
Wi’ sorrow, when I wer so sorely
A-tried at Woak Hill.
- ‘ But no; that my Meiry mid never
Behold herself slighted,
I wanted to think that I guided
My guide vrom Woak Hill.’

It would be easy to multiply quotations, for nothing is more remarkable in a large number of Barnes’s poems than the uniform and almost equal excellence of all which are included in the second and third collections. Some of the poems of the first series seem to have been written before he attained a perfect mastery of his art. One of the most characteristic peculiarities of his genius is the stereoscopic completeness of his descriptions. Inaccuracy in the representation of natural objects is the result of defective imagination. The minute criticism which sometimes provokes irritation is permissible as far as it exposes the impossibility of combinations which the poet supposes himself to have discerned. If Barnes had found occasion to describe a night of full moon, he would never have fancied that ‘stars unnum-bered’ could at the same time ‘gild the glowing pole.’ There is no such anomaly in a sunset picture:—

‘ While down the meäds wound slow,
Water vor green-wheel’d mills,
Over the streams bright bow,
Win’ come vrom dark-back’d hills.
Birds on the win’ shot along down steep
Slopes, wi’ a swift-swung zweep.
Dim weän’d the red streak’d west.
Lim’-weary souls “ Good rest.”

‘ Up on the plough’d hill brow,
Still wer the zull’s [plough’s] wheel’d beam,
Still wer the red-wheel’d plough [waggon],
Free o’ the strong limb’d team,

Still wer the shop that the smith meide ring,
 Dark where the sparks did spring ;
 Low shot the zun's last beams.
 Lim'-weary souls " Good dreams."

' Where I vrom dark bank-sheides
 Turn'd up the west hill road,
 Where all the green grass bleädes
 Under the zunlight glow'd.
 Startled I met, as the zunbeams play'd
 Light, wi' a zunsmote maid,
 Come vor my day's last zight.
 Zun-brighten'd maid " Good night."

Like Theocritus and Virgil, the Dorsetshire poet sympathises with the troubles and the merriment of rustic life. Some of his dialogues, or, as he calls them, eclogues, read as if they had been taken down from the mouths of the speakers, and only altered by being turned into easy and colloquial verse. In one of these John condoles with his friend Thomas on the loss of his 'meüre' (horse), and asks how it happened. The meüre was old and stiff, and he climbed up a steep bank on which there was a little grass, and there—

' I'm a-twold, he did clim' an' did slide,
 An' did screepe, an' did slip, on the shelvèn bank-zide,
 An' at langth lost his vootèn, an' roll'd vrom the top,
 Down, thump, kick, an' higgledly, piggledly, flop.'

The compassionate friend had himself once lost a horse which was poisoned by eating twigs cut from the old yew tree in the churchyard. It was long ago, and he derived consolation from pride in the size of the village yew, which had been recognised on the highest authority :—

' When King George wer in Do'set, an' show'd us his feice
 By our very own doors, at our very own pleäce,
 That he look'd at thik yew-tree, an' nodded his head,
 An' he zaid,—an' I'll tell ye the words that he zaid :—
 " I'll be bound, if you'll sarch my dominions all drough,
 That you woon't vind the fellow to thik there wold yew."

George III. was when the eclogue was written still remembered in Dorsetshire as a frequent visitor to Weymouth. One of the conversations expatiates with graphic force on the advantages of allotments close to the house of the occupier. There are also protests against excessive assertion of the rights of property, and especially against the appropriation of roadside greens, the enclosure of commons, and the substitution of a few large farms for many small ones. On these subjects Barnes apparently expresses his own feelings, and

perhaps his own opinions; but his arguments and remonstrances are always those which would occur to the humble personages of his little dramas. Thomas, in one of the eclogues, sums up the conversation in a desponding sentence:—

‘ Ah! Robert! times be baddish vor the poor,
An’ worse will come, I be a-fear’d, if Moore
In theüse year almanack do tell us right.

ROBERT.

‘ “ Why then we sartainly must starve. Good night.” ’

Barnes is nowhere more at home than in scenes of rustic festivity, where the merriment, though always inoffensive, is, as probably it may be in real life, uniformly rude and simple. The gaieties of a country fair or of an old-fashioned harvest home are not exhilarating to sophisticated strangers; but Barnes interprets with unaffected sympathy the pleasures as well as the graver interests of the classes which supply the subject-matter of his verse. His farmers’ sons and shepherds are not figures of Dresden china or groups arranged for painting by Watteau. Even if the poet’s art or instinct had not taught him to keep his personality in the background, he would not have been shocked by the innocent familiarities of rural courtship, though it might sometimes verge upon horseplay.

It has not occurred to any other writer to find material for a spirited poem on the building of a small house on a spot of freehold ground; but no operation could be more interesting to the owner, and therefore it was attractive to Barnes. John Blake—‘ merry Bleäke o’ Blackmwore ’—had a bit of ground which came to him by his mother’s side, and an uncle left him a legacy of 200*l*. His wife and daughters approved of his purpose of building a house and paying no rent, and he lost no time in commencing the undertaking.

‘ Then John he call’d vor men o’ skill,
An’ builders answer’d to his call;
An’ met to reckon, each his bill;
Vor vloer an’ window, ruf an’ wall.

The negotiations which ensued are vividly described.

‘ An’ woone did mark it on the groun’,
An’ woone did think, an’ scratch his crown,
An’ reckon work, an’ write it down :
“ Zoo, zoo,”—woone treädesman cried,
“ True, true,”—woone mwore replied.
“ Aye, aye,—good work, an’ have good pay,”
Cried merry Bleäke o’ Blackmwore.’

When the bargain was struck, there was no procrastination, nor were the workmen hindered from doing their best by any trades-union regulations.

' The work begun, an' trowels rung,
 An' up the bricken wall did rise,
 An' up the slantèn refters sprung,
 Wi' busy blows, an' lusty cries !
 An' woone brought planks to meike a vloor,
 An' woone did come wi' durns [side posts] or door,
 An' woone did zaw, an' woone did bore.
 " Brick, brick,—there down below,
 Quick, quick,—why b'ye so slow ? "
 " Lime, lime,—why we do weäste the time,
 Vor merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore."

The house was built and thatched by the side of the Stour, with windows to the south, and a green in front of the porch; and the friends of the family were invited to a housewarming. There were cakes and tea and cream; and the guests appreciated both the virtues and the prosperity of the happy freeholder.

' " Lo ! lo ! "—the women cried ;
 " Ho ! ho ! "—the men replied ;
 " Healt, health,—attend ye wi' your wealth,
 Good merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore."

But it was not till the visitors had departed, and the first night had passed, that John Blake thoroughly enjoyed his new home.

' An' when the morrow's zun did sheen,
 John Bleäke beheld, wi' jay an' pride,
 His bricken house, an' pworch, an' green,
 Above the Stour's rushy zide.
 The zwallows left the lwonesome groves,
 To build below the thatchèn oves [eaves],
 An' robins come vor crumbs o' lwoaves :
 " Tweet, tweet,"—the birds all cried ;
 " Sweet, sweet,"—John's wife replied ;
 " Dad, dad,"—the childern cried so glad,
 To merry Bleäke o' Blackmwore.'

Only a true poet would have seen that the swallows' nests and the begging robins tended to convert the new building into a home. Barnes possessed the rare gift of selecting with felicitous accuracy the circumstances which were most naturally associated with his stories.

ART. VI.—1. *Record Office MSS.* French Series, vols. 587–596.

2. *Stonyhurst College MSS. : Narrative of sufferings of English Benedictine Nuns.*
3. *Copy of Narrative by Sir W. Codrington* (privately printed).
4. *Sketch of Politics of France.* By HELEN M. WILLIAMS, 1795–6.

IN a previous number of this Journal an account was given of several Englishmen who figured in the French Revolution, one as a member of the Convention, another as a captor of the Bastille, a third as introducer of the red cap, a fourth as persecutor of Madame Dubarry, a fifth as secret adviser of Robespierre, others as deputations to the Assembly or to the Jacobin Club. These were, of course, but a small fraction of the Englishmen who in various ways came in contact with the Revolution. There were old residents in Paris who stayed till it was too late to fly, either because they sympathised with the movement or because they took it for a mere passing storm. There were travellers, attracted by curiosity or going through France on their way to Italy. There were youths sent by their families to learn French, and suddenly immersed in the whirlpool. There were pamphleteers and insolvent debtors, fleeing English prisons only to fall into French ones. On the other hand there were prisoners in France whom the Revolution set at liberty. There were soldiers of fortune who offered their services to the Republic. There were ‘bluestockings,’ who employed their pens or their purses in its defence. There were nuns who underwent captivity and privations. There were ex-mistresses of royal personages. There were diplomatists astounded at the collapse of the oldest dynasty in Europe. There were two future prime ministers, one a mere child, the other a young man, destined to the two longest premierships of this century. There was a future poet laureate, enraptured with the Revolution, but fated to become an ultra-Conservative. There were versifiers who chanted the triumphs of the Revolution, philosophers who early discerned the clouds on its horizon, materialists who were stupefied at the operation of their theories, inventors who counted on prompt appreciation of their merits, clubbists whose congratulations to the Convention did not avert imprisonment. There were persons of all stations, peers and grooms,

baronets and tradesmen, authors and artisans, fine ladies and seamstresses, the antipodes of society being sometimes hustled together into one cell. Some had narrow escapes from detention; others spent long months of anxious suspense in the numberless improvised prisons necessitated by the improvident demolition of the spacious and nearly empty Bastille.

The experiences of these countrymen of ours are more interesting to us than the monotonously stormy debates of the assemblies. The spectators are often more to us than the spectacle. Whereas, however, a multitude of French memoirs, authentic or spurious, are in existence, scarcely any English observers committed their recollections to writing. Only here and there have we an opportunity of seeing through English eyes what went on. Even the few who ventured into print mostly give us reflections in lieu of facts, and the researches of the Historical Manuscripts Commission have in this field yielded but a meagre harvest. Nevertheless, there are sufficient materials to give us some idea of the enthusiasms and terrors, the festivities and privations, the honours and insults, the thrills of exultation and anguish, of the Englishmen who were voluntary or involuntary eyewitnesses of the Revolution.

To begin with the British Embassy, which at first fully shared in the general enthusiasm. The Duke of Dorset, though a favourite with Marie Antoinette, sent the Duke of Leeds a glowing despatch on the fall of the Bastille:—

‘Nothing,’ he wrote on July 16, 1789, ‘could exceed the regularity and good order with which all this extraordinary business [the assumption of the government of Paris by a volunteer national guard] has been conducted. Of this I have myself been a witness upon several occasions during the last three days, as I have passed through the streets, nor had I at any moment reason to be alarmed for my personal safety. . . . Thus, my lord, the greatest revolution that we know anything of has been effected with, comparatively speaking—if the magnitude of the event is considered—the loss of very few lives. From this moment we may consider France as a free country, the king a very limited monarch, and the nobility as reduced to a level with the rest of the nation.’

The Duke little foresaw that the fall of the Bastille would indirectly lead to his speedy recall. On the hasty flight of the Comte d’Artois, Dorset wrote to congratulate him on his escape. This letter, entrusted to Castelnau, the French Minister at Geneva, was intercepted on July 23. The Paris Committee, before whom Castelnau and his documents were

taken, sent the latter to the Assembly, but the President sent them back to Bailly, and one of the Committee opened Dorset's letter, which was found to be merely complimentary. The Assembly was inclined to apply for its return; but being assured by Clermont Tonnerre, who had heard it read, that it contained mere trivialities, it allowed the matter to drop. Such imputations, however, of distributing money to create disturbances in Paris were cast on Dorset, that to clear himself he wrote to Montmorin, Minister of Foreign Affairs, protesting that England had no thought of fomenting troubles in France, and reminding him that in the previous month he had revealed a proposal made to him to seize by treachery on Brest. This letter, forwarded at his own request to the Assembly, only made things worse, for the Brest reactionaries indignantly repudiated the plot, and insisted that Dorset should give up the names of the traitors. On July 28 he reported that he had had hints from well-informed persons that it was unsafe for Englishmen to appear in public.

'The lawless set of people,' he added, 'whom the late troubles have set to work, make it very unsafe travelling at present, especially by night; and I really think it necessary that some public caution be given to put those upon their guard who may propose to visit this part of the Continent.'

He concluded by proposing to take leave of absence, and it is evident that his position had become untenable. In point of fact he did not return (he continued from England to supply Marie Antoinette with English gloves), and Lord Robert Fitzgerald acted as *chargé d'affaires* till May 1790, when Earl Gower, afterwards Duke of Sutherland, was appointed ambassador.*

The Revolution had already become too stormy for Gower to sing pæans over it; but Huskisson, a witness of the capture of the Bastille, who became his private secretary, was warmly interested in it. Huskisson had been brought up by his great-uncle, Dr. Richard Gem, a Worcestershire man, who went to Paris as physician to the Embassy in 1762. Almost the first time Gem spoke to Horace Walpole, who saw him in Paris in 1765, he said to him, 'Sir, I am 'serious, I am of a very serious turn,' and this seems to have

* The despatches of Lord Gower from Paris have recently been published by Mr. Oscar Browning, but they contain very little that is novel or instructive. Those of Captain Munro, who remained behind after the ambassador was withdrawn, are far more interesting.

been his stereotyped expression. A rigid disciplinarian and parsimonious, he allowed no eating between breakfast and the five or six o'clock dinner. An avowed materialist, he was enchanted with the Revolution. This did not save him from being arrested, like other Englishmen, in October 1793, as a hostage for Toulon. He appears in the Prefecture of Police records as 'Gesme,' and as having, after nine days at the Luxembourg, been transferred to the Scotch College. The entry of his release is missing. He appears to have gone to live outside Paris, at Meudon, and there to have been rearrested by the Versailles authorities. He was for several months in the same prison, and even the same room, as Mrs. Grace Dalrymple Elliott, cried the whole time, and was terrified to death, as she told Lord Malmesbury in 1796, though in her posthumous book she represents him as going to bed at dusk to save candles, getting up at four to read Helvetius or Locke, and waking her at seven to try and argue her into materialism. Malmesbury found him living in Paris, anxious but unable to get away; he had Malmesbury's secretaries witness his will, and died, over eighty, in 1800, leaving the bulk of his property to Huskisson. He had brought over both Huskisson and his brother in 1783, on their father's second marriage. He meant them to be doctors, but the future President of the Board of Trade had no turn for medicine, entered Boyd and Ker's bank, studied political economy, and on August 29, 1790, delivered a sensible address to the Club of 1789 against an unlimited paper currency. His notes of the proceedings of the Jacobin and other clubs, taken for a friend at the Embassy, were so good that Gower made him his secretary, and he left Paris with the rest of the Embassy on the fall of the monarchy. He told Croker in 1826 that he and Cutlar Fergusson (Judge Advocate in 1834) used to be waited upon at Beauvilliers' restaurant by a smart young man whom they liked to scold or tease until, as the landlord told them, desperation made him enlist, the waiter being none other than Murat. It is not clear, however, whether Huskisson actually remembered Murat, or whether he had been reading in Sériey's 'Vie publique et privée de Murat' (Paris, 1816) that the Bastide inn-keeper's son on deserting from the army to escape punishment was reduced to a waitership at Beauvilliers', and had jumped to the conclusion that it was the young man who was his butt. In any case, Murat was not driven away by teasing, for deputies procured him admission to the king's constitutional guard, formed in the winter of 1791. Hus-

kisson is said to have been recommended to Gower by his chaplain, Dr. Warner, himself recommended by Lord Carlisle and George Selwyn. Warner was so thorough a Jacobin that he was dismissed about October 1790, but remained for a time in Paris, and died in London in 1800, in the same year as his friend Gem. Being like Gem very economical, he left a considerable fortune.

As for Lord Gower, he was regarded at Coblenz as a moderate sympathiser with the Revolution, yet the Paris mob had so little respect for his diplomatic privileges that they tried to capture his *Suisse*, whereupon he deemed it prudent to put in large letters over his door, 'Hôtel de l'Ambassadeur d'Angleterre.' Gouverneur Morris tells us that he found Gower in a towering passion at the delays in delivering his passports, and he had burnt his papers. His wife, then Countess of Sutherland, who flirted a little with Morris, was the only lady who visited Marie Antoinette the day before the attack on the Tuileries, all the Queen's timorous favourites prudently keeping away. When the royal family were consigned to the Temple she sent some of her own dresses for the queen and her little boy's clothes for the unfortunate dauphin, sixteen months his senior, but small for his age. The little Lord Strathnaver, the future second Duke of Sutherland, was then, at six years old, so accustomed to see cannon in the streets that on arriving in London he was amazed, we are told by Walpole, at finding none.

It would have been interesting to know the impression made by the Revolution on a child two years older, the future Lord Palmerston, but his father seems to have kept no diary in 1792, as he had done a year previously. We consequently know only from his mother's letter to Lady Elliot of the scene at the barrier. The gates and walls erected in 1786 by the farmers of the revenue to prevent evasion of tolls—'le mur murant Paris rend Paris murmurant'—proved a potent weapon for the Terrorists, for when the gates were shut the 'aristocrats' were caught as in a trap; and those who fancy that some slight circumstance may change the whole current of events may like to speculate on what would have happened had exit from Paris been unobstructed. The influence, indeed, of the Faubourg St. Antoine on the Revolution has been exaggerated, but the principal outlet from Paris was certainly in one of the most unruly quarters of the city. Lord and Lady Palmerston's carriage was not molested, but the children's carriage which followed was stopped, probably because piled with luggage,

by the mob. Carriage and occupants were taken to the 'section' or district committee, but after an hour and a half's delay, the crowd having dispersed, were escorted by eight mounted national guards out of the city. The anxiety meanwhile of the parents, who had been dissuaded from returning, may be imagined.* The departure might, Lady Palmerston thought, have been effected in a quieter way, but travellers were at the mercy of mob caprice. Now they might be hugged, now again threatened with hanging, and sometimes the hugging had a menacing air. Even before the tiger had tasted blood its caresses were terrifying.

Mrs. Damer, writing to Miss Berry in October 1791, describes a kind of blackmail then practised by Paris fishwives. They brought her a bouquet, and she gave them six francs, but they required double the sum. When one of them proposed to kiss her she did not think it safe to decline, and was only thankful that the other half-dozen, to say nothing of the crowd waiting in the court, did not follow suit. Porters and servants were afraid of refusing admission to these intruders. Lady Rivers at Lyons found matters even worse, for she was told it was prudent to wait on the fishwives, who had just shown their power by making the Comtesse d'Artois turn back to Paris. She was graciously received, and dismissed with a 'Nous nous reverrons.' Mrs. Swinburne, returning to London in December 1789, was stopped by the fishwives of Boulogne, who took her for one of Orleans's mistresses about to rejoin him in England. She had to argue with them that she was neither young nor pretty, and that the duke could not have such bad taste. Happily, the landlady of an English hotel came up and pacified the viragos. Mrs. Swinburne in the previous October had had information from her shoemaker of the intended march on Versailles. She went thither and gave warning to the wife of Marshal de Beauvau, but it was unheeded. Charles Wollaston, son of the eminent scientist, and his stepbrother, James Frampton, at the last stage before reaching Paris in October 1791, had their carriage surrounded and opened by fishwives, who hailed them as friends, shook hands with them, and had to be got rid of by a five-franc note—attentions which they by no means reciprocated, for Frampton, Wollaston wrote, was in love with the queen, and vowed he would go every day to see her pass on her way to mass.† Lingard, the future historian,

* Life of Sir Gilbert Elliot, first Earl of Minto.

† Journal of Mary Frampton.

driven from Douai by the revolutionary ferment, yet anxious to see something of Paris before he recrossed the Channel, was betrayed by his seminarist air, and was chased with cries of 'Le calotin à la lanterne!' but seeing a market woman at the head of the troop, he dashed down a narrow alley, with posts inconvenient for the passage of petticoats, and thus baffled his pursuers.

Sometimes the embracing and the mobbing came in quick succession. Dr. Rigby, of Norwich, and his three companions witnessed the procession of the Bastille victors, were recognised as Englishmen and were embraced as freemen, for they were told: 'We are now free like yourselves; henceforth no longer enemies, we are brothers, and war shall never more divide us.' 'We caught,' says Rigby, 'the general enthusiasm, we joined in the joyful shouts of liberty, we shook hands cordially with freed Frenchmen.' Ghastly trophies—two heads on pikes—soon, however, chilled their enthusiasm, and next day a mob twice prevented their leaving Paris, escorting them with hisses and insults to the Hôtel de Ville as fugitive aristocrats. To avoid further molestation they waited till July 18, and from the Palais Royal balcony of the jeweller Sykes (maternal grandfather of M. Waddington) saw the king pass to the Hôtel de Ville. His cold reception they considered ominous; but Rigby, though he had seen enough to 'frighten him pretty handsomely, and make his heart ache,' was glad, having escaped all danger, to have witnessed such memorable scenes.*

A closer view of the Revolution sobered or saddened some who from this side of the Channel had been enchanted with it. Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Stanley of Alderley, after a month at Paris in 1790, informed Lord Auckland that his enthusiasm had been dispelled; but he had not turned round the other way, for the violence, unfairness, and ignorance of both sides equally disgusted him. David Williams, the Unitarian minister, whose creed was ironically said to be, 'I believe in God: amen,' had been declared a French citizen, along with Priestley, Paine, and others, and was invited over to assist in framing the constitution. This was done at the suggestion of Brissot, who had translated his 'Letters on Political Liberty,' and he spent the winter of 1792 in Paris, but was glad to get back to England. He is said to have warned the Girondins that unless they put

* Dr. Rigby's 'Letters from France.' By his daughter, Lady Eastlake. 1880.

down the Jacobins, whose club had denounced him as a Royalist because he excused Louis XVI., they would be destroyed by them. Aghast at the confusion in the Convention and the uproar in the galleries, he told Madame Roland he expected little good from deputies unable to listen. 'You French no longer study that external propriety which stands for so much in Assemblies; heedlessness and coarseness are no recommendations for a Legislature.' The clamour in the Assembly shocked, indeed, all English observers, who by 1791 were getting disillusioned; yet even then there were deceptive lulls. George Hammond, afterwards Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, writing to Bland Burges in March 1791, expresses surprise at the tranquillity which prevailed. 'Except a greater number of men in military uniforms parading the streets, all the common occupations of life proceed as smoothly and regularly as if no event of consequence had occurred, and the public amusements are followed with as much avidity as in the most quiet and flourishing periods of the monarchy.' Lafayette, however, about this time bowed but said nothing when congratulated on the calm by Samuel Rogers, who had fancied on landing at Calais that France might soon prove even to Englishmen a welcome asylum, but who found the best judges in Paris full of misgivings.*

We do not know what impression was made on Professor John Anderson, founder of the Institute at Glasgow, who went over in 1791 to offer the Assembly 'a cannon the recoil of which was stopped by the condensation of common air within the body of the carriage.' The Assembly accepted the model of it, and experiments with a six-pounder were made near Paris, Paul Jones being an approving spectator. Anderson also suggested that, to frustrate the seizure of revolutionary journals at the German frontier, small paper balloons, varnished with boiled oil, should be sent up when the wind was favourable, freighted with manifestoes, which

* 'The Early Years of Samuel Rogers,' recently published by Mr. Clayden, contains an interesting account of the poet's visit to Paris in January and February 1791. As a friend of Dr. Price and Dr. Priestley, Rogers shared their enthusiasm for the Revolution, though he had taken care to withdraw at an early period from their political societies. Rogers saw Lafayette, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, Condorcet, and other leading men. But he seems not to have obtained any knowledge of the real state of the country, which was, as we now know, torn by anarchy and crime, while he was amusing himself in Paris.

would fall and circulate among the Germans. It does not appear whether or how far this idea was acted upon.

No Englishman seems to have perished in the storming of the Tuileries or the September massacres, though two Irish priests, Flood and Corby, narrowly escaped the latter. The English had, however, to be on their guard, particularly on August 10, for a foreigner might easily have been mistaken for a Swiss or an aristocrat. Dr. Moore, father of Sir John, was denounced as an aristocrat by the head of a troop of pikemen, but fortunately had a French valet with him, whose assurance that Moore was English was accepted. Next day, in the Assembly, he heard the fate of the royal family discussed in their presence. 'The queen,' he noted, 'has lost 'all her beauty, and no wonder.'* Nevertheless he felt no uneasiness when the arrests were going on. Shopkeepers told him the sanguinary feeling was confined to the people in the galleries and at the Jacobin Club. His landlord, boasting of a night of domiciliary visits and of the arrest of four priests, 'could not have had a prouder air if he had 'quartered the Duke of Brunswick.' Moore approached the Abbaye during the massacres, but turned back with horror. He left Paris without difficulty, but revisited it in October and remained till December. He was travelling as medical attendant with the Earl of Lauderdale, whose carriage was once stopped by a sentry because the hammercloth had coloured fringes. Such a distinction was contrary, said the sentry, to equality. The coachman, proud of the fringe, had disobeyed his master's orders to use only plain cloth. The new rulers, indeed, were as punctilious on costume as the old monarchy had been. Arthur Young, more interested in agriculture, even during the Revolution, than in politics, was stopped in the provinces in 1790 because he wore no cockade.

General Money, who went to France in July 1792 to raise a foreign legion, was aroused near midnight by his aide-de-camp, and told that the Tuileries were about to be attacked. He put on his uniform, went to the palace, and asked for a musket. 'Voilà un véritable Anglais!' was the welcome cry of a hundred officers mustered there. When informed that the king was going to the Assembly he vainly tried to get thither, then doffed his uniform and went back to his hotel. When again aroused a few hours later and told that the Marseillais were pointing cannon at the palace, he tied a

* Journal during a Residence in France, 1793-94.

white handkerchief to his gun, and would have gone to the Carrousel to try and stop the fighting, but his fellow-countrymen at the hotel would not allow him thus to rush to certain death. Going out to look a little later, he was insulted by a man among the mob, deemed it prudent to return, and passed an anxious week before he could obtain a passport for Valenciennes. He then served under Dillon and Dumouriez, and, though ignored in their despatches, claims a considerable share in the success of the campaign. This plucky East-Anglian, who had served in Germany and Belgium, had gone to France owing to no prospect of employment at home rather than to sympathy with the Revolution, for though a Whig he was no Jacobin. In January 1793 he made an offer to the English Government to go over to Paris and arrange with Dumouriez to save the king's life. He believed that 100,000*l.* would have turned the majority in the Convention the other way; but his proposal was not accepted, and on the king's death he sorrowfully returned to England.* He was a witness for the defence of Hardy in 1794, and we notice his name in a list of guests at the George III. Jubilee dinner at Norwich in 1809. He died some years later at his residence near that city.

Money, as has been seen, did not witness the September massacres; but Lindsay, of the Embassy, and other English were about to dine with the Duke of Orleans when the Princesse de Lamballe's head was carried by. Orleans looked on, said, '*Je sais ce que c'est,*' then passed into the next room, and sat down to dinner with complete coolness; but one of the Englishmen, overcome with horror, had, according to Peltier, slipped away unnoticed. Captain George Monro, who was left behind by Lord Gower, also saw something of the barbarities at the Abbaye, and on December 17, describing how people were stopped in the streets, watches and rings taken, and even earrings pulled off, he wrote: '*I myself never move out but with pistols in my pocket, as I find them more necessary here than in Turkey.*'

Yet the Revolution, which ended by imprisoning several hundred Englishmen in Paris alone, began by liberating two, if not three, who had grown grey in captivity. The Earl of Massareene, with thoroughly British obstinacy, had remained a prisoner for at least nineteen years rather than yield to extortionate creditors. One version of his incarceration is that, arriving in Paris, a young man of twenty-three, he was

* See his '*History of the Campaign of 1792.*' London: 1794.

deluded by a Syrian with a scheme for importing salt from Asia Minor, and signed bills to a large amount. Rutledge, however, a fellow-prisoner, who describes Massareene as the senior inmate, doing the honours of the place to newcomers, dispelling their melancholy, inviting them to supper, and encouraging them to narrate their adventures by giving his own, makes him speak thus :—

‘ Women, wine, gambling, rascally lawyers and doctors, lastly my own follies—behold what led to my being immured here; but the malicious people who have plunged me here will be out of their reckoning. Thanks to my philosophy, I am quite comfortable, and hope to teach them patience.’ *

According to the ‘*Souvenirs*’ of Nicolas Berryer, father of the Legitimist orator, Massareene had been cheated at cards, and had signed bills for the amount, spent 4,000*l.* a year in prison, kept open table, and had a carriage and boxes at the theatre for his mistresses. He had attempted to escape, it is said, in woman’s dress; but the turnkey, who had taken his bribe of 200 louis, betrayed him. His chief creditor was a man of considerable influence with the Parliament of Paris. Resigned thenceforth to his fate, remittances from his Irish steward enabled him to live luxuriously. Sir John Lambert, a Paris banker, himself destined to imprisonment in the Reign of Terror, writing to Lord Kerry on August 16, 1770, says :—

‘ My Lord Massareene’s affairs are always [*sic*] in the same situation. You know he has miscarried in the scheme of escaping from the Fort l’Evêque, where he is still detained for want of fighting [endeavouring?] to sell his Monaghan estates, or to borrow 15,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* which are necessary to extract him from his present troubles.’ †

On the closing of Fort l’Evêque in 1780 Massareene had been transferred to La Force, magniloquently styled by Louis Blanc the ‘*Bastille of usury*.’ In May 1789, Richard-Lenoir, the future reviver of the cotton industry in France, became, at the age of twenty-four, his fellow-prisoner, and his memoirs, allowing for the lapse of nearly half a century and for possible embellishments by Herbinot de Mauchamps, to whom he apparently dictated them, may be accepted as substantially accurate. We quote the passage in full from this long-forgotten book.

* *La Quinzaine Anglaise.* London : 1786.

† Lord Kerry’s papers, National Archives, Paris.

' We had for companion in misfortune an English lord, Mazaren, eighteen years a prisoner. He had married in prison the sister of another prisoner, who had since recovered his liberty. Every morning his wife and brother-in-law arrived as soon as the gates were opened, and did not leave till evening. There was something touching in the felicity of this strange household. Through them we knew of everything that was going on in Paris, and could follow, step by step, the Revolution which was beginning. Lord Mazaren especially, who had no hope except in a general overturn, was quite absorbed by it, and almost electrified us for liberty, which, indeed, for us poor prisoners was only natural. We were not ignorant of what had happened at Réveillon's, when on July 13, 1789, just as we were about to assemble after the opening of the doors in a kind of garden or gravelled court, Lord Mazaren suggested to us the forcing of our way out. Whether he was beforehand certain of the impassiveness of the jailors and soldiers, or whether he counted much on our daring, he assured us that nothing was easier, and that a resolute will was sufficient for success. We promptly decided. Arms had to be procured. Lord Mazaren pointed out the staircase railings, the bars of which could serve as pikes. We immediately set to work, the railings yielded to our efforts, and all of us were soon armed. The commandant, however, was speedily informed of the revolt; but fear was then gradually gaining on officials, and instead of taking strong measures he contented himself with ordering us to carry the outbreak no further, otherwise he warned us he should be obliged to use force against us. "So much the better," we exclaimed on all sides. "Kill us, and then you will have to pay our creditors." This reply frightening him, we took advantage of his perplexity to attack the first gate, and passed through without much trouble. There were still three others to force. All the turnkeys had joined the soldiers, but several officers and privates seemed to fight with reluctance. One of them on ordering fire had tears in his eyes. However, we seized on the three gates, part of the outer wall was demolished, and we at last issued, victors, from La Force. Once in the street, everyone thought of seeking an asylum. Lord Mazaren suggested to several of us that he should conduct us to the English Embassy. Always thoughtful and saving, I wished to re-enter the prison to fetch my things and carry them to a secure place. I was laughed at, and did not venture to insist; yet it was all that remained of my former prosperity. I therefore found myself on the streets of Paris with a more than untidy costume and twelve sous in my pocket; but I remembered my father's twelve livres, and courage did not abandon me. We were well received at the Embassy, Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, where refreshments were offered us, and we were taken in the Embassy coaches to the precincts of the Temple, then a place of asylum for debtors. Lord Mazaren offered us a capital dinner, and while this little feast was being prepared I went to La Force to fetch my things; but, alas! it was too late. The turnkeys assured me that after our departure the mob had invaded the prison. I was about to exclaim and threaten, but was answered, "You broke open the gates, and the mob

"came in by the way you came out. You do not find your things? So much the worse; you should have taken them away. Good evening." It was an impudent lie, but I had to put up with this reply.*

The Duke of Dorset, in a despatch of July 16, says:—

'His lordship, with twenty-four others in the Hôtel de la Force, forced their way out of prison last Monday morning without the loss of a single life. His lordship, who has always expressed a great sense of gratitude for the small services I have occasionally rendered him since I first came to Paris in my present character, came directly to my hotel with six or seven of his companions, the rest having gone their different ways. I, however, soon prevailed upon Lord Massareene and the others to go to the Temple, which is a privileged place, and where he may therefore be able to treat with his creditors to some advantage. His lordship told me that it was his intention to go thither, but that he thought it right to pay me the first visit.'

Massareene found no obstacle to his leaving France, and on reaching Dover he jumped out of the boat, fell on his knees, and kissed the ground, exclaiming, 'God bless this land of liberty!' The spectators thought him mad till they learnt who he was. He was formally remarried to Marie Anne Barcier, on whose death in 1800 he made a second marriage, and died in 1805, aged sixty-three, leaving no issue. His two brothers, who are said never to have written to him in captivity, succeeded him in turn, and on the decease of the second in 1826 the earldom became extinct, the viscounty passing to collaterals. Let us hope that if the steward had, as alleged, kept back half his 8,000*l.* a year, Massareene brought him to book.

The day after this liberation another veteran prisoner, supposed to be an Englishman, recovered his liberty, but not, alas! his reason. Whyte, or Whyte de Malleville, one of the seven captives in the Bastille, had only been there since 1784, but had previously, probably for a quarter of a century, been at Vincennes, and at the time of this transfer was insane. Dorset styles him Major Whyte, adding that he had been confined for more than thirty years, and that when released he was questioned by some English gentlemen who happened to be near, but the unhappy man seemed to have nearly lost the use of his intellect, and could express himself but very ill.

* *Mémoires de François Richard-Lenoir*, p. 101. Paris: 1837. It is probable that the mob really did enter the prison, which would account for the incorrect version of the Paris papers that the prisoners were liberated by the mob.

‘ His beard was at least a yard long. What is very extraordinary, he did not know that the Bastille was the place of his confinement, but thought he had been shut up at St. Lazare ; nor did he appear to be sensible of his good fortune in being released. He expressed, however, a strong desire of being taken to a lawyer.’

What became of him is uncertain. One account is that a benevolent person sheltered him, but on his beginning a few days afterwards to plunder the house, was forced to send him to Charenton lunatic asylum. Dorset, however, could not ascertain his fate.

Macdonagh, an Irish officer in the French service, had for twelve years occupied the cell of the Man with the Iron Mask, on the Ile Ste.-Marguerite. Born in Sligo in 1740, he had money left him by a great-uncle, a Jacobite refugee in France, was sent for by his guardian, was brought up in France, entered the army, and gained the cross of St. Louis. In 1774, while sub-lieutenant in Dillon’s regiment at Lille, he became acquainted with Rose Plunket, daughter of a Protestant gentleman in Meath, and a boarder in a convent. Touched by her tale of family dissensions, and her repugnance to returning to Ireland, he was secretly married to her by an Irish priest. To cut a long story short, Rose proved faithless, and to prevent his opposition to a second and apparently more brilliant marriage, she got him arrested under a *lettre de cachet*. On the way to prison he jumped out of the carriage by night, and villagers knocked off his fetters ; but others betrayed him, and he was recaptured. He was deprived of all communication with the outer world, a turn-key who forwarded a letter for him being dismissed. Rose meanwhile married an officer named Carondelet. Macdonagh was probably released under the decree of March 1790, cancelling all *lettres de cachet*. In 1791 his story was taken down and published by Rutledge ; * Macdonagh, on second thoughts, trying, but vainly, to suppress the work. In a letter to the *Moniteur* he announced that he was on his way to Hainaut to secure the punishment of Rose and her co-conspirator, Comte Walsh de Serrant. He was probably the Colonel Macdonagh who, in 1804, wrote a long letter in the *Paris Argus* on English misrule in Ireland.

Rutledge, the Chevalier Rutledge as he styled himself on the strength of a baronetcy conferred on his father by the Young Pretender for the loan of a ship and money in 1745, had himself had experience of French prisons. Having

* Amusements du Despotisme. Paris : 1791.

charged his notary with fraudulently obtaining his inheritance at one-third of its value, he was cast in damages, and in default imprisoned at Fort l'Évêque. This restless pamphleteer, who is said to have been expelled from Poland, who co-operated in Letourneur's translation of Shakespeare, and who defended Shakespeare against Voltaire's supercilious criticisms, was in 1789 the spokesman of the Paris bakers. Subsidised by the municipality to supply the citizens with bread under cost price, they were suspected of selling loaves to country people at a higher sum, and then of pretending that the millers had kept them without flour. Rutledge, on their behalf, covered the walls of Paris with diatribes against forestallers, and with scurrilous attacks on Necker. He is said to have declared that within four days his own head or Necker's should roll from the scaffold, and he promised the bakers a loan of two or three millions on easier terms than those offered by the municipality. A prosecution for *lèse-nation* in simulating a commission from the Assembly to treat with the bakers was instituted. Rutledge applied for protection from arrest to the Cordeliers district, which afterwards sheltered Marat, but in this case declined to interfere. The prosecution was, however, dropped, perhaps because the object of silencing him had been attained. In 1792 or 1793, with the same mania of delation, he was one of the persecutors of the hapless assignat superintendent Delamarche, the nervous man whom Madame Roland showed how to die by changing places with him on the scaffold. Rutledge, like other assailants of Delamarche, had been employed in numbering the assignats, and revenged the abolition of this formality by charging him with malversation. He died in 1794, at the supposed age of forty-four.

And now *place aux dames*. We are constrained, indeed, to pass over Mrs. Elliott, Gem's fellow-captive, for her so-called Diary, published by her granddaughter in 1859, is a tissue of inventions, describing prisons she never entered, and heartrending or piquant scenes which never occurred. Had she really been imprisoned at Ste. Pélagie, she might have made acquaintance with an Irishwoman, Maria Louisa Murphy, who, if not like herself the mistress of two princes (the Prince of Wales and Egalité), had been openly lodged at Versailles, and had borne a son to Louis XV. The daughter of an ex-soldier turned shoemaker, whose widow dealt in old clothes, she had, by Madame de Pompadour's contrivance, posed for a picture of the Virgin in the queen's oratory, so that the king might send for her. She was

divorced by her third husband in 1798. But let us pass on to three women who, if two of them had peculiar notions on wedlock, stand on a much higher moral and intellectual level than Mesdames Elliott and Murphy. Mrs. Freeman Shepherd, in all probability the Harriet Augusta Freeman who in 1797 translated Mercier's fanciful picture of Paris in the year 2440, was a boarder at the English Benedictine nunnery. Two letters addressed to her there, confiscated with other papers and preserved at the National Archives, show that she solved problems in geometry, and in a playful vein discussed metaphysical questions. She was a warm admirer of Robespierre, and in January 1792 wrote him a letter chiding him for not having cashed a cheque which she had forwarded him.

'I do not like dissimulation,' she said. 'I never practise it on any occasion towards anybody, and I do not tolerate its being practised towards me. You have used it, sir, with me; you have deceived me. You made me believe that you accepted for public purposes a small offering, and you have not accepted it. The debtor and creditor account just transmitted to me by my banker, according to his usual custom, proves this.'

Robespierre, it appears, had called on her and told her what he intended to do with the money.

'Do not thus distrust the English; do not treat with this humiliating disparagement the stammering accents of goodwill of an Englishwoman towards the common cause of all nations. The French were formerly famous for their politeness to the weaker sex, thereby the more sensitive to affront. Alas for us if the Revolution deprives us of this precious privilege! But I claim a juster right: do not to others as you would not be done by.'*

It is odd to find the golden rule enforced by a philo-Jacobin on the incorruptible Robespierre. He was apparently still obdurate, for a month later *la citoyenne Freeman, patriote anglaise*, presented the Convention, through Beurnonville, with 200 francs towards buying shoes for the volunteers. This may, however, have been a second gift. It is the last English subscription down to the end of the Terror. Robespierre, even if he declined the gift, paid the writer the attention of preserving her letter, for it was found among his papers. It was not published in the selection issued by his enemies immediately after his fall, but was printed in 1828, the signature, however, being travestied into Theeman Stephen, a blunder repeated by his biographer

* *Papiers inédits trouvés chez Robespierre.* Paris: 1828.

Hamel. Either the original or a duplicate figured in a sale of autographs in 1874. Mrs. Freeman seems to have escaped the incarceration which befell English residents, but we cannot ascertain when she returned to England. Her translation of 1797 is dated London, and is dedicated to Sir John Cox Hippiusley, also an eyewitness of the beginning of the Revolution.

Mary Wollstonecraft, disappointed of joining Fuseli's proposed party to Paris, went thither alone in December 1792 for the purpose of learning French and of finding a situation as teacher for her sister. Walpole styles her a 'hyæna in 'petticoats,' because she attacked Marie Antoinette even after death, yet tears fell from her eyes when she saw Louis XVI. pass on his way to trial, displaying more dignity than she had expected. She unluckily met Imlay, heedlessly acted upon her theory of free love, joined him at Havre in 1794, gave birth to a child there, and on business calling Imlay to London returned with her infant to Paris. Hamilton Rowan, the Irish agitator, arriving shortly before Robespierre's fall, heard at some festival a lady talking English to a nursemaid carrying an infant,* and made acquaintance with this by courtesy Mrs. Imlay. She remained in France till the following year, having, however, previously sent off her manuscripts, for had they been found her life would not have been worth much; but her book on the Revolution, mostly written in a gardener's solitary cottage at Neuilly, did not advance beyond a first volume, and this contains nothing that would be otherwise unknown. She does not relate her own experiences, and, writing for contemporaries more or less familiar with the facts, she moralises rather than narrates.

The same disappointment is caused by the more voluminous writings of her friend Helen Maria Williams, to whom she was introduced by Paine, and whom she found 'affected but kindhearted.' The date and place of Helen's birth have puzzled biographers, but are cleared up by her letters of naturalisation in France in 1817. She was born at London in 1769, and was consequently just of age when she went over with her mother and sisters to witness the Federation of 1790, 'perhaps the finest spectacle the world 'had ever witnessed.' She had been a precocious girl, pub-

* Poor Fanny Godwin (so called), her cradle rocked by the Revolution; her girlhood passed with a needy, tyrannical stepfather, and a stepmother styled by Lamb 'a very disgusting woman, wearing green 'spectacles;' her end a bottle of laudanum in a Bath hotel!

lishing a story in verse at twelve and an ode on the Peace at thirteen, and she had been introduced to and flattered by Dr. Johnson. Enraptured with the Revolution, the Williamses settled in Paris in 1791, and their Sunday evening receptions were attended by Bernardin St. Pierre, Brissot, and the leading Girondins. Madame Roland, one of Helen's earliest acquaintances, used to take her to the Jacobin Club at the time when Brissot and Vergniaud harangued there. Madame Roland would fain have seen her married to Deputy Bancal des Issarts, nineteen years Helen's senior, but she pleaded the recent death of her father, a retired officer, and evidently did not reciprocate his attachment. Yet Madame Roland wrote to Bancal:—

'Either I understand nothing whatever of the human heart, or you are destined to be the husband of Mademoiselle ——,* if you manage properly, and if she remains here three months. Constancy and generosity can do everything with an honest and tender heart which is unpledged.'

Helen persuaded Bancal to vote for saving the king's life, and his was no fleeting fancy, for in 1796, on his release from Austrian dungeons, he got Bishop Grégoire to repeat his offer of marriage; but by that time Helen had perhaps found her elective affinity in John Hurford Stone.

The Williamses' upper story in the Rue de Bac gave them a partial view of the attack on the Tuileries, and they with difficulty persuaded their porter to admit a wounded Swiss, who implored a glass of water, drank it, and then expired. An idle story that Helen callously walked among the bodies of the victims gained currency in England, and induced Boswell to expunge in his second edition the adjective 'amiable' which he had originally applied to her. Amiable, strictly speaking, she may not have been, she was too dogmatic for that; but, far from being callous, she was horrified at finding corpses in the Tuileries gardens, where she had ventured on the assurance of everything being quiet, and hastily retreated. She wrote against the Jacobins in letters to English journals, twice visited Madame Roland in prison, and was entrusted by her with papers which the fear of domiciliary visits compelled her to destroy, along with documents of her own. In October 1793, the author of 'Paul and Virginia' was taking tea with the Williamses, and describing his projected paradise at Essonne—he had

* The name is left blank, or given as 'M. W.,' in the printed collection, 'Lettres de Madame Roland à Bancal.'

married, or was about to marry, Félicité, daughter of Didot, the great printer and typefounder, who had a paper mill in that village—when a friend rushed in with tidings that all the English were to be arrested as hostages for Toulon. The next day was one of painful suspense. By evening they had heard of the apprehension of most of their English acquaintances, but still hoped their sex might exempt them. At 2 A.M., however, commissaries arrived, hurried them out of bed and to the guardhouse—a sort of lock-up—where they passed the rest of the night. Thence they were conveyed to the Luxembourg, where the porter, a Swiss Protestant, who remembered having seen them at church, was kind to them. The prisoners, mostly English, took turns in making the fire and sweeping the rooms, and those who could not afford to send out for dinner cooked their own. The Williamses had family prayers at night, in which Lasource, the eloquent Protestant pastor, and Madame de Genlis' husband, both destined to the guillotine, joined; but many—of the French prisoners, at least—were less serious, addicted to cards, music, and even love-making. Indeed, a scandal in which an outsider and a female prisoner were concerned occasioned an order for the separation of the sexes, and, while the men remained at the Luxembourg, forty Englishwomen were sent to the English Conceptionist convent. The Blue Nuns, themselves prisoners in their own house, and compelled to convert their flowing robes into gowns and their veils into bonnets, were very kind to their distressed countrywomen, and Sister Thérèse struck Helen as the nearest approach to angelic purity she had ever seen. Exercise in the garden was allowed, and friends could speak to them through the grating, whereas at the Luxembourg they could not stir beyond the threshold, and could be seen by friends only at the common-room window.

Athanase Coquerel, a native of Rouen, settled in business at Paris and already engaged to Helen's sister Cecilia, after two months' untiring and perilous exertions procured the release of the Williamses, which seems to have been so clandestinely effected that there is no entry of it. They risked their lives by sheltering Rabaut St. Etienne, and after a time went to Switzerland, leaving behind Cecilia, now Madame Coquerel. Helen, who had gone to France as to a land of liberty, hailed the Swiss frontier as an escape from Inferno. Perhaps, after all, Barère, whom she suspected of betraying her drawing-room conversations, committed one good action in his life, and facilitated her

liberation and departure. She returned after Robespierre's fall; acted as a mother, on Cecilia's death in 1798, to her two boys, one of them the future pastor; admired the Bonaparte of Brumaire, but loathed Bonaparte the despot; and was punished by him with a domiciliary visit and a night's captivity for ignoring him in her ode on the Peace of 1802. She laid by her pen till his fall, welcomed the Restoration, was in pecuniary straits through Stone's publishing speculations, and died at Paris in 1827. An eyewitness of the greater part of the Revolution, acquainted with the leading actors, and a ready writer, she might have given us the best contemporary account of it; but her habit of moralising spoilt her as an annalist, so that of her numerous works not one has escaped oblivion, and even the few persons who may occasionally sing her hymn,

‘ While Thee I seek, protecting Power,’

are probably unaware by what ‘Williams’ it was written.

The English nuns, if less qualified to write the annals of the Revolution, might have given us interesting accounts of their own experiences; but domiciliary visits rendered it unsafe to keep diaries, and only one convent out of three subsequently drew up a record of its sufferings. We know from the minutes of Jacobin commissaries that, unlike some of their French sisters, the English nuns unanimously declined to re-enter the world, and they felt the full force of the revolutionary hurricane. Their lives, indeed, were never in danger, except from a possible repetition of the September massacres, but they suffered great privations. The Conceptionists, declared prisoners in their own house in October 1793, were a month later transferred to the Austin nunnery, and were not liberated till February 1795. They had been allowed 50 sous a head per day while in captivity; on their release, deprived of their property, they had to live on borrowed money. Captain Swinburne visited them in 1797, and dissuaded them from returning to England; but they eventually accepted a refuge offered them by the Jerninghams at Cossey near Norwich, where the community died out.

The Austin nuns, who since 1634 had carried on a school, to which leading Catholic families, Pastons, Towneleys, Fermors, Blounts, sent their daughters, would have been buffeted about like others but for the overcrowding of other prisons and the spaciousness of their heterogeneous buildings, so graphically described by George Sand, afterwards a boarder

there. Their journal, which the present chaplain, the Abbé Cédoz, has allowed us to inspect, has a gap of several years, followed by a brief statement of the cause. A motley throng of prisoners, good and bad, rich and poor, occupied the convent. They included several actresses; Malesherbes's daughter, Madame de Rosambo, guillotined with eleven other inmates; George Sand's grandmother, Madame Dupin; and the birdseller's daughter, Victoire Delaborde. Curiously enough, these two did not then make each other's acquaintance, and Maurice Dupin, then a boy living at Auteuil, who agreed with his mother that at a certain hour in the day both should fix their eyes on the dome of the Pantheon, had no presentiment that his destined wife, Victoire, might also be gazing at it. Disparity of station kept the two women apart. A number of British subjects were detained there, among them the Abbé Edgeworth's sister, but not one of them has left any narrative. The nuns were required to assume secular dress, and were not allowed religious services, but they were permitted to remain in their cells and to walk in the vineyard. The tombs were profaned for the sake of the lead, and church plate and ornaments were plundered. In March 1795 the gaoler and guards were withdrawn, and the school was reopened, but in 1799 the sale of all the British establishments was ordered. The nuns were on the point of quitting France, and had sent off their luggage to Calais, when Consul Lebrun's sympathy, and his good offices with Bonaparte, enabled them to remain.

The Benedictine convent was likewise converted into a prison, with a brutal gaoler who delighted to threaten his captives with death—no empty threat, for the Princess of Monaco, Madame Sainte Amaranthe, and others, left the nunnery for the Conciergerie, and the latter for the guillotine. The nuns not only witnessed distressing partings, but anticipated a like fate. Stonyhurst College possesses a manuscript, for a copy of which we are indebted to the Rev. W. Forbes-Leith, S.J., which, evidently written after their return to England, depicts in an artless way the alarms, insults, and privations undergone by them. After several domiciliary visits they were declared prisoners in October 1793. Commissaries next came to fit up the convent as a prison, but to tranquillise the nuns promised that there should only be Englishwomen. On November 25

'Commissioners began to strip both the church and the choir. Their looks, dress, and actions were equally dreadful, and can only be compared to our ideas of infernal beings. They tore down the shrines,

pictures, and crosses. With joy mixed with fury they kicked up and down the church what they threw down.'

The prison became so full—Foignet found eighty inmates, two-thirds of them men—that in the workroom were placed as many beds as could stand, which were removed during the day. Refectory, cloisters, and outhouses were also crowded with beds. The cemetery was turned into a promenade for the prisoners, the tombstones being laid flat or carried away. All their rents being stopped, the nuns for the last three months of 1793 had to live on the small sum in hand, barely sufficient to keep them alive. Their papers were catalogued in a sarcastic style by a revolutionary commissary. One of the nuns had been in the habit of complaining to the chaplain, Naylor, of real or imaginary unkindness from the abbess or sisters, and these letters were inventoried as 'squabbles of conventual life,' 'mystical extravagances,' &c. The poor nuns must have had a shiver at knowing that all their documents, from religious correspondence down to recipes for making snuff, were overhauled by scoffing *sans-culottes*. Their library of a thousand volumes was dispersed. The Girondin deputies, indeed, after being huddled with criminals at the Madelonnettes, found the nunnery clean, spacious, and airy, with an agreeable prospect and a delicious promenade, the only drawback being that the female prisoners had had to be crowded to make room for them, yet according to Foignet study was impossible and even conversation dangerous, it being construed as conspiracy.

In July 1794, the nuns were removed by night to the castle of Vincennes, where they were cooped up in narrow cells, with windows too high to see out of. Four months later they were carted back to Paris, to the Austin nunnery. On their liberation they managed, by the sale of their linen and furniture, to leave for England, where they found a new home, first in Dorsetshire and ultimately in Staffordshire.

The Benedictine monastery and the three British seminaries were closed or turned into prisons, but the priests and monks mostly escaped. The Irish college, which then had lay as well as clerical students, had stormy times. In December 1790, one of a party of its students, walking in the Champ de Mars and mounting the Federation altar, leaned against and accidentally knocked down a wooden pedestal. The sentry tried to arrest the delinquent, his comrades defended him, a mob collected, and had not

Lafayette with a hundred horsemen hurried up, six of the Irish youths would have been hanged on the spot for the supposed insult to the altar. As it was, they spent a fortnight in prison, and were then acquitted. Later on a mob attempted to break into the college; but a student, pistol in hand, planted himself at the gate, threatened to shoot the first man who advanced, and improvised a speech on the position of Irish exiles confiding in French hospitality, whereupon the mob applauded and dispersed. In September 1791, the congregation at the college chapel, including French worshippers, were mobbed on leaving, a lady being shamefully flogged. After the Terror the ten remaining Irish students were allowed to return to their own country. The Scotch college, adjoining the Austin convent, was made a prison, and St. Just was taken thither on the 9th Thermidor, but the gaoler refused to receive him. The gilt-bronze urn containing in a leaden case the brain of James II. was wrenched off the monument to his memory, and the case was not discovered till four years ago, in laying a pipe under the chapel floor. Many of James's manuscripts, sent for safety into the provinces, were ultimately destroyed. His coffin at the Benedictine monastery was opened, and the body made away with.

The only detailed account of prison experiences is that given by Sir William Codrington, in a letter printed by his grandson for private circulation. Written just after his release, it is entitled to entire confidence. Codrington was the man who made the strange bet with Pigott as to which of their fathers would outlive the other. Pigott's father had died in Shropshire a few hours before the bet was concluded at Newmarket. Codrington's father, who lived till 1792, had disinherited him, after paying his debts, and the estates went to a cousin. Codrington, who had been a boon companion of the Prince of Wales, settled in Brittany, and was living quietly there in 1793 when the arrest of all Englishmen was decreed. He was taken to a high tower on the coast, the windows provided with bars, but not with glass. His papers were searched and found harmless, but the infamous Carrier, elated at the capture of an English *milord*, pretended to think them culpable. The municipality of St. Servan vainly petitioned for Codrington's release. Chained to two other prisoners, and hooted and threatened on the road, he was taken from Rennes to Paris and lodged in the Conciergerie.

'After so long and fatiguing a journey, I comforted myself with
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the hope of one good night's rest, but was sadly disappointed when the *conciergerie* told us there was no private room vacant, and that we must sleep in the straw room; but, added he, "take care of your pocket-book and watches, for you will be among a den of thieves, who will rob you of all you have." With such consolation we entered into the prison court, where there were some hundreds of unfortunate people of all denominations. Being tired and hungry, we employed a commissary of the prison to get us something to eat. When it came we were obliged to make use of a low parapet wall for a table, as the straw rooms are kept shut during the day, and those that inhabit them are obliged to stay in the open air all the day long, be the weather what it may. The people in the court took compassion upon us and lent us knives and forks, and informed us also that by applying to the superior turnkey in a *prevailing* manner we might possibly obtain a place in a room. That business was presently undertaken, and two of us procured the seventeenth part of a small apartment. The beds were placed so near together that one was obliged to get in at the feet; and though we paid for them apart, I was three weeks before I could get any sheets, and when at length I had them I could with great facility have crept through them. But the room being very small, and the ceiling so very low, and so many persons stove in so narrow a compass that the air was so bad, we could none of us sleep, at least not for more than an hour, often less, and sometimes not at all. As we were locked up every evening about five o'clock, and the door not opened till near ten the next morning, . . . we had in the room with us a tolerable good physician, who advised us to burn incense &c. every night before we went to bed, in order to purify the air, and to take a mouthful of brandy every morning as soon as we got up, as a preventative against infection. We all of us rose in the morning with a great dryness in the throat, or something of a soreness. At twelve o'clock every night we used to be visited by three or four turnkeys with as many great dogs. With large staves they used to thump against the ceiling, open the windows, and with an iron hammer beat against the bars to see that all was safe and sound. Another visit we were also subject to that was still more unpleasant, though it came but seldom. When we used to hear the jingling of the keys upon our staircase in the evening, we were sure it was to summons some one of us to appear next morning at the fatal tribunal. As soon as the door opened, each was apprehensive of the lot falling upon himself. The taking leave the next morning of the unfortunate person before he went to take his trial, with so little hopes of ever seeing him again, was another melancholy proceeding.

'Four months I passed in this pleasing abode, having seen half my room companions quit me to take their final leave, and the half of that half have since shared the same fate. One day with another we used to reckon on five condemnations, and esteemed that sufficiently severe for those times, notwithstanding how much they have since increased upon that number.'

The infection introduced into the crowded prison by the

unfortunate Nantes party made Codrington think even the chance of the guillotine better than a lingering death, and contrary to his lawyer's advice he pressed for a decision on his case, for, unlike his countrymen, he was not detained as a hostage, but was charged with dealings with the enemy. The preliminary investigation resulted in his favour, and though still detained, he procured transfer to a kind of hospital, where he speedily regained health. Reverting to the Conciergerie, he says :—

'Awful as that abode was, you would scarcely believe perhaps that I have not been so cheerful since as I was there, nor have I since seen so many cheerful people. One would think that nature had formed one's nerves according to the different situations that they may be exposed to. *On se fait à tout*, and one may accustom oneself to bad fortune as one does to good. We used frequently to breakfast and dine at each other's room, which time generally passed in mirth. Most of us thought we had but a short time allotted to us, and that it was better to enjoy that little as much as we could. I do not recollect, among the hundreds that I both saw and spoke to after their condemnation, that one single one of them, except Madame du Barry, showed any softness upon the occasion, and several seemed as cheerful as if nothing had happened to them.'

A few months later Codrington was transferred to another prison, and there were ugly rumours of an impending massacre. Shortly after Robespierre's fall he was sent to the Luxembourg, where he found General O'Hara, a prisoner of war captured at Toulon; Temple Luttrell, brother to the Duchess of Cumberland, and styled by the French George III.'s brother-in-law; and many other English, mostly of an inferior class. He still saw little chance of release, and consequently induced a friend to prompt a printer (probably Stone) to apply for him as a journeyman :—

'By that means, together with a little interest of friends, I slipt my neck out of the collar, after having remained near fifteen months in prison.'

He continued to reside in France, married, and has descendants still inhabiting Brittany.

Sampson Perry, militia surgeon, quack medicine vendor, and journalist, has given in his bulky 'History of the Revolution' some particulars of his own captivity. On his first visit to Paris, Paine took him to dine at the Hôtel de Ville with Pétion, the guests including Dumouriez, Santerre, Condorcet, Danton, and Brissot. Prosecuted for asserting in his 'Argus' that the king and Pitt had kept back information for stockjobbing purposes, he fled to France in January

1793. He was a witness at the mock trial of Marat, but merely gave evidence as to a young man named Johnson, his mind unhinged by fears for Paine's safety, having attempted suicide, after making a will in Paine's favour. He states that, for want of room elsewhere, the English were kept in a guardhouse, men and women having to sleep as well as eat in one room. A baronet and a groom, a fashionable young lady and a cook, were thus companions for many weeks before they were drafted off into prisons. Perry was at first sent to the Madelonnette, where the keeper was a humane man, and on a relaxation of rigour was transferred to the Luxembourg. Many English without means might, he says, have obtained release, but preferred remaining prisoners. Perry believed himself to be in imminent peril when, on the trial of the Dantonists, Hérault de Séchelles proposed calling him as a witness to the innocence of his negotiations with English Whigs; but the defence, as we know, was suppressed, and Perry, after fifteen months' detention, was released. He bore no grudge against his gaolers, he wrote in his 'Appeal,' dated 'the felons' side of Newgate, 'March 25, 1795,' for many innocent natives and foreigners had inevitably to suffer, and Frenchmen, lamenting that Englishmen had had to sustain so long a captivity, did everything in their power to make them forget their past sufferings. Released from Newgate on a change of ministry, he subsequently edited the 'Statesman,' had cross suits for libel with Lewis Goldsmith, the jury giving him a farthing damages, and died in 1823, on the eve of discharge by the Insolvent Debtors' Court. A contemporary sketch of him, apparently copied from a newspaper, is the sole authority we have been able to find for the fable of Paine (and Perry also) having escaped the guillotine by the cell door swinging open and being chalked on the inner side.

Perry arrived in Paris just in time to join the British Revolutionary Club, where he must have found congenial associates. It originated in a dinner held on November 18, 1792, to celebrate French victories. Stone presided, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was present, and the toasts included 'the speedy abolition of hereditary titles and feudal distinctions in England,' 'the coming convention of Great Britain and Ireland,' 'the lady defenders of the Revolution, particularly Mrs. Charlotte Smith, Miss Williams, and Mrs. Barbauld,' 'Paine and the new way of making good books known by a royal proclamation and King's Bench prosecution,' 'the English patriots, Priestley, Fox, Sheridan, Christie, Cooper,

‘Tooke, and Mackintosh.’ The ‘party of conspirators here,’ wrote Monro on December 17, ‘have formed themselves into ‘a society,’ prepared for the most desperate measures against their native country. They included Sir Robert Smith, a banker at Paris, Paine, Frost, Raymond, Sayer, Joyce, Henry Redhead Yorke, and Robert Merry, husband of the actress Miss Brunton. Dissensions soon broke out. Frost and Paine quarrelled, the latter being intolerably arrogant, and on December 31 Monro reported:—

‘Our countrymen here who have been endeavouring to ruin their country are now really beneath the notice of anyone, struggling for consequence among themselves, jealous of one another, differing in opinion, and even insignificant in a body; they are, excepting a few, heartily tired of politics and addresses [to the Convention]. . . . They are now dwindling into nothing.’

A second address, advocated by Paine and Merry, but opposed by Frost and Macdonald of the ‘Morning Post,’ was near causing blows. The Convention, too, was tired of the nonsense of British addresses, perceiving the insignificance of the persons who presented them. Monro’s despatches end in January 1793, for he had been denounced as a spy, and after the king’s execution deemed it prudent to quit Paris; but we learn from other sources that in February the club was dissolved, the majority, after a warm discussion, deciding to take no part in politics. The two Sheares, ‘men of desperate designs, capable of setting fire to the dockyards,’ had previously gone back. Young Daniel O’Connell is said to have crossed over in the same packet, when their exultations over the king’s fate, coupled with the excesses he had witnessed at St. Omer and Douai, rendered him a violent Tory. The Sheares were executed at Dublin in 1798. Frost, whose present of a thousand pairs of shoes from the London Revolution Society was paid for, according to Talleyrand, expenses of deputations included, by the French themselves, was sentenced, on his return, to six months’ imprisonment and an hour in the pillory, the latter punishment being remitted because he would have been applauded. Merry went with his wife to America, and died at Baltimore in 1798. Joyce became secretary to Lord Stanhope, and was arrested for sedition in 1794. Yorke, who underwent two years’ imprisonment for conspiracy, changed his opinions, and in 1803 published ‘Letters from France,’ which were very anti-Gallic. Sir Robert Smith was imprisoned more than a year in Paris, returned to England, and died there in 1802.

The Englishmen who left before the Terror set in must have been numerous, but there are few traces of them. As early as the winter of 1789 a London newspaper, remembering the adage of the ill wind, commented with real insular egotism on the benefit to England of the Revolution. Not only had many rich Frenchmen sought refuge here, but many British residents had returned home. Reckoning, too, the English visitors to Paris as 5,000 a year, and their expenditure as 100*l.* a head, England had been losing half a million per annum. Now, as for visitors, possibly as many were for a time drawn over by the Revolution as kept away by it, but residents were certainly frightened off. Lord Kerry's departure must have been very hurried, for he left not only considerable property—his heirs were in 1820 awarded 145,000*l.* from the indemnity fund—but a large bundle of papers, likewise confiscated, revolutionary logic declaring an Irish peer an *émigré*. These documents, comprising some hundreds of bills and letters, extend from 1768 to 1790, and the correspondence with the Irish steward shows that the collection of rents was almost as difficult then as now. A patriotic gift of 117 francs to the Assembly in November 1789 from 'eleven servants of an English lord' must have been approved, if not inspired, by Kerry, yet Nicolas, probably one of the eleven, was guillotined in May 1794 for dealings with the enemy; and Louise Blaireau, wife to the man-cook whom Lord Gower had taken back with him to England, suffered the same fate for endeavouring to get the seals removed from Kerry's property. He was in Belgium about the end of 1792, for Fersen, the Swedish count associated with the king's escape to Varennes, met him there.

Another party to that escape quitted France in time—Quintin Craufurd, the nabob from Manilla whose maxim was, 'Make your fortune where you like, but enjoy it at Paris.' A confidant of Marie Antoinette, he provided, or at least housed, the famous carriage which the royal family overtook and entered at Bondy, it having already started when Fersen drove them to Craufurd's. Craufurd himself had gone to London and Brussels, perhaps to avoid suspicion. When the fugitives were brought back, one of his coachmen in the crowd incautiously exclaimed that he knew the carriage, but a fellow-servant curtly told him he was mistaken; the mob would otherwise have stormed Craufurd's house. Not discouraged by the failure, he busied himself in trying to get foreign Powers to interfere. On leaving in November 1792, he, too, was classed as an *émigré*, and his furniture, pictures,

and statues were sold. Stormy times these for the inveterate cardplayer, who in 1787 was fetched home at nine in the morning from the British Embassy by his mistress and eventual wife Mrs. Sullivan, alleged ex-wife of the future King of Würtemberg and grandmother of Comte d'Orsay! Under the Empire, however, Craufurd had whist parties with Talleyrand, and formed a collection of historical portraits which was one of the sights of Paris till his death in 1819.

We must pass over Henry Seymour, nephew of the Duke of Somerset, neighbour and penultimate lover of Madame Dubarry (eight of her letters to him were sold at Paris in 1837, and have been published); Boyd, the banker, afterwards M.P. for Shaftesbury, to whom Egalité entrusted his diamonds, and who left in October 1792; his partner Ker, who soon followed him; and Kerly, a Scotchman, agent for the banker Herries, a regular frequenter of the Jacobin Club, but ultimately denounced as a spy. The Republic had evidently no more need of bankers than of *savants*. As for visitors, the great stampede was caused by the capture of the Tuileries. Richard Twiss (uncle of Horace) tells us that whereas there had been only thirty in Paris, above two thousand arrived in less than a week from all parts of France, all eager for passports to get away. Twiss waited on the Assembly with a petition; and, as nothing came of this, was getting up a collective remonstrance when the recalcitrant municipality gave way.* This was, perhaps, due to a strong protest by Deputy Kersaint, who urged that England was the only really neutral country, and was very sensitive to violation of the laws of hospitality, yet that everything had been done by the Commune to irritate Englishmen by domiciliary visits or refusal of passports.

We have yet to speak, but briefly, of half a dozen young men who had mostly gone to learn French, or French polish, and whose feelings of curiosity, enthusiasm, or abhorrence, as also the honours or molestations experienced by several of them, typify the various phases of the Revolution. First of all there was the future Lord Liverpool, then Mr. Jenkinson, who at the age of nineteen witnessed the capture of the Bastille. 'The whole sight has been such,' he wrote, 'that nothing would have tempted me to miss it;' but either he gave no description of it, or his father, in forwarding a

* Trip to Paris in July and August 1792. (Anonymous, but by Twiss.)

copy of the letter to the Foreign Office, omitted a portion of it. We merely learn that 'the consternation that has prevailed in Paris for the last two days is beyond all power of description. Few people have gone out of their doors, and all public amusements for the first time have been stopped.' When Lord Lansdowne in 1819 argued that the Peterloo meeting was peaceable, it being attended by women and children, Liverpool replied that he saw many women busily employed in the attack on the Bastille. Young Jenkinson even at nineteen was able to discuss Necker's financial schemes, and he seems to have frequently attended the Assembly.

William (son of Dr.) Priestley not only saw but took part in the capture of the Bastille, bringing home two stones from it for his friend, the future Mrs. Schimmelpenninck. Three years later his father bade him 'go and live among that brave and hospitable people, and learn from them to detest tyranny and love liberty.' He accordingly waited on the Assembly, to apply for naturalisation, and was received with plaudits. His voice being weak, his speech, which declared French citizenship a higher honour than the crown of any arbitrary State, was read for him by the president, François of Nantes. The reply of the latter compared Burke's attacks on Dr. Priestley to those of Aristophanes on Socrates, and suggested that the Birmingham rioters were the descendants of Danish pirates. The youth's gravity must have been sorely tried by this burlesque oration; but did not M. de Lesseps, in the French Academy of Sciences, once gravely hint that the English opponents of the Suez Canal were the descendants of Carthaginian traders? Young Priestley's stay was probably short, for his father had not only the good sense to decline a seat in the Convention, but wrote, after the September massacres, to Roland, urging that unless such outrages on justice and humanity were stopped, and order and obedience to law enforced, liberty both in France and throughout Europe must be despaired of.

Wordsworth, too, was horrified by the massacres. He had stopped a few days at Paris in November 1791, attending the Assembly and the Jacobin Club, and taking away a stone from the Bastille. He returned from Orleans and Blois just after the butchery, visited the scenes of carnage, and for years, it is said, would dream that he was pleading for his own life or that of friends before the infamous Maillard. Yet he returned home reluctantly, was still for a time

a Republican, and expected Robespierre's fall to usher in a second dawn of liberty.

Young Priestley was honoured on his father's account; young Nesham, the future admiral, had laurels of his own. He was eighteen, and was living at Vernon, in Normandy, in October 1789, when a furious mob fell on Planter, a corn merchant who had been charitable to the poor, but who, having sent flour to Paris, was accused of wishing to starve Vernon. Twice had he been hung up, and twice had the rope broken, when Nesham rushed to the rescue, told the mob they would have to kill him first, and saved the poor man's life. The Paris municipality presented him with a civic wreath and sword, the latter still preserved by his descendants. The president bade him tell his countrymen that he had found on the banks of the Seine a brave, susceptible, and generous people, formerly frivolous, but now enjoying liberty, especially as it gave them opportunities of rewarding virtue. We wonder whether Nesham wore this sword at Camperdown.

What a contrast between his triumph and the brutal assault on Henry Swinburne, son of the lady stopped by fishwives at Calais! He was a page to Louis XVI., and was at the Vaudeville Theatre in February 1792, when there was a play ridiculing the Jacobins. The Royalists expelled the interruptors, but were waylaid outside the theatre by a mob who pelted them with mud and snow, forced them to shout 'Vive la nation!' and made them, ladies included, wade through the mire to their carriages. Swinburne was dragged in the gutter and severely injured on the head. His aunt, Anne Swinburne, was one of thirty-five nuns who, in the following autumn, had to quit Montargis and seek refuge in England; yet the Montargis municipality, about that time, in token of international amity, burnt the flag taken from the English in 1427, and destroyed the cross commemorating the battle, such memorials being 'a haven of hatred and discord between two generous peoples.'

Another future admiral was treated very differently from Nesham. Henry (afterwards Sir Henry) Blackwood, whose mother became Lady Dufferin, went to Angoulême, when just of age, in order to learn French. In December 1792 he went to Paris, and agreed to take a bag, which he was assured contained no letters, but merely domestic articles, for an *émigré* at Brussels. At Paris, however, the bag was searched, and letters were found in it. Blackwood was taken before the municipality; but as the letters did not touch on

politics, he was released on bail, a Paris merchant with whom he stayed being surety for him. On January 13, 1793, the Committee of Public Safety reported to the Convention that the letters had been entrusted to him by aristocratic ladies, and that he had earned 300 or 400 louis by journeys to and from *émigrés*. (Blackwood, however, insisted that most of the money was the result of a bet with a fellow-Englishman that he would get from Brussels to Angoulême in forty-four hours.) They held that he had dealings with the enemies of the Revolution, but, 'to set Europe an example of the virtue of 'hospitality,' they recommended the Convention to release him, which was accordingly done.

As the wholesale arrest of British subjects, from which only artisans and schoolchildren were exempt, was grounded on the loss of Toulon, its recovery four months later should seemingly have been followed by their release; but the Revolution did not condescend to logic. There was no general gaol delivery for the English captives till the end of February 1795, nor was there any indemnity for confiscated property till the Restoration; and a decision of the Privy Council in 1825, for reasons more technical than equitable, excluded the monastic communities from any share in the indemnity fund. This was neither the first time nor the last that peaceable English residents or travellers became prisoners of war in France. In 1746 it was ordered that they should be apprehended as hostages for the Young Pretender, and after his escape the arrests were continued or maintained against persons not acknowledged by him as Jacobites. Lord Morton was consequently incarcerated in the Bastille. In 1803 Napoleon, on pretexts which he himself, in conversation with Lord Ebrington at Elba, did not attempt to defend, ordered the detention of British subjects, and eight thousand were accordingly interned at Verdun and elsewhere, among them being Lord Elgin and Boyd, who had left in time in 1792. These detentions, with some exceptions, lasted eleven years, all negotiations for a cartel of exchange being fruitless. Of these three ordeals, however, that of 1793 was the only one involving danger, not of the guillotine, indeed, but of a mob massacre.

ART. VII.—*Scotland and Scotsmen in the Eighteenth Century.*

From the MSS. of JOHN RAMSAY, Esq., of Ochtertyre.

Edited by ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1888.

THE progress of civilisation in Scotland, the constant welding together of its various races, and the extraordinary increase of prosperity and wealth which has marked the more recent history of that country, claimed our attention last year when reviewing the Duke of Argyll's work on 'Scotland as it was, and as it is.' There the philosophic historian had occupied himself with tracing effects and following out causes from remote times down to the present day. Now it is our duty to turn to 'Scotland and to 'Scotsmen,' as they are presented to us in the papers of Mr. Ramsay of Ochtertyre, a work of some bulk, though but a compilation and selection from the voluminous manuscripts our author left behind him. These two large volumes are occupied with the eighteenth century alone, and consist for the main part of short biographical notices of the many men of mark whose acquaintance Mr. Ramsay had enjoyed during a long life, and of observations on the events and the changes and fashions of the time, as they presented themselves to the mind of one who was anxious to develope no theories and to establish no principles, but simply to preserve from oblivion the characteristics of his contemporaries and of his age.

In the early years of the eighteenth century dark clouds hung over the future of Scotland. The incorporating Union of the two kingdoms whose separate political systems, though under one sovereign, had brought the two nations to the very verge of war, had indeed ensured to Scotland for ever that greatest of all blessings, peace between the English and the Scottish people under one government responsible to a Parliament representative of the whole of Great Britain. Yet the evil consequences of a disputed succession were felt (owing chiefly to the clanship and condition of things in the Highlands) far more disastrously in Scotland than in England; and though the two Jacobite rebellions were in no sense, it need hardly be observed, national movements of the Scotch against the English people, yet they served to retard in the Northern kingdom that sense of security under which the rapid progress of Scotland in the path of civilisation was alone possible.

To educated Scotchmen, the internal and social history of Scotland during the eighteenth and the earlier portion of the nineteenth century is specially interesting. Peace enabled Scottish nature and character almost for the first time to display themselves in the new fields of literature, commerce, and agriculture, and gave Scotchmen an opportunity of showing that a race which had long been famous for the possession of the manly qualities necessary to a warlike age was no less capable of rivalling its neighbours in those pursuits upon which in modern times the power and fame of nations equally depend. It is, therefore, not so much to the Scotland and Edinburgh of pre-Union days that those who most love to see Scotch character and idiosyncrasy at their best generally turn, as to that later period when the 'burst of 'industry' contemporaneous with that activity of mind so forcibly described by the Duke of Argyll was starting the nation on a career of prosperity never before witnessed. Though Edinburgh had ceased to be a capital city in the sense that it was no longer the residence of the monarch, nor the seat of government or legislature, its character was still very different from that of the mere provincial town. Edinburgh was frequented by the nobility and gentry of the land, it was the centre of the system of law, the seat of a renowned University, the headquarters of the national Church. Among Mr. Ramsay's contemporaries were men of the highest distinction in philosophy and letters, at the Bar and in the Church: Adam Smith and David Hume, and the defenders of religion against the scepticism of the latter, from orthodox Aberdeen, viz. Beattie and Reid; Principal Robertson and Hugh Blair, Lord Kames, Lord Braxfield, and Alexander Wedderburn. When we recall that this age was succeeded by that of Walter Scott and Jeffrey, Sydney Smith and Horner, and others of that band of brilliant men who started the 'Edinburgh Review,' it must be acknowledged that even the metropolis of the United Kingdom can hardly show any period of equal brilliancy extending over so lengthened a period. If in more recent times there has been any falling back in the relative position of Edinburgh as a national capital, it is less due to any political causes than to those changes in the habits of men produced by facilities of communication and intercourse which have brought the capital of the whole United Kingdom almost to the doors of each of us.

The whole tendency of the time, the convenience of men, the direct personal advantage of individuals, set in the

present day towards the centralising in favoured spots of the business and occupations that used to be spread over many districts. The small village tradesman now leaves his village for the growing neighbouring town. The public has grown to look for the best of everything in the largest centres, and it is there, therefore, that its wants will be supplied. In 1754 Wedderburn was thought the rashest of the rash to think of leaving the Scotch Bar, where he had interest, for the English Bar, where he had none. What in the middle of last century required exceptional courage and determination, and was, therefore, done by very few, a hundred years later was comparatively easy, and was, therefore, done by very many. The sentiment against centralisation of this kind is a very natural one, and many will deplore the loss of some undoubted advantages which arose from the old condition of things. But the direction and strength of the stream of the time are unmistakeable, and no sentiment can withstand it.

There is something in the mere outside aspect of Edinburgh which appeals to the imagination of every Scotchman, and probably of many an Englishman, in a manner unlike that of any other town. The situation and appearance of the Northern capital, no less than its history, must awake not only in its citizens, but also in the least imaginative of casual visitors, a desire to revive for himself the lives of those who inhabited its lofty houses and trod its hilly streets and wynds, and who during last century and the beginning of the present one were making its name as famous in the world for literature and science as it must always be for the part it played in the history of the nation in days of old. In the present day capital cities and even provincial industrial towns tend to become so large that they lose their individual and personal external characteristics. Who could form to his mind's eye a picture of London, or even of Manchester? Vicat Cole may, indeed, give us a great picture of The Pool, Frith may faithfully represent Hyde Park in the season, yet the metropolis can be seen in part and in detail only; London as a whole has lost its local individuality. That vast area which stretches from Richmond to Woolwich, and from Clapham to Hampstead, includes doubtless more wealth and more poverty, more magnificence and more squalor, more historic interest and more varied life, than any city of modern times. It is the imperial city of a people spread over the face of the earth, and it is natural that local characteristics should be absent. How different

with Edinburgh! There is a personality about the place itself which is impressive. The high degree in which its features harmonise with the character one would assign to the race whose capital it is forces itself on the mind. Edinburgh, the city itself with its castle, its cathedral and its palace, together with its environs, as you survey them from Arthur's Seat, and your eye ranges over Firth of Forth and Northern Sea, over the Ochil Hills and the Lomonds, over the highly farmed fields of the Lothians at your feet to the grouse moors of the Pentlands, bear witness to the essential characteristics of Scotchmen, and point to important facts in the political and social history of Scotland. The capital evidently, you would say, of an 'ancient kingdom,' and of a somewhat rugged people, at home on the mountains and the sea, whose prosperity was to be won only in conflict with a somewhat rugged nature. The land is not one flowing with milk and honey, but it will yield abundant treasure to those who have the skill and the perseverance to seek it out. We read in the Ramsay Papers, as in the work of the Duke of Argyll, of the efforts of agriculturists to drain bogs, to plant moorland, to enclose waste, in fact to bring into cultivation for the first time a hitherto perfectly wild region. Why, even now the City almost 'marches with' the moors! What a contrast, too, in the eyes of the Londoner between the Queen's Park of Edinburgh and his own Hyde Park with the Serpentine and Kensington Gardens! The latter will compare in beauty and 'distinction' with any park in Europe. The former, no less striking, is essentially 'wild;' so wild, indeed, that you would hardly feel surprised were a blackcock to rise from the fern on the quiet hillside as you pass. The lovely country which on almost every side surrounds London has evidently been the home time out of mind of a comfortable prosperous people, the neighbours of a wealthy capital, living the life which their descendants and successors still live on the same spot and under much the same conditions. It was on Richmond Hill that the Duke of Argyll, pointing out to Jeannie Deans the broad stream of the Thames, winding through a huge sea of verdure, here turreted with villas and there garlanded with forests, turned to his companion with the true observation, 'It is a fine scene; we have nothing like it in Scotland.' 'It's braw feeding for the cows, and they have a fine breed of cattle here,' replied Jeannie; 'but I like just as well to look at the craigs of Arthur's Seat, and the sea coming in ayont them, as at all thae muckle trees.'

We do not find, it must be confessed, in these Ochtertyre MSS. the graphic descriptions of manners and men, the racy talk of the lawyers and *littérateurs*, the interesting discussion of the events of the day, which Lord Cockburn has given us in his 'Memorials of Edinburgh,' and which make Lord Campbell's biographies such delightful and such useful reading. Our author was not an actor himself in the great events of his time; and his nature is lacking in that strong sympathy and enthusiastic participation in the doings of others which sometimes give to the records of a mere spectator the power of calling forth in the reader a feeling of almost personal relationship with the men and the actions described.

John Ramsay's life was an uneventful one. The son of a 'Writer to the Signet,' who had inherited the estate of Ochtertyre, near Stirling, he was educated for the Bar, and passed advocate; but he does not appear at any time seriously to have followed his profession. Connected with the families of Dundas and Abercromby, he was from his earliest days intimate with the best society of Edinburgh, and the proximity of Ochtertyre to Blair Drummond brought him, while in the country, into close social relations with Lord Kames and the many distinguished men who came to pay their respects to that eminent judge and philosopher. In the year 1760 Ramsay settled down at Ochtertyre, employing his time in practical agriculture, the improvement of his estate, and the pursuit of literature. The last quarter of the eighteenth century he devoted to amassing no fewer than ten bulky manuscript volumes, containing the results of his reading, observations on his contemporaries, essays on 'Church Polity,' on the 'Language and Literature of Scotland,' on 'Forestry,' on 'Female Education,' &c. The editor has wisely shown more consideration for the feelings of his readers than for the wishes of his author, for he has not hesitated to disregard the stringent injunction of Mr. Ramsay that his writings should be published exactly in the condition in which he left them. There is truth doubtless in the editor's remark that 'a certain prolixity and discursiveness' in style pointed to a compilation rather than to a publication of the manuscripts in their entirety.' As in part the prototype of the Laird of Monkbarns in 'The Antiquary,' it need not surprise us if at times Mr. Ramsay may have been found a little trying to the less patient amongst his friends. An acquaintance of his who still survives remembers how Mr. Ramsay in his old age used to insist upon reading his manu-

scripts to every visitor he could prevail on to listen to him. And even his genial readiness to supply his friends, alive or dead, with the Latin inscriptions and epitaphs which he was constantly composing for them, and which have enriched the tombstones for many miles round Stirling, may not always have had an exhilarating effect upon his companions. An enthusiastic antiquary, a Whig in politics, yet sympathising with the misfortunes of the adherents of the Jacobite cause, a Liberal according to the standard of his age in the Church politics which have always so much interested his countrymen, and, above all, a keen patriot in the desire that Scotchmen and Scotland should fulfil the wider duties and play the larger part which the changes of the eighteenth century had made incumbent on them, he mixed with all the eminent men of his day of all parties and all professions, and was well fitted to sketch for the benefit of posterity in a spirit of fairness and sympathy the leading men and events of his time.

‘The Union of the kingdoms in 1707,’ he tells us, ‘produced great * though not immediate revolutions in the sentiments and tastes of our ingenious countrymen. Indeed that memorable event hath led to consequences, good and bad, which were not foreseen by its able promoters or opponents. These, however, were the natural fruits of a free and constant intercourse between the Scots and the wealthy nation which had already attained to a high pitch of eminence in letters, arts, and arms. In those circumstances it is not surprising that the former should gradually drop their national prejudices, when thus surrendering them in whole or in part was connected with their interest or their fame. Whether in our other deviations from the modes and manners of our forefathers we have always acted with discretion, may admit of some doubt; but the most zealous admirers of ancient times must confess that to our old rivals we are in some measure indebted for the great progress which our countrymen have made in the *belles-lettres* and authorship.’

In achieving success in the world of literature Scotchmen in the beginning of the eighteenth century felt themselves greatly handicapped by the fact that English was to them an almost foreign tongue. Hence the literary clubs of young men who met in Edinburgh to read essays and discuss literary subjects, and who were ambitious of making themselves famous in literature, became zealous almost to the point of enthusiasm in their determination to come up to the standard of classical English which they admired in the ‘Spectator’ and in the works of their favourite authors. To avoid Scotticisms in composition at a time when Lowland Scotch was the language of the most cultivated classes must have been no

easy task. In much later times it was with difficulty that even Walter Scott learnt that such a phrase as 'the little two 'dogs' was distasteful to English ears, and no one can read a dozen pages of the most English of his writings, and remain in the least doubt of his nationality. Our author complains, and probably with justice, that his contemporaries were giving themselves up to imitation of the English models in something more than style. Dying, as he did, in 1814, the year of the publication of 'Waverley,' he could not know that the nineteenth century was to witness a revival of love for the Scottish language and Scottish national characteristics, at the same time that it was to connect imperishably with the highest English literature the names of Scotchmen who assuredly owed their fame to no imitation of elegant models, but to their own intrinsic force—Sir Walter Scott, Lord Macaulay, and Thomas Carlyle.

In the first half of the eighteenth century Thomson and Allan Ramsay in English and in Scotch were maintaining the credit of their countrymen in poetry; and our author remarks with great truth that the latter was fortunate that, as regards his Scottish poetry and his Scottish songs, the language was still, or had lately been, the language of a nation, and not merely a local dialect. 'A song in the 'dialect of Cumberland or Somersetshire could never have 'been generally acceptable in England, because it was never 'spoken by people of fashion, whereas in the beginning of 'the eighteenth century every Scotchman, from the peer 'to the shepherd, spoke a truly Doric language.' The language of the Court and of the Parliament, of judges on the Bench, and of professors in the universities, might indeed become obsolete, but could never sink to equality with the patois of an unlettered peasantry. Scotchmen were, however, wise in their frank acknowledgement of the changed conditions of the time which made the writing of good English essential to success in gaining the ear and leading the minds of educated men.

If, however, a resolute attempt to cultivate the writing of good English was praiseworthy, the effort made by members of the famous Edinburgh Select Society, in 1754, to change the spoken language of the country, served only to cover the innovators with ridicule. It is said that when Wedderburn. (afterwards Lord Loughborough) was eating his dinners at the Temple, he was much impressed with the disadvantage under which his Scottish accent would place him when he came to address himself to English juries. Accordingly, on

his return to Edinburgh, he induced his brother members of the Select Society to resolve that after a given day they would, by way of example to the nation, begin to speak English according to certain lectures in grammar and in intonation which were being delivered at the time in Edinburgh by old Mr. Sheridan, father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. This gentleman, with a rich Irish brogue, and with true Irish courage, had come to Scotland to teach the English tongue, almost surpassing in audacity the Irish patriots of to-day, who visit Scotland to teach national patriotism to the Scottish people! The appointed day arrived, and twenty-four hours of Babel were sufficient to break down for ever the wild project of changing in an instant the language and accents of a people.

There were also, however, in the eighteenth century difficulties of a purely domestic character, which must have tended to restrict in Scotland the growth of a free literature. There surely cannot have been many cultivated Scotchmen who, like Mr. Abercromby of Tullibody, felt hostility to the 'Spectator' on the ground that it gave the young a dislike to more serious literature! But the feeling did exist that books of divinity, sermons, religious history, and the like were the only pabulum on which the unfrivolous reader should feed; and any one who has acquaintance with the libraries which exist in almost every Scottish village knows that this feeling is by no means yet extinct. When, however, books of a speculative character, conflicting with the religious sentiment of the day, made their appearance, when a judge like Lord Kames published his thoughts on moral philosophy, when David Hume, Professor of Moral Philosophy, published his essay on miracles, and, greatest scandal of all, when Mr. Home, a minister of the Church, not only wrote a play, but actually went to the theatre to see it acted, an outburst of indignation arose, against which even the positions of dignity and independence of the offenders by no means rendered them safe.

Mr. Ramsay's accounts of the worthies of his time, and of the generation immediately preceding his own, would have been much more interesting had he given us, instead of an elaborately finished portrait of each, information as to their sayings and doings, incidents in their careers, and characteristic anecdotes of their lives, from which the imagination of readers would have been able to construct for themselves more graphic pictures both of the people and the age.

It is singular how closely connected the Bar of Scotland

has always been with the best literature of the day. The life of the busy lawyer is one which brings him into frequent contact professionally and socially with all sorts and conditions of men; and hence, though often a man of learning, he generally escapes that air of bookishness and pedantry which too often dominates the man whose life is spent with dead authors rather than with living men. The old Scotch judge was frequently a man of the widest reading and of the highest culture. He was seldom a prig.

Among the most eminent men of his time in Scotland was Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, Lord Advocate, and afterwards President of the Court of Session, whose admirable management of the Duke of Argyll's great estates has lately been brought before the public by the present Duke. Educated at the grammar school of Inverness, he studied civil law first at Utrecht and afterwards at Paris. In later life 'he was considered as the Mæcenas of every man of 'genius, whether in science or *belles-lettres*.' Thomson, in the 'Seasons,' pays to him an elaborate tribute for his virtue, wisdom, and patriotism. 'His "Thoughts on Religion," "Natural and Revealed," bespeak his pious, rational, enlightened mind, zealous for the good of mankind. The work 'is an invaluable specimen of the style of this great man, 'which is chaste and elegant and perspicuous.' Yet in his youth he was reputed one of the hardest drinkers of the North, at a time when such a reputation was not easily to be earned. Indeed the tradition runs that he and his elder brother at their mother's burial drank so hard that they forgot the corpse when setting out for the churchyard! He showed his independence in the determined opposition with which (while still Lord Advocate) he met in the House of Commons the severe measure the Government were preparing against the town of Edinburgh in consequence of the Porteous Riots. In 1745 he was of the greatest 'service to his 'country, in influencing some of the Highland chieftains, 'with whom he was very intimate, against joining the 'standard of the Young Pretender.' Indeed the wise policy of enlisting Highlanders in the regular army of the State, for which praise is so often given to the statesmanlike insight of Lord Chatham, was the recommendation of Culloden, upon whose advice and that of Argyll, in the year 1739, independent companies of the Black Watch were formed, afterwards to be famous through the world as the 42nd regiment of the line, fully seventeen years before the formation of that ministry of Pitt to which the policy is so

often attributed. Had he lived Mr. Ramsay thinks he might have done something to stem the torrent of rash speculation and crude opinion which was setting in; for Lord Culloden, as our author rather quaintly tells us, was, 'in point of genius and accomplishments, equal to any of the tonish *litterati* of these times, and in virtue and rectitude very much their superior. As he was one of the first of the Scottish lawyers who sacrificed at the shrine of the English graces, so he was unquestionably the purest and most enlightened.' It was at the head of his own table, however, that the Lord President showed at his best; for there his great knowledge of men and books, his courtesy and his gaiety, had full play and were the delight of his friends.

Even to the end of his life he drank hard, often going to the verge of sobriety, and 'considering the juice of the grape in connexion with easy spirited conversation as the best cordial that an old man immersed in business could have.'

His successor in the President's chair, Dundas of Arniston, was a lawyer of a different stamp. Without the eloquence and the gracious manner of his predecessor, by sheer vigour of intellect he became the acknowledged leader of the Bar. Whilst in receipt of a large amount of fees he astonished his friends by accepting the position of an ordinary Lord of Session, thereby of course enormously reducing his income. Once a judge he was soon recognised to be one of the very first lawyers of his day, and his promotion to the first place on the Bench, vacated by the death of Culloden, was generally anticipated, and was universally approved; and the thorough and effective manner in which he performed his duties quickly proved the correctness of the public estimation. Irascibility of temper was his weak point; but if he 'had his faults, neither his clients while he was at the Bar, nor the lieges when he was advanced to the Bench, were the worse of them.' Our author says of him, as has been said of many another judge down to much more recent times, that 'he was one of the last of that illustrious group of Scottish lawyers who adhered religiously to the dialect, custom, and manners of their ancestors.' His Scottish tongue may have told against his success in the House of Commons, for he could not bring himself to study English like a schoolboy, and 'left it to the younger men to bow to the Dagon of English taste.' Exercising great hospitality at Arniston, and devoted to hunting and field sports, he was most popular among the freeholders of Midlothian, and even after he was on the Bench his recom-

mendations to the electors as to the choice of a representative were almost invariably followed. Priding himself on his Presbyterianism, and on the superiority of that system to the Episcopalian, he exerted himself with success to induce the other members of his Court to sit on Christmas Day. Much addicted to the bottle, and even reputed a free liver, the Lord President's orthodoxy was unimpeachable, and his hostility to the philosophers and sceptics of the time most vehement. Another contemporary judge, Lord Minto, the Lord Justice Clerk, afforded an instance of the combination of high legal attainments with general culture so noticeable at that period. For no less than forty-four years he was a Lord of Session, and during his long life he did much to promote polite literature in Scotland. Known for his musical gifts, he was an accomplished Italian scholar and wrote Italian verses to the old Scotch tune of the 'Yellow-haired Laddie,' which was itself supposed to be a production of Rizzio.

When Mr. Ramsay first joined the Bar, in 1753, Alexander Lockhart, long afterwards made a judge as Lord Covington, was eminent as an eloquent defender of prisoners—often prevailing with juries against the counsel for the Crown, even in cases where the interests of the public and of justice would have been better served by the opposite verdict. He is described by Lord Campbell as a man of learning, though in demeanour harsh and overbearing. It was in 1757, when Dean of Faculty, that he was attacked by young Wedderburn in the Court of Session in language of such violent personal abuse that the Lord President had to warn him that his words were 'becoming neither to an advocate nor a gentleman;' a remark which drew from the young advocate the retort 'that his lordship had said as a judge what he could 'not justify as a gentleman.' The Court were considering what steps they should take to vindicate their dignity, when Wedderburn again rose, not, however, to make the expected apology to the Bench he had insulted, but to strip off his gown and to place it on the bar, declaring he would never retract or apologise, the Court might deprive him if it liked. 'There is my gown, and I will never wear it more. *Virtute me involvo*;' with which extraordinary piece of bunkum he left the Court and started the same night for London, where he rose to be Attorney-General, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Lord Chancellor of England.*

* See Lord Campbell's 'Life of Lord Loughborough.'

It is curious to find old Lord Auchinleck (another judge strong in his Presbyterianism and his Whiggism, and the father of James Boswell) deploring so bitterly the influence that had been gained over his son by such a Tory and a High Churchman as Dr. Johnson—to the linking of whose name with his son's is alone due the latter's fame. Lord Auchinleck would have it that the great Doctor of whom he had heard such wonders was 'just a *dominie*, and the worst bred 'dominie he had ever seen.' Boswell assured him that the Doctor was a constellation of virtues. 'Yes,' replied his 'father, the Doctor is Ursa Major and you are Ursa Minor.'

Mr. Ramsay gives a far more detailed account of Lord Kames, 'who did more to promote the interests of philosophy and *belles-lettres* in Scotland than all the men of law 'had done for a century before.' In his youth Henry Home was fired with the generous ambition of retrieving his father's embarrassed pecuniary position, and preserving the remains of his paternal inheritance. From eighteen to twenty-five he applied himself to determined study to an extent to which nothing short of absolute necessity could have compelled a man of his years and spirit—so capable, moreover, of the enjoyments of social life. Indeed, he told Mr. Ramsay many years afterwards that, had he been possessed of a certain income of 50*l.* a year, no consideration would have made him submit to the drudgery of mind and body which he underwent during his first few years after coming to the Bar. During the troubles of 1745 he was busily engaged in writing his 'Essays on British Antiquities,' which, when published a couple of years later, gained him much applause both in England and Scotland. These were followed by his 'Principles of Moral and Natural Religion,' which, though highly pleasing to the philosophers of the day, raised against him considerable clamour, 'on account of some of the positions, which sounded harsh to pious ears, jealous of metaphysical innovations.' And his promotion to the Bench in 1753 met with serious opposition from those who were scandalised at the scepticism they found in his writings. Brought up as a Tory and an Episcopalian, he formally severed his connexion with that Church; not, however, on any question between Episcopacy and Presbytery—indeed, he never joined the latter Church—but rather from the changes in his opinions which his philosophical and metaphysical studies had wrought on the most fundamental tenets common to both Churches.

'To the popular Scottish clergy he retained all along his original

dislike, estimating them lower than perhaps they deserved. And if, afterwards, he was fond of the company and conversation of some accomplished ministers of the Establishment, they had no cause to think him of their communion. Nor was deserting to non-jurors dictated by prudential considerations ; for prior to the year 1745-46, nothing hindered a practising lawyer from attending their chapels. To the persons of that clergy he could have no objection, they being proper, worthy, well-bred men, though neither philosophers nor *belles-lettres* men.

Whatever his speculative opinions, Lord Kames was universally recognised as a man of the highest ability and literary judgement, who thought and acted for himself. Enthusiastically devoted to English literature, there was hardly any department of science or letters with which he was not familiar, and, 'though no poet himself, he had 'as lively a fancy and as much warmth of sentiment as if he had been one of the tuneful tribe.'

It was only after 1745, as Mr. Ramsay is continually impressing upon his hearers, that Scotland began to do herself full justice in the pursuit of literature, science, and art.

'Although both nations had been subject to the same King and Parliament for nearly forty years, both professing the same religion and speaking dialects of the same tongue, it was astonishing how little intercourse had subsisted between them previous to that era. It was chiefly from books, or from the Englishmen who held offices in Scotland, that we formed an estimate of our great and enlightened neighbours.'

If the Scotch were affected by national and local prejudices, the English were certainly not more liberal-minded or better impressed with regard to Scotland. Henceforward intercourse between the two countries was continual, and did much to dispel the mutual prejudices which old enmities had created and which ignorance had nourished. 'Intimacies were formed which proved salutary to both, particularly to the Scots, who, being the poorer, were reputed the 'more acute and accommodating.' The typical Scotch gardener who, having got an excellent place in England, wrote to his friends 'that though God had not given the 'English overmuch wit or sense, yet they were braw bodies 'to live with,' expressed the sentiments of many a mercantile man and artisan who travelled south 'to push his fortune among that generous people. Similarly, our literary 'men had no reason to complain of want of kindness from 'that quarter, their first publications having been very 'acceptable to the English.'

In matters of literature and taste the lawyers and the

judges, as so constantly happened in Scotland, took the lead. The fashion of the day in Edinburgh amongst those who pretended to exceptional culture was towards scepticism. 'The philosophers and the tonish *litterati*' by the boldness of their speculations had drawn upon themselves the censure of the more popular and noisy faction of the Church; and the violence of the outcry had thrown on to the side of the sceptics the sympathies of the 'Moderates' in Church politics and of most liberal-minded men. 'For a number of years Lord Elibank, Lord Kames, and Mr. David Hume were considered as a literary triumvirate from whose judgement in matters of taste and composition there lay 'no appeal.' The first of the three had after a few years at the Bar exchanged a lawyer's for a soldier's career; and, having at length retired from active service, was now settled in Edinburgh entertaining at his house some of the best company in the kingdom, and in a special degree the rising talent at the Bar, in the Church, and in literature. At his house brilliant young men 'drank deep draughts of 'liberality of sentiment, and at his table they learned not 'to boggle at things which would have startled their 'fathers.' He was one of the original members of the 'Select Society' which had been founded in 1754 by Allan Ramsay, the painter, son of the author of 'The Gentle Shepherd.' The Select Society was at first limited to thirty members, among whom were David Hume, Dr. Robertson, Adam Smith, Hugh Blair, Alexander Wedderburn, John Home (author of 'Douglas'), Sir David Dalrymple, and other distinguished men; and its fame grew to such an extent that its numbers had to be largely increased, till at length its title of 'Select' came to be no longer merited, and its very celebrity became the cause of its decadence. For a few years, however, says Dugald Stewart—

'the Society subsisted in great vigour and produced debates such as have not often been heard in modern assemblies—debates where the dignity of the speakers was not lowered by the intrigues of policy and the intemperance of faction; and where the most splendid talents that have ever adorned this country were roused to their best exertions by the liberal and ennobling discussions of literature and philosophy.'

The Society was, in short, the type of what a good debating society should be, where topics of political, literary, scientific, and general interest were discussed upon their merits, to the immense advantage of all who took part in or attended the debates. In these days, when debating

societies have sprung up in almost every village, the great educational benefits which they are capable of producing have often been sacrificed to a foolish desire to copy the House of Commons with its party arrangements and even its intricate forms, its turning out and putting in of ministries, its votes of censure, and all the rest of it, till the useful and ennobling purpose of debate has been lost sight of in what is little better than a childish 'playing at Parliament.' Among the questions discussed in the palmy days of the Select Society were some of as much practical moment at the present day as was the case one hundred and thirty years ago. Some have been finally answered and set at rest, others of theoretic interest can never be finally answered at all. Amongst the questions discussed were the following :—

'Has the establishment of banks in Scotland increased wealth? Ought whisky to be laid under such restrictions as to render the use of it less frequent? Should the stage be permitted in a well-regulated government? Is the difference in national characteristics chiefly owing to the nature of different climates or to moral and political causes? Is an epic poem or a tragedy the most difficult and perfect composition? Is not the place given in modern tragedy to love and gallantry unnatural? Ought the right of primogeniture to exist? Should ministers be elected by the parishioners or be appointed by patrons? Would an union with Ireland be advantageous to Great Britain? Ought Courts of Law to be allowed to take cognisance of Parliamentary privilege? Is the institution of slavery advantageous to the free? Can a marriage be happy when the wife is of understanding superior to the husband? Are perpetual entails for the good of families and the improvement of the country? Should there be juries in civil as well as in criminal cases?' *

Whence we learn what were some of the subjects upon which the best intellects of Scotland were occupying themselves in the middle of last century.

Whilst for the most part the Scottish advocates who rose to eminence in their profession were men of extensive culture, very generally educated partly at Utrecht or Paris and partly at their own universities, the rough-and-ready type of strong self-made, self-reliant barrister who hews his own way by brute strength to the head of his profession was exemplified in Robert McQueen, afterwards notorious as the Lord Justice Clerk Braxfield. He was the son of a small writer in Lanark, who again was the son of Lord

* See the account of the Select Society given in Lord Campbell's 'Life of Lord Loughborough.'

Selkirk's gardener, and he adopted the profession of advocate upon the advice of his patron, the President Dundas. Despising the graces, and trusting to sheer strength of argument, to his vigorous sense and his sound law, he made his power felt whenever he appeared in court; so that at length 'both Bench and Bar came to overlook the vulgarisms 'and awkwardness which would have depressed other men.' In everything McQueen was the antithesis to his contemporary the polished scholarly Sir David Dalrymple, whose over-fastidiousness and microscopic attention to little matters interfered with his attaining to the highest success either professionally or as an author. Whilst Lord Braxfield's manner in the criminal court was marked by the utmost roughness and brutality towards prisoners, and the complete identification of himself with the case for the Crown, Lord Hailes (Sir David Dalrymple) 'imitated the English judges, 'who profess to be counsel for the prisoners—a thing very 'necessary in that country, where by far the greatest part of 'the culprits have no lawyers; for wherever Lord Hailes saw 'the Crown lawyers too strong for those of the prisoners, he 'strove to keep the balance even.' Off the bench Lord Braxfield showed himself fond of pleasure, and 'by no means very 'delicate or guarded in pursuit of it.' Fond of his bottle and devoted to cards, he did not care to restrain in his social hours his language within the bounds of decency or his temper within those of decorum. 'It was mortifying to 'hear an aged judge, revered for talents and usefulness, 'swearing without provocation like an ensign of the last 'age in his teens.' Yet he considered himself a pillar of orthodoxy against the treacherous teachings of the Edinburgh philosophers and men of letters, whose principles he disliked as tending to scepticism and revolution, and whose occupations and tastes a man of his temperament was incapable of appreciating. Mr. Ramsay, on the whole, is disposed to take a kindly view of his contemporaries; and doubtless the leniency shown in his sketch of Braxfield is due to the fact that, being a contemporary, he shared the exaggerated fears of his age, and however much he may have reprobated the rough manner of the Lord Justice Clerk in the criminal trials of 1793–94, he believed after all that the judge was maintaining law and constitutional government against the assaults of those who were little better than Jacobins. To Lord Cockburn, who could look back upon these troubled times with a calmer mind than was possible to those in whose ears the horrors of the French

Revolution were ringing, Lord Braxfield appeared in far darker colours :—

‘The giant of the Bench was Braxfield. His very name makes people start yet. Strong built and dark, with rough eyebrows, powerful eyes, threatening lips, and a low growling voice, he was like a formidable blacksmith. His accent and his dialect were exaggerated Scotch. His language, like his thoughts, short, strong, and conclusive. . . . Illiterate and without any taste for refined enjoyment, strength of understanding which gave him power without cultivation, only encouraged him to a more contemptuous disdain of all natures less coarse than his own.’ *

To Lord Cockburn Braxfield appeared, in the political trials at the end of last century, to be the very ‘Jeffreys of Scotland.’ Sympathetic consideration for prisoners was not at that time a characteristic of the Scottish Bench; and, after all, the rollicking remark of Lord Braxfield to an eloquent culprit, ‘You’re a clever chiel, man, but ye wad be ‘nane the waur o’ a hanging!’ was not more unfeeling than the exclamation of the philosopher Lord Kames, who, when the jury had convicted of murder, on a trial before him, one Matthew Hay, with whom in his youth he had been in the habit of playing chess, triumphantly observed, ‘That’s check-mate to you now, Matthew!’

In the days described by Mr. Ramsay it is almost needless to remark upon the much greater relative importance among Scottish institutions which then belonged to the General Assembly of the Church. Scottish political representation in Parliament, from the Union to the time of the Reform Act of 1832, was far less popular than in England; and it was in the General Assembly rather than in Parliament that promising young advocates and rising Scottish statesmen often first attracted the attention of their countrymen to their political abilities and talent for debate. It was as members of the General Assembly that Wedderburn and Sir Gilbert Elliot, and many other distinguished laymen of the eighteenth century, showed in their debates with the leading statesmen of the Church those talents which afterwards gave them such influence in the more important arena at Westminster. The General Assembly was, and is, a great representative council with judicial and legislative powers, supreme within its own sphere, and which has, indeed, at times claimed full authority to define the limits of that sphere—a claim which inevitably involves a supremacy of the ecclesi-

* Lord Cockburn’s ‘Memorials of his Time.’

astical over the civil institutions of the country, which 'the State' can never allow to 'the Church.' In the palmy days of the Church the Assembly assumed to control the religion of Scotchmen, even when not belonging to their own communion; and early in the eighteenth century the Church Courts, fully supported by the Court of Session, had imprisoned an Episcopalian clergyman for performing in Edinburgh the service of the Church of England. The House of Lords, however, reversed the decision of the Court of Session, and the jurisdiction of the Church Courts has since been restrained to dealing with its own members. In the Assembly the great contests turned upon the views taken of the proper method of appointing ministers: patronage, upheld by 'the Moderates,' versus 'election by the congregation,' advocated by the 'popular' party. Mr. Ramsay follows the same method of treatment he pursued when treating of the lawyers of his day—i.e. he gives us short accounts of the more eminent of the leading men and of their policy, with remarks of his own upon their characters and careers. It is strange that, amongst the many distinguished churchmen of the eighteenth century, the name of Principal Robertson, the historian, is hardly mentioned. Yet he was the most prominent leader of the Church that that century produced. From the moment when he first rose in the Assembly of 1751 to second a motion brought forward by John Home, the author of 'Douglas,' to suspend a recalcitrant presbytery for refusing to settle a duly presented minister in the teeth of the almost unanimous opposition of his intended congregation, it was felt that a new power had arisen. At once he caught the ear of the Assembly. 'His argument was so lucid, his sentences were so finely balanced, his principles so broad and so fitly applied, that though he had never spoken in the Assembly before, he at once, by the splendour of his eloquence, eclipsed its greatest orators.' His influence rapidly grew, and for twenty years before he retired, in 1780, known as the period of Robertson's administration, he was

'the Dictator of the Church, and though this administration was based upon nothing but the greatness of his name and the persuasiveness of his speeches, it was more stable than many administrations which bristle with bayonets and flatter with bribes. Till Robertson's time the Government had frequently dictated to the leaders of the Church the policy they should pursue; but Robertson uniformly resisted such interference. He was resolved to be independent, though he resolved to support the existing order of things. He set two great objects before

him—to strengthen patronage, and to improve the criminal procedure of the Church. He succeeded in both. He found the call competing with the presentation; he left it stript of its ancient power. He found the Presbyteries mutinous; and he left them thoroughly subdued. He found the Assembly guided by no precedents, and bound by no rule in the prosecution of offenders; he insisted upon the same strictness as was observed in other courts of justice, and left behind him a series of decisions which were long venerated as a kind of common law in the Church.'

In these few sentences from Dr. Cunninghame's excellent 'History of the Church of Scotland' we get from his description of the great leader of the Moderates a clearer insight into the Church politics of the century than can be gathered from the many pages which Mr. Ramsay has devoted to sketching the characters and careers of less distinguished men. Broad questions of Church politics, however, often for a time yielded in public interest to the sharp controversies that arose over the incidents of some 'heresy case,' or the enforcement of a rigid Church discipline over some bold and possibly rebellious brother. The contest between the scepticism of Hume, favoured by the 'literati of Edinburgh,' and the orthodoxy of Aberdeen, as represented by Beattie and Reid, however interesting to the world of letters, could not arouse popular feeling to the extent to which it was stirred by the proceedings against John Home, the minister of Atherstone, author of the famous tragedy of 'Douglas.' National sentiment was prepared to recognise in Home a second Shakespeare, and to attribute to purely English prejudice the refusal of Garrick to produce the play at Drury Lane. Accordingly when in the year 1756 the play was acted in Edinburgh, it was received with the wildest enthusiasm by the public, whilst, on the other hand, numbers of respectable people were scandalised that any play should have been composed by a minister of the Church, and that several of his clerical brethren should have been present in the playhouse to see it acted. 'The popular clergy joined in the outcry against the piece all the more that it was highly applauded by the 'Moderate side and its philosophic friends.' Mr. Home saved himself from deposition only by resigning his charge, and most of the ministers who had witnessed the performance rather abjectly submitted themselves to the censures of the Church. To be charged with 'familiarily keeping company with players,' who were in the eyes of the law persons of bad fame, was no light matter in those days,

and the tide was running too strong for even the ability and courage of the liberal-minded Robertson to protect his friends from the consequences of their rash actions. The drama had, however, its revenge; for it is said that when in later years Mrs. Siddons visited Edinburgh during a session of the General Assembly, that Court was obliged, in order to secure a full attendance of its members, to appoint its important business for the days when the great actress did not perform!

The larger part of Mr. Ramsay's second volume is occupied rather with the social life of his own time and that immediately preceding it than with civil or ecclesiastical politics, the writings of the philosophers, or the proceedings of the courts of law. The habits and dress of the gentry, the fashions of the ladies, the appearance of country houses, and the condition of agriculture all claim his attention. His observations are mainly with reference to his own part of the country, including the 'varied realms of 'fair Menteith' and the neighbouring parts of Stirling and Clackmannanshire, the bulk of which had been for a couple of centuries held by gentlemen of middling fortune, as it would then have been considered, or of from 500*l.* to 800*l.* a year. In reality their lands were held by them as vassals under a superior lord, of whom the Earl of Perth was the principal in that district. The sons of the middling gentry got their education at the neighbouring parish school side by side with the sons of their humbler neighbours, 'going every morning, foul day and fair day, carrying their little dinner with them, and if the school were at a distance getting boarded at a trifling expense in some town or village.' Thus along with the good feeling and sentiments of attachment between the superior lord and his vassals and followers, there also existed an intimacy from childhood between the smaller gentry and the humbler ranks of the rural population, which must have been highly beneficial to both. Amongst the more considerable families of the gentry, however, it was usual to send the eldest son to study the civil law at a Dutch or German university, and afterwards to France to 'learn their exercises and see the world.' The younger sons, generally speaking, had to make their way, and it does not seem to have occurred to Scotchmen at that date that they ought all to stay at home, and have things made comfortable for them, by a benevolent and paternal government.

'If the heir was generally suffered to lead an idle life, a great pro-

portion of the younger sons were sent betimes to push their fortune in the wide world. In the seventeenth century they commonly entered into foreign service, there being few countries in Europe where the Scots have not distinguished themselves in one shape or other. The Union, however, produced many changes in people's views. Henceforth, a number of these young adventurers found their way to North America and the East or West Indies. They generally began with small stocks and few advantages; yet some of them were exceedingly successful. Some, who did not take the duties of government, went into the Scotch-Dutch brigades. And the thriving state of Glasgow made many people breed their second sons to trade and manufactures, in preference to the army and the learned professions.'

The smaller gentry lived plainly and frugally enough. 'Unless at festivals, or upon ceremonious occasions, when the dining room was used, people lived mostly in the family bedchamber, where friends and neighbours were received without scruple . . . and when strangers stayed all night, it was common to lay two gentlemen or two ladies that were not acquainted in the same bed.' The frugality and simplicity of ordinary rural life yielded, however, on great occasions to excessive indulgence. With the Episcopalians Christmas was a season 'of great fulness,' the more rigid Presbyterians preferring to postpone their own feasts till the last night of the year, and nicknaming the holidays of Christmas week the 'daft days.' Christmas holidays, days of marriages, and days of christening, however, alike yielded in extravagance of entertainment to days of funeral, when for miles round the relatives and neighbours of the deceased assembled together for the interment, and rarely separated till the bounds of moderation and sobriety had long been passed. In dress, as in other respects, the ordinary modes of our ancestors were unostentatious. Ladies, as well as gentlemen, wore the plaid, and till the middle of the eighteenth century the milliner business was hardly established in Edinburgh. According to Mr. Ramsay, there were only some five or six milliners in Edinburgh as late as 1759; and 'since so few had an interest in changing or inflaming the fashions, it is not surprising that the ladies' headdress and other decorations should be stationary.' The laird's dwelling was far less tidy than a modern third-rate farmhouse, the taste for neat well-kept policies being long confined to the richer sort of gentry. Enclosures and plantations have greatly changed the appearance of the country; and the great increase of timber is attributed by Mr. Ramsay to the policy followed by the Crown and Church of *fencing* out their lands.

‘Most of our best trees were undoubtedly planted by feuars of one denomination or another; how are we to wonder at it? The very idea of property operated in all probability with greater force than the rules and regulations prescribed to the King’s feuars. A tenant is seldom any friend to the rearing of trees, his attention being confined to crops suited to his lease and abilities; nor will he willingly labour when he knows that another man is to reap the fruits of his toil and care. Whereas he who obtains a perpetuity extends by easy transition his views to future times, to him it is a matter of little consequence whether his son or grandson be to benefit from his plantations. If the profit be remote, his pleasure in making them and marking their progress is immediate as well as continued.’

Our author would have concurred in the well-known advice given by the laird of Dumbiedykes on his deathbed to his son and heir: ‘Jock! when ye hae naething else to do, ye may aye be sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye’re sleeping. My father tauld me sae forty years sin’, but I ne’er fand time to mind him.’

It was long before the practice of pre-arranged country house visits became common. People used to visit each other on chance; and when guests arrived in this unexpected way ‘it was the *ton* to have dinner precisely at the hour, to ‘remove all suspicion of the family being surprised or in ‘want of provisions.’ The usual hours in the country for some years after 1745 were: breakfast between eight and nine, dinner precisely at one, and supper at eight; but amongst those who pretended to fashion, two o’clock was preferred for the dinner hour. The host and his guests being generally on very easy terms, no great efforts were made at entertainment, and ‘broth, with a couple of fowls ‘newly killed or a joint of meat, was thought no bad dinner.’ In the summer time lamb and chicken were plentiful enough, but ‘beef was seldom fit for killing till October or ‘November. Salmon, which is now a luxury, was then cheap and plentiful, being in the summer months the chief food of ‘the servants.’ The practice of slaughtering cattle in November made that month the great season for country festivity and good cheer. The Scottish breakfast has always been considered a substantial repast, and in the beginning of the eighteenth century it already deserved its reputation. ‘It consisted of ‘collops, fish, cold meat, eggs, milk pottage, &c., to which ‘was added water-gruel, *skink*—a species of soup peculiar ‘to Scotland—strongale, or a glass of wine and water. The ‘solidity of that meal was the less extraordinary that in ‘those days people generally rose very early in the morning, ‘either to business or sport.’ Indeed, Mr. Ramsay tells us

that at the end of the preceding century lawyers often held their consultations 'at four and five in the morning, sometimes in the tavern where they got *skink* and sweet wine by 'way of whet.'

Tea-drinking came in from England, rapidly increasing between 1715 and 1745, by which time it had become the common breakfast drink in most gentlemen's families among Mr. Ramsay's neighbours.

'The drinking of tea is an important era in female manners as well as in housekeeping. It afforded a cheap and elegant repast to ceremonious company who came rather to pay their compliments than with a view to eating or drinking. Accordingly we see from the "Spectator" and "Guardian" that the tea table was then the rendezvous of the fair and the gay, and the place where polite conversation was chiefly carried on. The same thing took place in Scotland, and contributed not a little to soften and polish manners.'

Amongst 'alcoholic liquors,' to use the modern phrase, French wine had long been the favourite drink of the gentry of Scotland. It was sold extraordinarily cheap till after the Union. Afterwards high duties and interruption in the trade with France greatly increased its price, so that gentlemen of moderate fortune could not afford to keep it in their houses for the benefit of themselves and their friends, though they 'hardly drank anything else at the 'tavern,' where much of the social life of the time was passed.

It was in the matter of equipage that nobility and gentry on ceremonious occasions loved to make a display, priding themselves on the showiness of their servants and horses. On such occasions

'a loose was given to vanity and expense; but in common, when the gentlemen went abroad, they affected somewhat of the military character, being well mounted, and both they and their servants having pistols before them. In those days a wheel carriage was regarded chiefly as one of the appendages of greatness and fortune, not as one of the comforts of life. Indeed the roads all over Scotland were so rough and narrow, that it could not be used with safety and pleasure unless within a few miles of Edinburgh, and therefore all ranks of people travelled from choice on horseback.'

Persons of high rank were generally preceded by a running footman or two, who kept up with the riders even during long journeys, and who made themselves extremely useful in case of any accident upon the road.

Mr. Ramsay at some length describes his own circumstances as a landlord, and the course of his dealings with

his tenants. On succeeding his father in 1759, he found the tenants occupying their lands on the terms and conditions of nineteen-year leases which had expired in 1754; possessing their farms, that is to say, by 'tacit relocation,' neither landlord nor tenant having any security for the continuance of the term. The prolongation of such an uncertain state of things was for the benefit of neither party to the bargain, and Mr. Ramsay therefore thought it advisable to follow the usual custom of the country in granting fresh nineteen-year leases, which he survived long enough to renew at the expiration of two subsequent terms. Written leases of land have been customary in Scotland since a very early period. As Mr. Ramsay says:—

'Many of the more respectable farmers were probably descended of the *rentallors* or *kindly tenants* described in our law books, who formed in the Middle Ages a very numerous and powerful body. But in the course of the last three centuries the greatest part of them became *feuars* or *tacks*men. Though this produced a general rise of rents and other unpalatable changes, some great families, either from policy or tenderness, continued almost to our own times to tread in the footsteps of their ancestors. They laid it down as a rule never to change tenants that behaved well; neither were the rents raised, they being satisfied with *grassums*, or *fines*, which Lord Stair observes was always a mark of kindness. But as that tenure could no longer be depended upon, it imported those favoured tenants to have *tacks* in writing for a definite term of years. We have had these in this country very far back, at a time when few countrymen could read or write. The hardships experienced by that class of people after the Reformation made them solicitous to have legal security. Whatever their origin, there were lately in most country parishes tribes of husbandmen who prided themselves on their old standing in the barony.'

Whilst, however, easy terms were almost universally granted to tenants on the larger estates, where the land was owned by smaller men, or where it happened to be sublet, the occupants were usually much more severely rented. 'The hardest masters were the lesser *feuars*, who, being themselves countrymen, knew the full value of the land, and had not the smallest scruple at racking their dependants. It has often been observed that there are no oppressors so unfeeling as the *bonnet laird* and the tenant who has power to sublet.' Hence, clauses came to be generally inserted in leases prohibiting the practice of subletting. The method of cultivation was exceedingly primitive till the great step in advance was taken of substituting for the 'runrig system' and the joint occupation of farms by several tenants, the

division of the land into separate individually held farms. Under the former system 'the several tenants had ridge 'about of every field,' as far as the arable portion of the land was concerned, whilst far the largest portion of the holding, known as the 'cut field,' was pastured by the tenants in common. Each tenant had, therefore, an individual property only in a constantly changing portion of the arable land, and in cattle of his own which grazed along with the cattle of his brother tenants. When the harvest was gathered in, the whole of the arable land was pastured in common. The houses of the tenants were built of hardened turf and thatched with straw and heather, wheel carts were unknown, and sledges were employed for loading the corn. The life led by the farmers of those days was penurious in the extreme; yet, though they dressed in homespun and took their meals with their servants, regarding even oatmeal porridge as a luxury, as compared with the 'bearmeal' upon which they usually lived, very many of them contrived to amass considerable sums of money, and were even able to follow the example of the wealthy citizens in the towns in lending money at interest to the impecunious amongst the nobility and gentry of their neighbourhood. Assuredly they were not deficient in industry, that is if there was a good prospect of a speedy return; for 'they laid their account 'that any extraordinary outlay or exertion on their part 'would in the long run redound as much to their master's 'profit as to their own, and they had no mind to work for 'him. They therefore had a system of their own, founded 'on long experience, and suited to small capitals and tacks 'of nineteen years.'

At the present day a sentiment has grown up amongst those who have little practical knowledge of land in favour of the old township farm system, which still exists in the more backward districts of the Highlands and islands. Yet it is clear that the system withdrew from each individual occupier almost every inducement to improve his position. Great as was the advantage to owner and occupier of the land alike from the abolition of *runrig*, the division of townships, and their separation into distinct separate farms of from fifty to sixty acres in size, the changes were unpopular at the time, as running counter to ancient methods and old prejudices. Similarly with regard to the growing practice of enclosing the land with fences or stone dykes, which was due to the great developement of the Scotch cattle trade caused by the strong demand of the English

markets. In Galloway the new practice, being somewhat impatiently urged forward, was so unpopular that great ferment was caused, 'men in women's clothes going about 'the country levelling the dykes.'

Yet Mr. Ramsay declares that of all the methods used to turn land to good account, enclosure afforded the greatest and most immediate profit at the least expense:—

'The only thing required was the building a stone dyke, for it was not even necessary to sow grass seeds. Yet the very next season it produced a moderate rent in grass, and in three or four years a very high one, when the pasture was excellent. The rich infield ground produced spontaneously rib grass, white, yellow, and red clover, with the other plants of which cattle are fondest. And the most wretched outfields were filled with what was no less useful to the grazier in its season—viz. plants which stand the winter, and supply the outlying cattle with wholesome food when the finer kinds are over. It is no incurious part of the economy of nature that manure and high cultivation should banish those coarse hardy plants, and substitute the finer grasses in their room, in a scanty degree, which are commonly gone by November.'

That the improved system of agriculture has been contemporaneous with an immensely improved condition of the labourers as well as of the tenants is abundantly proved. At the time that Mr. Ramsay succeeded to his estate, and for many years afterwards, the ordinary household of a farmer in the district of Menteith

'consisted of a *big* man, a *little* man, and a *pleghan*, i.e. a lad of fifteen or sixteen who could drive the plough or thresh occasionally—a little boy to herd the cattle in the labouring time, and a couple of maidservants. . . . About 1730 our best ploughmen had only 40s. a year besides bounties, i.e. certain articles of apparel manufactured in the family, which amounted to a third of the wages. The little man had about 11*l.* Scots (the Scots pound is usually taken at 1*s.* 8*d.* sterling), the pleghan 5*l.* or 6*l.*, and the maidservants 8*l.*, exclusive of bounties.'

The servants, as has been said, were lodged by their employer, took their meals with him, and received, under the name of bounties, a large portion of their necessary clothing.

Mr. Ramsay follows with much care the fluctuations of the farming business throughout the second half of last century. Good seasons, then as now, were succeeded by bad seasons, but the high prices which prevailed in times of scarcity greatly diminished to the farmer the loss due to deficiency in quantity, and hence it was the general consumer rather than the farming class that had to bear the

hardships of a great failure in production. Prices were, of course, regulated by the home supply. The country was occasionally on the very verge of famine; money was voted by Parliament to relieve the starving population of the northern counties; and the country gentry and magistrates of burghs did their best to supply meal to the labourers and tradesmen on terms far below the market prices. Yet even of the great dearth of 1782 Mr. Ramsay declares that, 'strange as it may sound, nothing in his remembrance so much raised the spirits or bettered the circumstances of the tenants.'

Mr. Ramsay's difficulty as a landlord was the old one—viz. how to discover what was a fair rent to ask for a series of years, and how to adjust matters with the tenants so as to prevent its being to their interest to 'scourge the land' towards the end of the lease. The difficulties which Parliament now tries to solve by passing Acts to fix 'fair rents' and 'compensation for improvements' had then to be met by arrangements between the parties themselves, who were probably far more competent on both sides than Parliament (in Scotland at all events) to make satisfactory bargains for their own protection. In spite of Parliament the rent of land will in the long run be settled by the market price; yet it may be doubted whether it has ever been possible in this country to deal in the matter of hiring and letting land on strictly commercial principles. A man may sell land at the highest price he can get for it, and he will no more be blamed than for getting a high price in the sale of goods. Public opinion looks differently upon negotiations between a landlord and an offering tenant. The former must see that the latter does not offer too much, or should it turn out that he has done so, the landlord will be expected to let him off or modify his bargain.

Probably under the lease system of Scotland there was much more of the element of commercial dealing between landlord and farmer than in England; and assuredly the increased prosperity which accrued under the Scotch system to the landed classes, whether owners, occupiers, or labourers, as well as to the land itself, far surpassed what was seen elsewhere. Many of Mr. Ramsay's friends amongst the neighbouring gentry blamed him for the excessively favourable bargains he made with his tenants; but he went his own way, and saw no reason to repent his actions.

'I have lived,' he writes, 'in times when all ranks of men have been changing their modes and manners and sentiments, some for the

better, and others for the worse. During my course there have been new maxims laid down by proprietors and men of business which sounded to me harsh, precipitate, and impolitic. Indeed, for nearly fifty years after I commenced a country gentleman, no character was in lower repute than that of a harsh and avaricious landlord, it being confined to a few persons whom nobody thought of taking for their oracles. In those days it could not be foreseen that the time would come when the raising of rents should occupy the attention of proprietors great and small. If this be at present the ruling passion of that description of men, it surely does not savour of heroism or patriotism. Without a portion of self-denial and benevolence, neither public nor private virtue can be very pure or attractive. What a miserable state of society would it be, were it creditable for every man to make as hard a bargain as he could with his inferiors and dependants! It must necessarily abound in poverty, rancour, and chicane. No man, then, who wishes well to his country, would like to see that vile spirit predominate among his neighbours, high or low. It would, if carried to a great pitch, make the world little better than a purgatory.'

This view of Mr. Ramsay's shows that what is sometimes called the feudal relation of a landlord to his dependants may be a good deal more satisfactory to the latter than the relations of a purely commercial character between lessor and lessee of land have become. His generous dealing with his tenants had its reward in the confidence and good feeling with which they regarded him. Yet in one instance even he found it impossible to get on with a tenant, and the latter had to go. But then the tenant was one with whom others besides his landlord found it difficult to work, one 'no less obstinate than singular in his theories, outdoing any seceder in splitting hairs and starting at straws. He had already quarrelled with his minister—an antiburgher as stiff and dogmatic as himself—not about morals, but on some ecclesiastic point. As neither of them would yield, one of the children remained unchristened for years, to the great scandal of the neighbours,' the unfortunate nameless child being known in its family as 'the body' till an ultimate reconciliation between father and minister enabled it with a name of its own to enter the Christian community!

In 1790 Mr. Ramsay paid a two-day visit to that out-of-the-way little mining village of Leadhills, perched high up amongst the wildest hills of Lanarkshire, described between seventy and eighty years later by Dr. John Brown in his delightful account of a visit to the Enterkin. Mr. Ramsay tells us how, half a century before his visit, the place was rapidly going to decay, the mining company was burdened with

debt, the houses of the village were hardly better than ruins, and the miners themselves were idle and dissipated. In 1736, however, a new era of prosperity began for Lead-hills, when an able and accomplished man, Mr. James Stirling, who had lived much abroad, known amongst his contemporaries as 'the Venetian,' took up his residence there as manager for the company, and for more than thirty years exerted himself in the improvement of the mines and in adding to the comfort and wellbeing of the miners. The village is situated at a great height above the sea; not indeed at the height of 2,000 feet, as stated by Mr. Ramsay, but still higher, we believe, than any other village in Great Britain; and so much exposed to the blasts of winter that, according to our author, the trees had to be tied to the ground by ropes lest they should be blown away! Mr. Ramsay and Dr. Brown both notice the strange remoteness of the village from the rest of the world, and both are struck by what, according to the latter, 'you never before didn't see 'in a Scottish village. . . . *There is not a hen to be seen!* They 'would be all poisoned by the lead in the gravel they pick 'up.' Mr. Stirling founded the village library, and in 1790 Mr. Ramsay finds that it contains 'some hundreds of books, 'divinity, history, novels, and travels, and if trash was 'sometimes admitted it was to please individuals not free 'from prejudice.' The laws of the society 'breathed some- 'what of a republican spirit,' being evidently inspired by jealousy of the influence of the Earl of Hopetoun and the managers of the mining company. They suggested to Mr. Ramsay the laws of the little republic of San Marino. The idle and dissipated character of the miners complained of before the reign of 'the Venetian' was never again the character of the inhabitants, and to judge from the serious contents of the library in 1865, even 'individuals not free 'from prejudice' must have been singularly few in the little community. Dr. Brown found the

'people thoughtful and solid, great readers and churchgoers. Like all natives of such forlorn out-of-the-way places, they cannot understand how anyone can be happy anywhere else; and when one of them leaves the wild unlovely place, they accompany him with wondering pity to the outskirts of their paradise, and never cease to implore and expect his return for good. . . . To anyone looking into the catalogue of the Lead-hills Reading Society, selected by the men themselves for their own uses and tastes, it is manifest that the miners are a hard-reading people. Their library is one of the oldest and best village libraries in the kingdom, having been founded in 1741, when the worthy miners of that day . . . "condescended upon certain articles and laws" as grave and thorough

as if they were the constitution of a commonwealth, and as sturdily independent as if no earl was their superior and master.'

An excellent road connecting the valley of the Clyde with that of the Nith now runs through the village, which in Ramsay's day could be reached only by pedestrians and pack-horses. The wild character of the place, however, still remains, and it is pleasant that Dr. Brown should have found the people so thoroughly worthy of all the efforts and time bestowed upon their ancestors by the indefatigable 'Venetian.'

Mr. Ramsay has taken a wide survey of life in Scotland during half a century, and the reading public are indebted to the editor for the labour he has undergone in extracting from such a mass of manuscripts so much varied and interesting information.

ART. VIII.—*Mémoires du Maréchal de Villars*, publiés d'après le manuscrit original pour la Société de l'Histoire de France. Deux tomes. Paris: 1884-87.

THE author of this work, which now appears in a genuine form for the first time, was one of the most illustrious of the soldiers of France. The splendid qualities which made Villars distinguished in many passages of arms, and which probably saved the Bourbon monarchy in one of the darkest phases of its varying fortunes, were no doubt combined with very marked defects, which largely diminished his influence in the State, and lower our estimate of his striking character. He possessed genius in war in a high degree, remarkable insight and daring in the field, and energy and tenacity beyond praise; and he was able to combine with conspicuous skill those great movements on which success on a wide theatre of operations depends. But he lacked some of the gifts of the most renowned captains: he was so arrogant and full of self-conceit that he was an unsafe colleague in council and in the camp; he was deficient in tact and in self-restraint, and did not obtain, in dealing with men, the authority due to his powerful faculties; and, like those who have never thoroughly learned to obey, he occasionally missed the secret of command and failed to secure assent to the best devised projects. These flaws in his character were clearly brought out, and were attended, more than once, with evil results when, as often happened, it became his lot to treat with allies and dependents of France; and they injured his reputation, and, for a long time, pre-

vented his reaching the great position he ought to have attained as a master of war, to the certain and lasting detriment of the State.

Yet, notwithstanding these faults and shortcomings, Villars stands in the first rank of the warriors of his age; and, though inferior to either in his peculiar sphere, the great qualities of Condé and Turenne were to be found largely united in him. His achievements, too, when at the head of armies were very remarkable and even grand; and certainly he would have risen to the height of fame but for his numerous errors of temper and judgement. He was almost always successful in the field; and alone among the generals of France he may fairly be said to have been invincible in the calamitous War of the Spanish Succession. He saw even Marlborough retreat before him; he twice baffled and overcame Eugène; and he would have dictated peace at Vienna had he been allowed to execute his great scheme of marching down the Danube in 1703—the finest conception of any chief of that day, and carried out by Napoleon in another age. The most glorious part of the career of Villars is, however, that in which, in the darkest hour of peril and disaster, his master committed the last army of France to his hands, and he emerged triumphant from the desperate conflict. His defeat at Malplaquet was, in its results, a victory, for it all but broke up the Grand Alliance; Denain, like Zürich, a hundred years afterwards, rolled permanently back invasion from France; and Villars closed a magnificent campaign by driving Eugène from Alsace and the Rhine, and utterly discomfiting the imperial armies. Like most, too, of the great generals of that time, Villars played a part in diplomatic affairs; but, though he negotiated the peace of Rastadt with his old rival and friend Eugène, the peculiar faults of his mind and his nature made him unsuccessful in missions of this kind. As an envoy at Vienna in 1698–1700 he failed to understand the course of events, and gave proof of want of insight and tact; and the arrogance and impatience with which he treated the Elector of Bavaria in 1702–3 not only frustrated his well-laid plans, but were the cause of great misfortunes to France. If he was scarcely inferior to Marlborough in the field, he cannot be named with the great Englishman as a leader and a director of men; and he was wholly devoid of that serene self-command, that conciliatory temper, and that perfect judgement, which, spite of endless jealousies, rivalries, and disputes, kept the allies together until success had been

assured by Marlborough's sword. In one respect, however, Villars deserves high praise apart from his warlike exploits: his nature was singularly humane and merciful; and the clemency he showed in pacifying the Cevennes is not the least of his titles to renown.

The circumstances connected with the present work are not without historical interest. The 'Memoirs of Villars,' as they have been commonly called, have found a place in European letters, and have been quoted from by many writers; but the publications that have borne the name have been, to a considerable extent, apocryphal. A few months after the death of Villars a volume issued from the press of the Hague, which contains a fairly exact transcript of the first part of the Villars MSS.; but the main portion of the original text was probably never seen by the unknown editor, and the residue of the work, though given the name of 'Memoirs,' was merely a compilation of no real value. At the death, in 1770, of the only son of Villars, the papers of his father became the property of M. de Vogüé, a nephew of Villars, and an ancestor of the editor of this book; but they had been lent to the well-known Marshal Castries, and M. de Vogüé and the marshal entrusted the MSS. to M. Anquetil, a man of letters of note at the time. In 1784 the 'Memoirs of Villars' were published as an authentic work; but M. Anquetil had manipulated the text to suit the false and shallow taste of the day, had omitted whole passages, and made many changes; and the book is to some extent spurious, though it has been edited over and over again, and for a century it has passed as genuine. Meanwhile, with the assent of one of the Vogüé family, M. Anquetil had deposited the MSS. in the library of the Abbey of St. Geneviève, and, having passed, after many vicissitudes, through the hands of another line of the descendants of Villars, the present representative of the house of Vogüé, a great-great-grand-nephew of the renowned warrior, has become the owner of these precious papers. M. de Vogüé has given us in these volumes, published by the 'Society for the History of France' under his superintendence and watchful care, a first instalment of the entire collection; and it may be truly said that the real 'Memoirs of Villars' can now be read for the first time as they flowed from the pen of their distinguished author. The MSS. are, fortunately, nearly complete, a fragment only having been lost; and this deficiency has been supplied from the text of the first volume published at the Hague, which, we have said, was in the main genuine.

The work has been illustrated by valuable notes, and by extracts from the correspondence of Villars; and passages have been added from State papers and other documents of a similar kind which throw fresh light on the great soldier's narrative.

This first part of the 'Memoirs of Villars' forms an autobiography of peculiar interest. It describes in detail the part he played as a subordinate and a general in command in the great wars in which France was engaged from 1672 to 1707; and it tells us a good deal about those famous campaigns. It illustrates, too, more than one passage in the diplomatic history of the time; and its account of the embassy of Villars to the Court of Vienna adds to our knowledge respecting the Partition Treaty and the antecedents of the War of the Spanish Succession. The great value of the Memoirs, however, consists in the portrait they give of Villars himself; and this is singularly effective, striking, and lifelike. The book, like that of Montaigne, is of perfect good faith, and the whole character of the author stands out in clear relief from its vivid pages. We see the daring soldier at the cannon's mouth, and the chief of armies conquering adverse fortune; but we see also the baffled dupe of politicians more wily and patient, and the petulant colleague who could not brook contradiction or know how to yield or to compromise, and whose overbearing nature was a grievous defect. Above all, the Memoirs bring fully out the most distinctive feature of the character of the man—his arrogance, vanity, and extravagant self-conceit. Take, for instance, the opening lines of the book, in which Villars sets forth his own achievements, and compare it with the simple modesty of Turenne:—

'Louis Hector, Duke of Villars, Peer and Marshal of France, Prince of Martigues, Viscount Melun, Commander of the Orders of the King, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Governor of the Towns, Fortresses, and Villages of Fribourg and the Brisgau, Governor-General of the Three Bishoprics and of the Metz Country, Governor-General of Provence, Arles, and the adjoining territory, Generalissimo of the King's Armies, his Plenipotentiary and Ambassador Extraordinary for the Treaty of Peace at Rastadt, and Chief of the Embassy for the signing of the General Peace at Baden, and then President of the Council of War and of the Council of the Regency, is the personage who writes these Memoirs. Great events will be described in them. After many engagements of note, and after great battles, the fortunes of the State were placed in his hands; and perhaps it is without example that the same general should have commanded such large armies during so many years in circumstances of extreme difficulty, should have so happily brought a terrible

war to an end, and should have concluded and signed peace with the general who stood highest in esteem in the camp of the enemy.'

Villars was born in 1652. The family from which he sprang had been great feudal lords in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and had given the Church some eminent prelates; but it had dwindled away in the changes of time, and, at the accession of Louis XIV. to the throne, it retained only a fragment of its old lands in Dauphiné. Pierre de Villars, the father of the future warrior, distinguished himself in the service of the State; he won an honourable name as a soldier, and was a diplomatist of more than ordinary gifts; and in this respect his illustrious son stood in remarkable contrast to him. He was, however, hardly treated by fortune: his patrimony was wasted in the costly duties of representation at foreign Courts; and having married a kinswoman of Marshal Bellefonds, he fell under the displeasure of Louvois, was never a favourite at Saint-Germain, and failed to obtain the advancement he deserved. Young Villars was cradled, so to speak, in indigence, and was brought up at a Royal Foundation, at which education was given, without charge, to selected children of the poorer noblesse; but he felt the stirrings of genius at an early age, and he informs us, with characteristic conceit, that he never doubted that he would attain greatness. In 1670, when in his nineteenth year, the lad adopted the profession of arms, the one great career for the youth of his order; and in a short time he had made himself conspicuous for feats of extraordinary courage and daring. He was one of the first of the gallant horsemen who dashed into the Rhine, under the Dutch batteries, in the memorable campaign of 1672; he was ever foremost in the great cavalry charges which were a marked feature of the tactics of the day; and he repeatedly sought permission to quit the camp, and to serve as a volunteer in the famous sieges of the fortresses of the Rhine and the Netherlands. He attracted the notice of Louis XIV. by his heroism in the breach of Maestricht; showed remarkable presence of mind and boldness in the operations before Saint-Omer; and was thanked by the veteran Créqui, at the head of his staff, as, glittering in gold lace and embroidery, he led a forlorn hope to the assault of Kehl. Villars, however, was in these youthful days a great deal more than a mere brave soldier, a common figure enough in the ranks of his order. Like all who have attained distinction in war, he devoted himself with assiduous care to the study and practice of his noble

art; he made a name for himself in discharging the duties in which intelligence in his arm is most seen; he became versed in the science of sieges and in the artillery tactics of the day—knowledge which stood him in good stead in after years. He thus became at an early age a cavalry officer of a high order; and his diligence, his attention to the details of the service, and his admirable skill in tracking out the enemy and his movements, at the head of a band of light horse—a quality of peculiar value to a great strategist—received the marked commendation of Turenne, of all commanders the one least likely to admire mere courage, or to approve of conceit. Villars, too, gave proof, while as yet a subordinate, of that rapid insight and inspiration on the field in which, with the one exception of Marlborough, he surpassed all the generals of his time; his quick perception of the true meaning of the hostile movement before Seneffe won the hearty praise of the Grand Condé; and had his advice been followed at the siege of Saint-Omer, to seize a sudden opportunity to strike, the army of relief would have been completely beaten. The first instance of the *coup d'œil* of Villars in action, justly commended by Luxemburg, deserves notice:—

‘The Marquis de Villars caused a bridge over the Piennes brook to be repaired, and was about to cross, in order to fall on the flank of the enemy’s right, already assailed by our troops in front, when Chamlay came up with directions from Monsieur to march towards the centre, where we had lost some ground. “If,” replied the Marquis de Villars, our centre is shaken, I shall arrive too late; but the enemy’s right is giving way, and I think it better to break up that wing; if the battle is endangered where you say it is, we shall certainly gain it in the way I say, so I shall charge.” Chamlay, perceiving that the Marquis de Villars was following his original design, went to M. de Soubise, in command of the cavalry on the left, and he countermanded the projected movement. Nevertheless, seeing that the Marquis de Villars was right, he said, “had it been another aide-de-camp than Chamlay he would not have insisted on the order being obeyed, but Chamlay possessed the confidence of the king.” The Marquis de Villars did as he was told, and some time afterwards Marshal Luxemburg, having stormed the abbey of Piennes, and perceiving that the enemy’s right was falling back without loss, said to the Marquis de Villars, “I wish Chamlay’s horse had broken a leg as he was bringing me that infernal order.” Undoubtedly the enemy’s army might have been routed; but it only lost its guns and was forced from the field, and in six weeks it was able to begin the campaign anew.’

Villars had obtained a regiment after three years’ service; and we may credit his assertion that his deeds of prowess

had been noted and admired in the enemy's camp. But the family was under the ban of Louvois; and the arrogance and vanity of the young colonel only aggravated the dislike of the powerful minister, and were not calculated to succeed at Court. After serving in 1683 for some weeks in operations in Spanish Flanders, Villars sought an opportunity, in 1687, to take part in the crusade against the Turk, in which, after the great siege of Vienna, the whole power of the Empire was engaged, backed by volunteers from many lands of Christendom. Louis XIV. had seen with aversion scores of his martial noblesse set off for the contest; but he allowed Villars to go to Vienna, though soon afterwards he sent him to Munich, on a mission to the Court of the Bavarian Elector. The purpose of the King was to observe this prince, who, like Amadeus of Savoy, was, for many years, an object of the unceasing intrigues of the rival houses of Hapsburg and Bourbon, and to gain him over to French interests; but Villars was directed to make no overtures, and simply to report what he saw to Versailles. The experiences of the envoy and his conduct curiously illustrate the diplomatic arts of the time. The Elector, a dissolute and unfaithful husband, was attached to the wife of one of the great men in Vienna; and Villars did not scruple to counteract this influence, by furnishing the prince with two new mistresses, and keeping up an assiduous connexion with them, not wholly innocent if scandal be true. War put an end to these intrigues of the boudoir; and Villars accompanied the Elector, with his contingent of troops, to take part in the struggle with the Turk already begun in the wild plains of Hungary. He made the acquaintance in these distant lands of two noble youths who, in after years, were to leave their mark on the history of the age—Eugène, driven by a slight from the Court of the great king, the conqueror of Turin, the comrade of Marlborough, and one of the most deadly enemies of France, but destined at last to yield to Villars; and Berwick, in whom the genius for war of the renowned Churchill was conspicuously seen, the victor of Almanza, who regained Spain, the skilful defender of France on her Alpine frontier, and the true successor of Turenne in that day. Villars witnessed and fought in the great fight of Mohacz, the first complete defeat which, for many years, the Osmanli had suffered in a struggle with the West; and, if his account be correct, he had a large share in contributing to the Christian triumph. With true military insight he urged the Elector to occupy an eminence threatened by the

foe, which formed an important point of vantage; and it was his advice, he asserts, which caused the Imperial generals to abandon a defensive which would have proved fatal, and to advance boldly against the Turkish horsemen:—

‘ I took the liberty of saying that all kinds of reasons were in favour of attacking, even though it had not been the first object of the campaign to fall on the enemy; that, as affairs now stood, it was our only course to adopt, because that, as the enemy was close at hand, we could not make ten or a dozen marches in retreat without giving him a favourable opportunity to strike; that we were losing every day a great many men in foraging; that the cavalry was becoming extremely fatigued, being continually in the saddle; that we were running short of ammunition; that the boldness of the enemy was increasing, and that our own troops might perhaps become demoralised. The Prince of Baden was also disposed to engage, and as soon as his Highness of Lorraine saw the janissaries approach he was of the same opinion.’

Villars made good use of his eyes in this campaign, and sent an intelligent report to Versailles of the condition and efficiency of the German armies. They were not to be compared with the legions of France formed and organised by the master hand of Louvois:—

‘ The Turks have not made them skilled in campaigning; and were they to conduct themselves in the face of your Majesty’s armies in the way they do in the case of their present enemies, it would be easy to harass and defeat them with little risk. As regards the chiefs, they are incapable men, and if they were not seconded by vigilant, attentive, and enterprising lieutenants, their hesitation and irresolution, their want of taking due precautions on a march, and their neglect in providing subsistence and munitions, and in looking after convoys and foraging parties, would place them in extreme difficulty.’

The Elector, upon his return from the Turkish war, became once more the mark of the intrigues of the politicians of Austria and France. The Emperor appealed to his German sympathies; upheld the claims of his brother to the Electorate of Cologne against his rival Fürstemberg; proposed, with the assent of Spain, that he should be given a part of Flanders; and even, it is said, sought the hand of his sister for the Archduke, the young King of Hungary. Louis, on the other hand, urged him to shake off the Hapsburg yoke, and to emancipate Germany; offered the all-powerful influence of France to have him declared the heir of the Empire, and promised, in the event of a league being formed to oppose the claims of the Dauphin to the monarchy of Spain, to cede the Two Sicilies to the Elector. Villars endeavoured to further his master’s policy; but,

though he is not sparing in extolling himself, he was outwitted by more adroit schemers, and ultimately the Elector took the side of Austria. This despatch contains the offers of Louis, and it is interesting to observe that in 1687, as had been the case twenty years before, the King claimed the succession of Charles II. of Spain as an appanage of the House of Bourbon, despite the renunciation made at his marriage* :—

‘ The King then offers the Elector of Bavaria, in exchange for an offensive and defensive alliance, his good offices to obtain the dignity of King of the Romans for him, and his effective co-operation to assist him to recover the rights which Bavaria has had over Ratisbon, Nuremberg, Augsburg, and territories lying between the Inn and the Danube, and finally subsidies, should these be necessary. In the event of the King of Spain dying without leaving children, if the Elector will enter into an immediate engagement to make war on those who should dispute the right of the Dauphin to a succession which ought to belong to him to the exclusion of everyone else, the King and the Dauphin would abandon their claims to the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily in his favour, and would place him in possession of these kingdoms.’

The great war of 1688–9 found Villars still at his post at Munich, whence he escaped to France after many adventures. For several years the ascendancy of France and the arrogant pretensions of Louis XIV. had been a standing menace to the repose of Europe, and had become a far graver and more pressing danger than the once dreaded supremacy of the House of Austria. Like the French Republic, many years afterwards, the Bourbon monarchy had been aggrandised by war, and had grown in the midst of apparent peace; it had wrested great provinces from the feeble hands of Spain, had successfully defied a vast coalition, had made its influence paramount in a large tract of Germany, and, by a combination of chicane and statecraft, had annexed territories and cities along the Rhenish frontier, which the cumbrous Empire had been unable to defend. The domination of the great King, in fact, was more complete and dangerous to the world than that of Napoleon in the first years of this century; for Russia was then of little account; England, under

* The celebrated secret treaty of 1668 between the Emperor and the King may be considered the first project for the partition of the Spanish monarchy. (Henri Martin, vol. xiii. p. 328, ed. 1878.) The existence of that treaty, and the extraordinary precautions taken to conceal it, were first made known to the world by M. Mignet in his admirable work entitled ‘*Négociations relatives à la Succession d’Espagne.*’

the rule of the later Stuarts, had become an ignominious vassal of France; and Louis was all but able to contend for empire on the ocean with the leagued maritime Powers. The immense material resources of France, besides, wielded by a strong and well-ordered Government, and not yet squandered in interminable wars, diminished by the persecution of the flower of the nation, or wasted by the incapable favourites of a Court, were overflowing and even on the increase; and a vigorous, intelligent, and centralised despotism disposed of the energies of an age of comparative freedom. The French armies, organised with extraordinary skill, were the admiration and terror of Europe; the French fleets commanded the Mediterranean, and had challenged England and Holland in the narrow seas; and the traditions of Richelieu were still carried out by the decision and adroitness of French diplomacy. The undisputed supremacy of France for many years seemed an accomplished fact, when a single event and a man of genius checked at once the advance of French power, and ultimately secured the safety of Europe. The Revolution of 1688 emancipated England from the control of Louis, and placed the resources of a great and free nation in the hands of his most tenacious enemy; and William III., whose steadfastness in the field had been proved by striking examples in the long war of 1672-77, and whose wisdom and statecraft in earliest youth had been recognised in every Court of Europe, found himself in a position to begin that great struggle against French ascendancy which it had been the purpose of his life to direct. The League of Augsburg, originally formed by affrighted Germany against French encroachment, was soon moulded by the art of William into the Grand Alliance of three-fourths of Europe, and a more formidable coalition than had ever been seen before was marshalled against the Bourbon monarchy. The success of the confederacy was at first chequered, and its author did not live to accomplish his work; but its triumph was sealed by the Peace of Utrecht, and William was as truly the architect of that great settlement of European right as Pitt was of the treaties of 1815.

At this momentous crisis the policy of France was not equal to the gravity of events. Louis, beyond question, ought to have spared no efforts to prevent the Prince of Orange from landing in England; and when the Revolution had been accomplished he ought to have fallen in full force on the Dutch Republic. He underrated, however, the genius of William, believed that the Revolution would paralyse

England, and, sacrificing principal to secondary ends, sent his main armies to invade Germany, just as Napoleon, neglecting Spain and despising Wellington, recklessly embarked in the terrible enterprise of 1812. Villars describes the current opinion of Versailles—a complete delusion as events proved :—

‘ The Court hesitated as to what should be its policy, whether it should give aid to King James, about to be attacked, or should prevent the peace with the Turks which was being made, and which would bring upon us at once the whole forces of the Emperor and the Empire. M. de Louvois, upon his return from Forges, where he had been taking the waters for some days, decided to take the second course. In effect, nothing was more important for us than to secure so powerful a diversion in our favour as that of the Turks. Besides, what prospect was there that so great a revolution could take place in England without much trouble and discord? This suited us better than a settled government under King James; the more so that we had already seen England at peace and under the authority of Charles II., a devoted ally, compel that sovereign to declare war against us.’

The judgement of Villars on William was that of most French soldiers of mark, though assuredly not of French statesmen, and it shows want of insight and just reflection :—

‘ The Prince of Orange was unfortunate in war, partly because he had never been trained under masters of the art. He had no opportunity of cultivating his faculties; and, though he had fine intelligence and great natural powers, he never accomplished anything that could gain him the reputation of a great general. . . . He was the most dangerous of the enemies of France during his life; yet experience proved that, as affairs stood, his death was more injurious than advantageous to us.’

The contest that followed, and that was only closed by the Peace of Ryswick in 1697, assumed greater dimensions than had ever been seen before. The efforts of the Grand Alliance were immense; the exertions of France may be pronounced gigantic; and war raged, on land and sea alike, from the banks of the Shannon to those of the Drave, and from the Low Countries to the Po and the Apennines. The size of the armies that appeared in the field would have amazed Gustavus, Wallenstein, and Turenne; and the fleets that met at Beachy Head and La Hogue far surpassed the squadrons of Blake and De Ruyter. Yet genius for war was not manifested in this great conflict in the same degree as had been seen in the preceding age, and no captains of the first order led the belligerent hosts on either side. Brilliant victories were, indeed, won, and Steenkirk, Neerwinden,

Fleurus, and Staffarde are still remembered as famous fields; but they were not followed by decisive results, and nothing in the operations of this war can compare with the marches of the great King of Sweden, or with Turenne's campaign of 1674. Extraordinary progress had been, also, made in the attack and the defence of strong places, due mainly to the great powers of Vauban; but though the sieges of Mons and Namur were renowned, it began to be observed that the fate of fortresses now depended too much on the work of the engineer, and not on the endurance and skill of the garrison. In spite of the great masses that appeared in the field, the art of war distinctly declined; there were no instances of strategic genius like Turenne's march in winter behind the Vosges, and his wonderful surprise of the astounded Germans, an anticipation of the campaign of Marengo; and generals had recourse in the defence of frontiers to such poor expedients as great fortified lines, ever liable to be turned by a daring enemy, or to the barbarous device of waste and destruction. The only commander of really great parts was the enterprising and skilful Luxemburg, like Masséna, admirable in the shock of battle; but the fine qualities of Luxemburg were flawed with defects; he was indolent in council and a confirmed invalid; he was unequal to large operations in war, and though he gained several brilliant victories, these were not attended by solid results. As for Louis of Baden, he was a good chief, but, like Catinat, quite of the third order; and though William III. was a hero in the field, and possessed, in the very highest degree, the tenacity, the perseverance, and the untiring energy which distinguished Frederick the Great and Blücher, he was not a scientific or an able commander. He would have paid dearly for his attempt to turn the French lines in Flanders, in 1694, and for his one remarkable success at Namur, had he had to cope, not with the worthless Villeroy, but with a strategist of the powers of Turenne.

Villars served with distinction in this protracted contest, in the Low Countries, on the Rhine, and in Italy. He usually held a high command in the cavalry; but occasionally he took part in campaigns on foot, and more than once he gave excellent advice to his superiors in operations in the field. He made himself conspicuous in the investment of Mons, predicting, with his accustomed insight, that the army of relief, under William III., would not attempt to attack; made some admirable marches in Spanish Flanders; distinguished himself at the siege of Valenza; and formed a

lifelong friendship with that brave soldier, Boufflers, of whom he experienced the worth on the field of Malplaquet. As always, he was daring to a fault, in action; and his intelligence in the management of his favourite arm was recognised more than once by Luxemburg. The following describes his bearing and conduct in one of the cavalry *mêlées* in Flanders:—

‘The Marquis de Villars said these few words to the squadrons of Mérinville, “My lads, you beat them well last year, beat them once more!” The horsemen shouted out, “We will!” The Marquis de Villars placed himself at the head of the leading squadron, the Marquis de Toiras at the head of the second, and Mérinville at that of the third. We rode at the enemy, and the charge was the fiercest of the whole war. Horsemen have seldom been so long mingled together before one side recoils. We were obliged to cut down nearly the whole of the first rank of the enemy, and part of the second, before they gave way. The second line was overwhelmed, and its supports were thrown into confusion; but the three squadrons of Mérinville, at least 360 cavaliers, lost 190 men, and 26 officers out of 32. The Marquis de Toiras received several thrusts, and was slain. The Marquis de Villars had only a double buff-coat for armour, and a handkerchief in his helmet, and this saved his life; for his buff-coat, helmet, and other parts of his dress were pierced through seventeen times, and yet he was not wounded. His charger carried him out of the *mêlée*, and then fell.’

Villars, however, during the greater part of the war served on the Rhine, under Lorges and Duras, and was condemned to witness the timid inaction and incapacity of these weak successors of Turenne. The best passages in this part of his Memoirs are his criticisms on the operations of the war; and though he had too much of the envy and malice repeatedly shown by French chiefs to colleagues, he is a well-informed and clear-sighted critic. He points out that the generals of the time were very inferior to the warriors of his youth:—

‘These new generals were unfortunate in being the successors of the two greatest men of their age, the Grand Condé and Turenne, and those who had seen their exploits found the difference so remarkable that they had difficulty in giving the respect and consideration due to the position and dignity of the chiefs now in command. Exception must, however, be made of Marshal Luxemburg; his qualities were so great that they could not be wholly marred by the want of application that was laid to his charge, by favouritism, and by a certain frivolity unworthy of a great man.’

This portrait of Luxemburg is discriminating and just:—

‘Marshal Luxemburg, beyond comparison the most capable of these

men, and distinguished by a number of successful feats of arms, had great intelligence and courage, but was deficient in the careful attention indispensably necessary in affairs of such importance as the direction of armies. He had admirable *coup d'œil* in action, thoroughly understood the movements of an enemy, and arranged with accuracy, precision, and promptitude what his troops should do. These qualities, in which he was pre-eminent, were conspicuous in several engagements; but he took little thought of plans for campaigns as a whole, and it is said that he did not sufficiently reflect on the advantages to be derived from decisive success. These great merits and defects were manifested on almost every occasion in which he was in command.'

Villars was a kind-hearted as well as an heroic soldier, and justly condemned, as contrary alike to humanity and the true science of war, the barbarous ravaging of the Palatinate and the Rhenish towns:—

'The King, whose merciful nature was never really understood, had been over-persuaded that the safety of the State depended upon creating a desert between our frontier and the enemy's armies. For this reason, against our own interests and sound military reasons, the great towns of Trèves, Worms, Spire, Heidelberg, and others of less note, had been burned, and the most fertile country in the world had been made desolate. This pernicious policy had been carried so far that sowing had been forbidden upon a space of four leagues on either bank of the Meuse. It is still unknown by what fatality these atrocious orders were made. The Marquis de Louvois, a man of great intelligence, did not oppose them, and persuaded the King, whose kind nature nevertheless, I repeat, was undoubted. The orders were given and executed with a rigour which will be for all time a reproach to the bravest of nations.'

One of the maxims of war on which Villars dwells is the weakness of the strategy which trusts to lines as means of defending an open frontier; he properly insists that they are of little use unless a powerful army can hold the approaches, and be always able to take the offensive. In the following passage we have little doubt he was thinking how, many years afterwards, he was outmanœuvred in this way by Marlborough; and it is fair to observe that, in that passage of arms, Villars had not the support of that ample force which he deemed necessary for an operation of the kind, though he had boasted that his lines were the *ne plus ultra*, beyond which the enemy could not advance:—

'Among the despatches of the Marquis de Villars will be found one in which he wrote to Marshal Luxembourg to explain, on true military principles, that in order to defend lines you must hold a strong position in front of them, so that an enemy who attempts to attack must strike to the left or right of it, and that this is the only chance of a

successful defence; for in holding a great extent of country in this way you are at the disadvantage of being unable to perceive the true point of attack; and the enemy, causing his adversary to feel anxious at many places in the lines, compels him to extend himself, and thus to be weak everywhere.'

Villars expected the *bâton* after the peace of Ryswick, but was disappointed in a legitimate hope. He found favour in the eyes of the King, but was disliked by Barbezieux as he had been by Louvois; and he was looked upon as a braggart at Versailles, though Saint-Simon, who could not endure his vanity, is scarcely trustworthy in this malicious criticism. He was sent by Louis in 1698 on a mission for which he was little fitted, for it required statesmanlike tact and sagacity, a fine temper, and watchful patience. The unhappy Charles II. of Spain was pining away; the great question of the Spanish Succession was opening a vista of trouble for Europe; and the hope of effecting a pacific settlement had weighed with William III. and Louis alike in bringing a protracted war to a close. Villars was despatched to Vienna with orders to observe and report what he saw and heard at the Imperial Court; and he was ere long involved in the maze of intrigues and negotiations of a world-wide diplomacy. He remained at Vienna for three years; and his experiences add a good deal to our knowledge about an eventful crisis in the affairs of Europe and, in other respects, possess much interest. He has skillfully delineated the chief men of the Empire, but we have only space for his sketch of Leopold—a portrait, we think, somewhat too flattering:—

'The appearance of this Sovereign was very disagreeable, but he had great qualities, much intelligence, sound judgement, rectitude, piety, and the habit of attending to affairs of State. All that could be laid to his charge was that he wanted decision of character; for, though his opinions were often more correct than those of his ministers, he distrusted his own capacity, and for this reason invariably deferred to the majority at the council board. Though the Emperor was driven from his capital, and often brought to the lowest point of fortune, his reign was glorious, and he extended the hereditary dominions of his crown, and made conquests more largely than most of his predecessors.'

At Vienna, Villars employed the means which he had turned to such good account at Munich: he made the acquaintance of Dorothy von Thaun, the mistress of the young King of the Romans—the Emperor Joseph of a later day; but this 'commerce,' he tells us, was not 'important,' for the lady

had sense, and the Prince 'knew nothing.' In the following year the royal lover married; and we cannot forbear to quote this anecdote characteristic of the morality of that age in high places:—

'The entry in state of the Queen of the Romans was preceded by a journey which the King made the day before, in order to visit the Princess at a place two leagues from Vienna, where she had been staying. This journey was regulated by strict etiquette. The Prince set off from Vienna on horseback, forty postilions with their cornets going before him, and the grand master of posts at their head. The great officers and nobles designated for the honour followed in his train. All the world were at the balconies and windows of Vienna, which had been decked out with carpeting for the Prince's return; and he came back by the street where his mistress lived, though this was not the shortest way. As they passed by her door the postilions cracked their whips and redoubled the sound of their cornets; the King of the Romans made more noise than anyone else. The Marquis de Villars was at the time with Mademoiselle von Thaur; she seemed highly pleased at these attentions, but the Empress disapproved of them.'

The palace of the dying monarch of Spain, as is well known, was the centre, for months, of one of the most revolting intrigues in history. We shall not describe the unscrupulous factions which struggled to extort from the weakness of Charles a disposition of his immense inheritance—the Queen's mother suspected of murderous crime, the Queen watching for her husband's last hour, and Portocarrero the worst figure of all; the scene is an impressive episode in Macaulay's narrative. Villars informs us that the partisans of Austria and France sought each to gain over the Queen to their side, by offering her the hand of the heir of their respective crowns before her wretched consort had ceased to breathe. The following is new to us, and we can scarcely believe it:—

'The chief resources of the Imperial ministers lay in the disposition of the Queen, wholly devoted to the House of Austria; but they were somewhat troubled when informed from Madrid that the Marquis de Harcourt, in order to win that princess, had proposed to her marriage with his Highness the Dauphin. They, to counteract this, spoke of marrying the Queen to the King of the Romans. The difference of age was great, but the party that desired to adopt these means to retain the Queen on the side of the Emperor said, on the question of this disparity, that she was only three years older than the Princess of Hanover, whose engagement to the King of the Romans had been decided on.' *

* We cannot find any corroboration of this statement of Villars. The Dauphin died in 1711, at the age of fifty.

Villars was scarcely a match for the astute statesmen who directed the policy of the House of Hapsburg. He detested the Dutch, despised William III., had a lively sense of the august name of the Empire, and lived on excellent terms with the Imperial chiefs, young Eugène of Savoy and Louis of Baden; and he was induced to believe, by mere hints and gossip, that Leopold desired to arrange with Louis an amicable division of the whole Spanish dominions. He reported, in this sense, for months to Versailles; but the King, better advised by Pomponne and Torcy, and not without political insight himself, went steadily on with the negotiations at Loo, and rightly judged that the Austrian overtures were a device to arouse the suspicions of William. We shall not dwell on the two Partition Treaties; and there is no reason to doubt that both Louis and William were really eager to effect a settlement that would save Europe from a general war by an equitable distribution of the kingdoms and provinces which constituted the great monarchy of Spain. Probably, however, neither had said the last word; it is questionable, for instance, if the sagacious head of the two chief maritime Powers would have been satisfied with the cession to France of Naples and Sicily—for this would have made France dominant in the Mediterranean, in spite of all that England and the States could do—and Savoy was offered as an equivalent in exchange. French historians, however, who charge William with insincerity in this great matter, must know that the charge can be retorted more plausibly against Louis himself; for, while Tallard was negotiating at Loo, the King certainly lent an ear to proposals to make over, by a *coup d'état*, Spain and the Indies to one of his youthful grandsons. Villars is explicit in this particular:—

‘The King, having been apprised of the language held by the ambassador of Spain at Vienna, ordered Villars to demand from him the names of the Spanish grandees who, in order to avoid the dismemberment of the Monarchy, would have sufficient courage to secure their country against such a fate. In truth, to assert that the Spanish nation would entrust its fortunes to a grandson of the King rather than to any other prince, was mere vague talk, and gave no information sufficient for a real policy. If, therefore, such a proposal was to be seriously considered, the names and the influence of the leaders of the national party must be made known.’

Louis, however, certainly acted in good faith in negotiating the Partition Treaties; he wholly distrusted the Austrian Cabinet, and it was not until the last moment that,

in an inauspicious hour, he accepted 'Spain and the Indies' for the Duke of Anjou. As late as June, 1700, Villars wrote as follows:—

'The Marquis de Villars received a despatch from the King, dated June 16. It expressed a clear opinion that the Emperor was not acting fairly towards his Majesty; that the proposal to treat directly with France was rather due to a secret intention of disassociating the King from the English and Dutch policy than to a sincere desire to divide the dominions of Spain with the King; that the Emperor's purpose was to avail himself of the supposed resolution of the King of Spain to declare the Archduke his heir. . . . The Royal Houses of France and of Austria had been irreconcilable enemies for many years. The war that had just come to an end had not dissipated this distrust, and this prevented an alliance which, nevertheless, in the opinion of the Marquis de Villars, was more really sought by the Emperor than Frenchmen could be induced to believe.'

Villars, when made aware of his master's policy, did all that he could to persuade Leopold to accept the second, and final, Partition Treaty. He was, however, acting against the grain, and was neither an adroit nor a fortunate envoy. He had made an enemy of the Emperor's eldest son, through a quarrel with the chief adviser of the prince; and his petulant arrogance had made him disliked in the august circle of the Imperial Court. A series of negotiations followed, in which the question of accepting the proposed arrangement was debated by the chief men of the Empire. The attitude of Leopold was dubious and weak; he hesitated, and permitted matters to drift; but he did not seriously entertain the notion of consenting to the Partition Treaty, and to the dismemberment of the Spanish Monarchy. A great majority of his council were of the same mind, one minister, Kaunitz, alone doubting; and Villars was wholly in error in thinking that the Emperor was at this time disposed to negotiate in good faith with the King for dividing the dominions of Spain between Austria and France. The editor of this work thus sums up the facts:—

'Villars gives it to be understood that, had he been a free agent, he would have concluded a treaty with Austria far more beneficial to France than the partition arranged by the King with the maritime Powers, and war would have been avoided. Louis XIV. and Torcy, on the other hand, were convinced that Austria would not treat, and this conviction led them to the proposed partition. . . . With the exception of Kaunitz, and perhaps Waldstein, the chamberlain, the rest of the ministers followed the lead of the Emperor and the King of the Romans, and these would not treat with France. Leopold, an irresolute nature, and a fatalist, never authorised any official proposals; the over-

tures made to Villars were mainly hints intended to find out what the real policy of France was, and to disturb the alliance of the maritime Powers.'

The truth is that the Imperial council, and Leopold himself, reckoned too confidently on the supremacy of the Austrian faction at Madrid, and were not kept thoroughly aware of the true state of affairs. The Emperor was convinced that Charles II. would bequeath the whole Spanish Monarchy to the Archduke: he felt assured that England and the States would never allow the prize to fall to Louis; his ministers were of the same mind; and he merely trifled with the statesmen at Versailles, turned a deaf ear to the pleading of Villars, and neglected opportunities to make his interests and authority felt at the Spanish Court. This policy of carelessness was very unwise in dealing with the diplomatists of France; and Villars describes what surprise and alarm prevailed at Vienna when the news arrived that the Duke of Anjou had been declared the Sovereign of the whole dominions of Spain, and how the Imperial generals murmured against supineness that had led to such disastrous results:—

'The depression of spirit that was visible at the Court corresponded to the event; and the generals who, when informed of the Partition Treaty, had urged that an army should be despatched to Italy, said, with every appearance of truth, that if the ministers of the late King of Spain, who had induced him to deprive the princes of his House of his entire succession, had seen a part of the Monarchy in the possession of the Emperor, they would have raised difficulties against giving the remaining parts to a French prince; and that, even though the hope of keeping the whole Monarchy under our crown should have been frustrated, the King of Spain would never have made such a will.'

The Emperor, rushing from one extreme to the other, thought only of war at any price, and the King of the Romans concurred in this view:—

'The Emperor was set upon war, even though all Europe should forsake him, and he assured his ministers with a passionate resolution, alien from his phlegmatic nature, that posterity should never have to lay it to his charge that the whole Spanish Monarchy should pass away from his House without blood being shed; that, rather than consent, he would let his armies perish and lose his dominions—in a word, that he would make the greatest efforts to regain the inheritance of his fathers.'

William III., however, indignant as he was at the conduct of Louis in its latest phase—'Your master is acting after his kind,' was the bitter remark he made to Tallard—was not

ready for the field at this moment, and was even unwilling—his last hour was at hand—to involve Europe again in an internecine conflict. This remark of Villars is in the main correct; and an affront to the King and the people of England—the fatal unwisdom of Louis XIV. in recognising the Pretender as James III.—was needed to provoke the final rupture :—

‘The Emperor was very impatient to hear from England, and a courier from Count Wratislaw arrived on February 10. He announced that the King of England had admitted that France had led him astray and deceived him. It is certain, at least, that, when apprised of the acceptance of the bequest of Spain, this prince was, so to speak, struck down and terrified. He desired peace; his health was gone, and his influence in England had fallen so low that his death proved a loss to France. In effect, his authority had been so weakened that he could not have induced England to bear the charges afterwards lavished by the nation on a queen directed by very capable statesmen and mortal enemies of France.’

Villars claimed credit with the King and his council for diplomatic address in this mission, and especially for causing the Imperial armies to be retarded in their descent upon Italy. But he had really been a failure all through, and for a time he was out of favour at Versailles. He indignantly protested against this disgrace, and thus describes his parting from Eugène, who, for some reason, was also disliked at Vienna. The friends, having each risen to the height of fame, were to meet again, like Homeric champions, ‘on the ridges of war,’ in a tremendous conflict :—

‘As he was bidding farewell to Prince Eugène, who was leaving to take the command of the Emperor’s army in Italy, expressions of the esteem and the friendship each felt for the other were exchanged. The people at Court, astonished at such assurances on the part of soldiers about to engage in war, asked the Prince and Villars how they could so like each other with their hands, as it were, on their pistols. “Gentlemen,” said the Marquis de Villars, “I reckon upon the kindness of Prince Eugène, and I am sure that he wishes me everything that is good, as, on my side, I wish him the prosperous fortune he deserves, excepting always my master’s interests. But shall I tell you where the real enemies of Prince Eugène are to be found? At Vienna; and mine are at Versailles.”’

Ere long Europe was to be involved in the agony of the War of the Spanish Succession. The theatre of the conflict was almost the same as it had been in 1688–97; the shock of battle was heard from the Scheldt to the Danube; and the Mediterranean and the Atlantic became the scenes of great naval encounters. Judging from the past, it would

have appeared probable that France would in the long run triumph ; she had now the resources of Spain on her side, and Bavaria, which in the preceding war had given its support to the league against her, had become an ally which divided Germany, and threw the Empire open to French invasion. The conditions of the strife had been, however, changed ; and the supremacy of France, which had remained unquestioned even after the concessions of Louis at Ryswick, was effaced for eighty years at the Peace of Utrecht, after a series of calamities which had brought the Monarchy of the Great King wellnigh to destruction. The causes of this revolution are the most impressive lessons to be gathered from this great passage of history. It was not only—or even, perhaps, mainly—that military capacity, which for two generations had been almost wholly engrossed by France, was now largely possessed by the Grand Alliance, and that illustrious chiefs directed the armies of England, of Austria, and of the lesser States of Germany. Denain and Almanza were as decisive as Ramillies, Turin, and even Blenheim ; Vendôme, despite his vices and foibles, proved quite able to cope with Eugène ; and, if Marlborough's genius was perhaps unrivalled, both Villars and Berwick were great commanders. The true reasons of the success of the allies and of the disasters of France are to be found in circumstances more permanent than the mere results of victories, or the qualities of warriors, however eminent. The revolution of 1688 had done its work in England ; the power of the nation, no longer paralysed by faction or weakened by a bad Government, and quickened by the influences of extended freedom, had made an extraordinary and rapid advance ; and the England of Anne, of Godolphin, of Somers, united with Scotland, and with Ireland at her feet, was an enemy of a far more formidable kind than the England of James II. or even of William III. On the other hand, the France of the youth and early manhood of Louis XIV. was now in decline, and was exhibiting the consequences which despotic rule, however august or successful for a time, has repeatedly entailed on that noble country. The King had lost the energy of his prime ; the great statesmen and administrators who had been formed in the generation that had beheld Richelieu, could not grow up in the atmosphere of Versailles ; and the government of France, at a tremendous crisis, had passed from the hands of Colbert and Louvois to mere court favourites of the type of Chamillart. The results were seen in the disorganisation of the State, in the gradual diminution

of its effective strength, in the elevation of men like Villeroi, mere knights of the boudoir, to supreme command, and in the decay of the military resources of France; and the nation which for nearly thirty years had defied the efforts of banded Europe was brought in 1712 to the verge of ruin. Nor was this all: the folly of fanatical power had deprived France of the very best elements of her national life, by the shameful proscription and banishment of the oppressed Huguenots; and she was rent asunder by a Calvinist La Vendée in the great hour of trial of Blenheim and Ramillies. Despotism, it should be added, had destroyed the tree in its violent efforts to pluck the fruits; the later years of the war saw France a land of desolation and an insolvent State; and, though history admires the colossal efforts she made, not without marked success, to regain her grandeur at the last moment, the peace left her a defeated Power inclined on that fatal slope of events which had the catastrophe of 1792 at its end.

In this mighty contest the art of war completely emerged from its late eclipse, and great achievements were seen which recalled the era of Turenne and the heroic Gustavus. Marlborough has not been surpassed in the skill which directs the movements of troops on the field of battle; unerring insight and perfect judgement have never been more conspicuously displayed than on the memorable days of Blenheim and Ramillies. The strategic genius of the renowned Englishman is more questionable, and was never allowed free scope, owing to the interference of Dutch deputies and the jealousies of an immense coalition; but the march from the Moselle to the Danube was a combination of the highest order, and an attentive student of Marlborough's campaigns will perceive that his constant object was to neglect secondary for main ends, to invade France in her vital parts, not to waste time in besieging fortresses; and this is the distinctive strategy of Turenne and Napoleon. Though wholly inferior to his great colleague, Eugène finely illustrated his sublime art by his movements in Italy, and upon the Adige, and by his exploits against the Turks in Hungary; and his march to join Marlborough—the prelude to Blenheim—was an inspiration of no common genius. Nor was the science of war without worthy exponents on the side of the successors of Turenne and Condé. The operations of Vendôme in Italy are notable for their insight and vigour; Berwick gained enduring fame at Almanza by a movement like the great charge of Blenheim; and his cam-

paigns on the frontier of Portugal, his sieges of Barcelona and Nice, remarkable for self-reliance and skill, and his defence of France amidst the Alpine passes, are striking instances of ability in command. Among the French chiefs, however, the art was seen in its grandest developement in the hands of Villars. Malplaquet—that Gravelotte of the eighteenth century, but there was no Bazaine to deface the lilies—is a defensive battle of the highest order; Denain reveals extraordinary energy and power; and the stand made by Villars on the edge of the Sarre is a wonderful specimen of boldness in war. To Villars, too, belongs a conception, the finest of the whole contest, and, by the admission of his ablest foe, capable of execution without real difficulty; and had his counsels in 1703 been followed, the Monarchy of the Hapsburgs would have perhaps fallen and the fortunes of Europe been suddenly changed.

The failure of Villars in his late mission had made him less than ever a favourite at Versailles; and some time elapsed before he attained his true position as a leader in war. He served in Italy as a subordinate in the campaign of 1701; and, characteristically, the Memoirs abound in criticisms of Catinat and other French chiefs, and in eulogies on Amadeus of Savoy, whose treacherous cunning he could not see through. In the following year the necessities of the State placed him at the head of a French army, though the coveted *bâton* was still withheld, and his great merits were scarcely recognised. The war had already proved disastrous to Louis; Marlborough had made great conquests along the Lower Meuse; Catinat was held in check by superior forces and stood timidly on the defensive in Alsace; operations in Italy had been confined to a game of manœuvres between Eugène and Vendôme; a great naval reverse was impending; and the French armies had not been able to enter Germany and to join hands with the Bavarian Elector, exposed for months to the efforts of Austria and the rest of the Empire. The situation is thus described by Villars, but he anticipates the destruction of the French fleet at Vigo, in order to heighten the effect of the picture:—

‘The Elector had exposed his whole dominions to the forces of the Emperor, whose generals expected to make them good winter quarters. The armies in Flanders were driven back by Marlborough, whose trumpeters announced, day after day, to Marshal Boufflers, the fortresses about to be attacked. In Italy the success of the battle of Luzzara had been doubtful, though the army commanded by the King of Spain was very superior in numbers to that of Prince Eugène. The fleets of

France and of Spain, under the orders of Châteaurenau, Vice-Admiral of France, had been burned at Vigo; and at the same time the army of Germany, entrenched within the fortifications of Strasburg, made the position of affairs disastrous to the cause of the Two Crowns.'

Villars is incorrect when he says in his *Memoirs* that he was made commander-in-chief of the army on the Rhine; but he directed the movements of the French in the field, for Catinat had been ordered to remain at Strasburg. The inspiration of a superior mind was quickly seen in the operations of the French. Making a demonstration down the stream at Strasburg, Villars threw a bridge across the Rhine near Huningen, and, without waiting to draw in his detachment—a mistake which Turenne would not have committed—he forced the passage of the river and fell on the enemy, under Louis of Baden, in camp near Friedlingen. The French carried the heights at the first rush, but their discipline had been relaxed by ill-fortune: a sudden panic struck the advancing columns, and it required the energy and presence of mind of Villars, aided by a fine cavalry charge in the plain, to avert a disaster for a moment imminent. The victory, however, was brilliant and complete; and Villars takes care to sing his own praises and to keep out of sight his undoubted error in not summoning to the field the troops left at Strasburg.

'We have dwelt upon this action, and on what led to it, in order to show that operations, declared by everyone to be impossible, succeeded owing to perseverance, skill, and firmness. The problem was to pass the Rhine in the presence of a more powerful army, in a very strong position, and commanded by the Prince of Baden, the greatest general of the Empire. The result, considered in all its circumstances, must be deemed extraordinary.'

Villars at last received the reward he had longed for, and was enrolled among the marshals of France. His project in crossing the Rhine had been to support the Elector; but he had already begun to distrust that prince, and he returned into Alsace to recruit his army. To effect the desired junction and to reach the Bavarian plains was his first object for the campaign of the next year; and with this end in view he wished to attack and occupy the great stronghold of Kehl, which, placed on the confluence of the Rhine and the Kintzig, commanded the approaches into the south of Germany, through the difficult region of the Black Forest. The operations that followed showed wonderful energy, and the self-reliance, daring, and insight that are the gifts only of great captains. Crossing the Rhine in

February 1703, Villars defiled under the guns of Brisach and Fribourg, seized the course of the Kintzig by forced marches, and at the close of the month had invested Kehl, already confident that the prize was secure. The fortress was one of the first order; it had been lately strengthened by Vauban. The great engineer had declared that a siege would require six weeks of open trenches; and peremptory injunctions were sent from Versailles directing Villars how to conduct the attack. Villars, however, was not unskilled in the art. Availing himself, with sound judgement, of an advantage caused by the fall of the Rhine, he assailed the defences at a vulnerable point, and, in fact, took their whole line in reverse; and the place surrendered in less than a fortnight, the French commander-in-chief having led his troops, in a final struggle, with his wonted dash and courage. His real claims to renown in this siege were, however, to be found in the skill and decision he had shown in rejecting mere general rules not applicable in the instance before him; and he justly made these remarks to Chamillart:—

I have received the letter of the 5th, which you did me the honour to write. I find in it two lines in your own hand. You say that his Majesty's orders are to follow in all respects the plans of M. de Vauban. I am rejoiced, in the interest of the King's service, that these orders did not arrive sooner. As I had the honour to inform his Majesty, when I was made aware of these plans, I wrote that, admirable as might be the advice of M. de Vauban, I would not have followed it. It would have been otherwise had I had a positive command from the King. . . . I know that certain marshals, whom I shall not name, and certain Austrians, whom I shall not name either, have said that my presumption was extravagant, and that I should make capital mistakes. . . . Nevertheless the siege was conducted as it ought to have been, and operations of a different kind might have failed.'

Villars sought but did not obtain the title of duke and peer for this great achievement. He recrossed the Rhine to strengthen his army, to the annoyance of the strategists of Versailles impatient to see him join the Elector; but he treated these critics with silent scorn, and steadily matured his intended projects. He was again on the German bank of the river towards the end of February 1703; and his preparations were made for a campaign which, had his counsels been followed, would have proved a masterpiece. The army he commanded, the *Memoirs* say, was very different from the well-tried legions he had seen, in youth, in the hand of Turenne; it had lost the celerity of those wars of marches,

and it had become enervated and even demoralised. The first care of Villars was to restore the discipline of his troops and to make his ascendancy felt. He accomplished this by a judicious blending of rigour with appeals to the honour of the men ; and, though murmurs were heard in the camp, he advanced boldly into the defiles and the hills which separate the valleys of the Rhine and the Danube. He had left the Black Forest behind by the second week of May, and joined the Elector round the walls of Ehingen ; and he had soon formed a plan for the campaign which marks him out as a really great strategist. At this moment the Elector and Villars were in the heart of Germany with 40,000 men ; the enemies in their front were a mere weak detachment ; Louis of Baden, with the main Imperial army, was far away on the Rhine near Rastadt, and was menaced by Tallard from the verge of Alsace ; and Eugène was held, in Italy, in check by Vendôme at the head of largely superior forces. In these circumstances Villars proposed that the Elector and part of the chief French army should secretly and swiftly descend the Danube, should join a Bavarian contingent on the Inn ; and then, having seized Passau and Lintz, should rapidly advance and capture Vienna, bringing Leopold to bay in the very seat of the Empire. The rest of the French army was to remain in Bavaria in order to secure the communications with the Rhine ; and this grand movement was to be sustained by Tallard throwing a force across the river from Alsace, and by troops from Italy sent over the Brenner. Villars thus describes this magnificent project :—

‘ Marshal Villars resolved, in order to conceal his purpose as long as was possible, to extend his men in quarters as far as Ulm, as though his principal object had been to re-establish his wearied cavalry. It was then arranged that the Elector should spend some days at Munich, that the Bavarian army should spread itself along the Danube from Ulm to Ratisbon, and that about the 1st of June the infantry of the Elector, and a considerable detachment from the French army, should embark in the boats, of which there was an abundance in the towns along the Danube as far as Ratisbon, and should descend on Passau, meeting troops belonging to the Elector on the Inn, and all the necessary artillery which was at Braunau, a fortified post on the Inn. By carrying out this project Passau would certainly be taken within three days ; Lintz, as weak a place, would fall, and Vienna could thence be quickly reached. Marshal Villars, who had lived for three years in this capital of the Empire, knew better than anyone how easy this conquest would be.’

Villars, too, like Napoleon in another age, distinctly perceived that the march on Vienna, the valley of the Danube

having been once mastered, could not be prevented even by a powerful enemy, especially if he was on an exterior line.

‘The Prince of Baden would have no fortress and no waterway along the Danube; he would be obliged to march slowly on Vienna and to keep his army concentrated, while Marshal Villars, in possession of the river, would move his infantry and munitions of war down its course. Covered by the Danube, he would observe all the movements of the Prince, who, as we said, would be compelled to move with all his forces on a single front, because, should he divide them, in order to march more quickly and to obtain other advantages, Marshal Villars, master of the strong places and the bridges on the Danube, could cross the stream and attack him in detail. As is well known, once the islands on the Danube opposite Vienna and the position called Leopoldstadt are occupied by an enemy, the city cannot be relieved.’

The memorable campaign of 1809 conclusively proves that the conception of Villars could have been carried out in 1703; and this, indeed, was acknowledged by Eugène in a conversation many years afterwards.

‘The Emperor Leopold thought Vienna was so certain to fall that he was about to leave it. . . . Prince Eugène fortunately was on the spot to prevent him, at the very time when Marshal Villars proposed the operation in question. The only troops ready to defend the city were a few recruits on the way to join their regiments. “Undoubtedly,” said Prince Eugène, “the peril is great; but if your Majesty leave “Vienna, this will make the enemy adopt a design which perhaps he “has not really formed.” . . . The Prince told Marshal Villars this at Rastadt in the presence of several general officers. The capture of Vienna may be considered to have been assured.’

The grand idea of Villars was not realised owing to jealousies, animosities, and errors of all kinds. The Elector at first accepted the project; but he hesitated to attempt the march on Vienna, and before long he proposed to invade the Tyrol. Villars chafed angrily, but could not interfere, and the expedition proved a complete failure, the Tyrolese having risen to a man to defend their mountains and the domains of the Hapsburgs. Precious weeks were lost in this false movement, and meantime, with that jealous selfishness so characteristic of French chiefs in war, Tallard showed no inclination to cross the Rhine, and Vendôme delayed to advance from Italy. Villars bitterly comments on this conduct; but he was not free from the same faults himself.

‘The French generals, thinking of their petty interests, lost a great opportunity, and the Elector of Bavaria in his turn rejecting sound views, the marshal was not able to carry out his designs and to conduct operations which would have laid the Empire prostrate, and forced the Emperor to accept the harshest conditions of peace.’

Meanwhile, shaking himself free from Tallard, Prince Louis of Baden had reached the Danube, and come into line with Count Styrum at the head of part of the Imperial forces. Villars crossed the river, holding a strong position between Dillingen and the important point of Donauworth; and, anticipating the purpose of his most active enemy, entreated the Elector to occupy Augsburg and secure the line of communication with the Rhine. The Prince, however, seized this great strategic centre; and the Elector, having refused to second the French commander in an offensive movement, Villars passionately entreated to be relieved from his charge.

‘The obstacles which the Elector was constantly opposing to the execution of the greatest and wisest projects, his obstinacy in preventing an attack on the Prince of Baden, his refusal to make himself master of Augsburg when this was in his power, his levity as regards the plan of marching on Passau, which would have ruined the Empire, and of which he at last approved—all this so exasperated Marshal Villars that he urgently asked to be allowed to leave the army.’

Villars had now an enemy in his front and his rear, and he had little hope of support from his colleagues; but he recurred for a moment to his great project. Hungary had broken out in furious revolt, and Villars proposed to hold Baden in check, and, taking advantage of the diversion in the east, to march without loss of time on Vienna. The plan was daring in the extreme, but might have proved successful.

“Well,” said Marshal Villars, “we must extricate ourselves from our present situation by taking a decisive step. But keep a secret, what you have never done before. You have thirty-three battalions, the King has fifty; you have forty-five squadrons, the King sixty. Let us make two armies. It is possible to defend Bavaria with one; let the other march into the Austrian dominions. You will meet 30,000 Hungarians in rebellion. An army of the enemy must be directed to defend Austria; and meanwhile the Duke of Burgundy, who has taken Brisach and has no foe in his front, will invade the Empire.”

The Elector refused to carry out a plan to which, as was his wont, he had at first assented. Villars made a rapid march towards the Danube, fell in full force on the army of Styrum, as we have seen, separated from that of Baden, and routed it in the plains of Hochstadt, not far from the celebrated field of Blenheim. He now sought to regain his communications with France, in the hope that Tallard was not distant; and he proposed to enter Swabia and to seize

Memmingen on the way to the Black Forest and the Rhine. The Elector, however, had made up his mind to winter in Bavaria, and would not move, and Villars, after an angry scene, threw up his command and set off for Versailles.

“Is it possible,” said the marshal, “that all the advice I have given your Highness has made no impression, and that I am so unfortunate that I cannot persuade you to adopt the only course that can lead us to success in this war?” The Elector replied “that he considered his proposals the more reasonable of the two.” “I must then,” said the marshal, “tell you what I mean to do. The King’s army will march to-morrow morning on Memmingen.” At these words the Elector tossed his hat and wig in the air, and protested that he had commanded an Imperial army with the Duke of Lorraine, a great general, and that he had never received such treatment.’

Villars was badly treated in this campaign, and was not properly supported at Versailles. His project was a conception of genius, but was not appreciated in the royal councils; Vendôme and Tallard were not directed to second his efforts, as should have been done, and the Elector was permitted to cross his purposes, and to frustrate strategy of the highest order. Villars, however, was largely to blame himself: he was constantly quarrelling with the Elector’s ministers, whom he describes as common swindlers and rogues; he treated the Elector and his consort with contempt, and his insolence and impatience were so provoking that the Prince at last could not endure his company. Marlborough, in his place, we can scarcely doubt, would have planned the decisive march on Vienna; but probably, too, he would have carried out the project, so immense was the influence of the great Englishman, due to admirable tact and a perfect temper.

The campaign of 1703 was a grand opportunity lost to France; and, though Villars is blind to his own shortcomings, he is perfectly correct in this observation:—

‘Marshal Villars repeatedly urged the King to compel MM. de Vendôme and de Tallard to co-operate in the invasion of the Empire; so convinced was he that, if the war was maintained with all the means at the disposal of the King’s generals, the Emperor would be forced to sue for peace. This truth is so plainly disclosed in the despatches of Marshal Villars, and by the Court, that one is amazed it did not make a stronger impression. Instead of accepting it, faults, partly due to the weakness of the minister, caused many of the misfortunes of a war which might have terminated in 1703, and did not until 1714.’

The Elector and his surroundings are thus described by

Villars; obviously no good could come out of relations between these personages and their enraged critic:—

‘I profess, sire, provided he does not employ his troops against your Majesty, I think his reconciliation with the Emperor would do us more good than harm. Not only does he talk of new subsidies, of compensation for his losses—these are all caused by his own faults and the treachery of his ministers—he makes a bad use of the enormous sums he has obtained from your Majesty and the King of Spain. . . . His chief minister, M. de Leydel, is an excellent Austrian; so are the others; and he starves the war and wastes—being charged with the care of the Elector’s palaces—in useless extravagance what the necessities of war require. . . . I could carry on the war in Germany more advantageously to your Majesty’s interests without than with the assistance of the Prince and his troops. . . . The Elector owed Monasterol 900,000 francs lost in gambling, 1,200,000 to Count Arco, as much to Bombarde, and other large sums to rogues in the service of the Prince; and these men thought only of paying themselves out of the contributions to the war.’

Villars was for some months in disgrace at Versailles after his quarrel with the Bavarian Elector. He had consolations in a young and lovely wife, though jealousy ere long embittered his marriage; the rival of Marlborough, unlike the great Duke, was anything but a docile husband, and the *maréchale*, a brilliant coquette, had little in common with Sarah Jennings. In 1704 Villars was sent by the King on a mission in which the finest qualities of his character were conspicuously displayed. For some years the down-trodden Huguenots of Languedoc had been in open revolt; and the great mountainous tract of the Cevennes—the country of the famous Henri de Rohan—had become the scene of a rising scarcely less perilous than the insurrection which, led by Racoczy, was shaking the Empire in the wilds of Hungary. Bands of half-armed peasants, maddened by their wrongs, descended from the fortresses of this Alpine region upon the rich cities and lands of the plain; and from Montpellier to Nîmes the name of the Camisards—the prototypes of the Irish Whiteboys—had become a word of widespread terror. The movement had gained such vast proportions that the allies were about to support it, and to throw soldiers into the insurgent districts; and merciless cruelties of fire and sword, wholesale massacres, deportations, and hangings, had hitherto completely failed to arrest it. Villars was given a free hand to deal with the outbreak; and, as we have said, the choice was fortunate. Like most great soldiers he had strong human sympathies; like Turenne he had wholly disapproved of the persecution of the injured

Huguenots ; like his best successors in another age of trouble he abhorred terrorism and remorseless tyranny. In coping with the rebellion of the Cevennes, Villars employed the means employed years afterwards by the illustrious Hoche in pacifying La Vendée. He put armed insurrection steadily down by scouring the country with small flying columns ; but he made overtures to the chiefs of the rising and won Cavalier—a real hero—over ; he sternly repressed the bigoted fury of the seigneurs and priests thirsting for revenge ; and, if he made examples to punish mere lawlessness, he conciliated the peasantry and tried to redress their grievances. In a few months he was able to report that Languedoc was almost at peace ; and this success was one of his noblest triumphs. The Memoirs abound in curious details respecting the movement and its chief incidents : as in the case of other risings of the kind, the minds of men were thrown into a state of ecstasy, and fanaticism and superstition combined to discover miraculous portents and celestial visions. Villars tells this among other anecdotes :—

‘Some of the enthusiasts pretended to perform miracles. A tall young woman who, it would seem, had her feet hardened with a composition that made them proof to flame, walked upon burning faggots, and prayed God that if the fire spared her this prodigy would convert the enemies of the Most High. We allowed them to say their prayers, but not to attempt miracles, because the multitude does not readily see through tricksters, and the Catholics of the district were disposed to believe in them.’

The heroism with which the Camisards endured the most barbarous punishments repeats the lessons taught by history in numberless instances of the kind, when human nature is upheld by a strong faith :—

‘The firmness of these men as they received sentence of death and were marched to execution was astonishing. Maillet, in particular, went to his fate with a smile ; he conversed with the attendants of the marshal, desired them to assure their master of his respect, and said that he knew what a good man he was, that he was convinced his death and that of his comrades would cause the marshal pain, and that he would pray God for him. This cheerful state of mind continued to the last. He begged the priest who was lecturing him to leave him alone ; he encouraged his fellow-prisoners ; and many strokes on the wheel did not prevent him speaking with the most firm constancy to his latest breath, and warning the priest to keep away. It is the simple truth that almost all these people displayed the same courage ; and it became necessary to beat drums during the executions to make it impossible for the spectators to hear what they said.’

The following is instructive, and partly explains how the

priests only made the rising worse, and a right-minded soldier restored peace:—

‘ When the province had become quiet Marshal Villars sought a conference with certain prelates and grand vicars, in order to arrange how the *curés* should manage the tender consciences of those who had not made a complete submission, though these heretics had not asked for any toleration for their faith. The bishops and the *curés* frankly acknowledged that not two out of a hundred of the “newly converted” were sincerely so. It was necessary, however, to marry them, and the *curés* refused to administer the sacrament of marriage to those who would not receive the Eucharist at their hands. These people, on the contrary, wished to be married and not to communicate. M. de Basville thought that they should be allowed to marry without making a point about the Eucharist. Marshal Villars was of the opinion that a heresy established for centuries is not destroyed in two or three generations, and that patience and moderation were preferable to an indiscreet zeal that only caused exasperation and had no moral effect.’

While this war of religion was being thus quenched, a terrible disaster had befallen France. The rout of Blenheim was largely due to faulty dispositions on the field of battle; but, like most great defeats, it was also caused by superior strategy on the theatre of war. The peril of the Empire in the campaign of 1703, increased by the Hungarian rebellion, had turned the attention of the allies to Germany; and Marlborough, swaying the minds of men by the ascendancy of commanding genius, had broken up from the Low Countries to bring aid to the hardly-pressed Emperor. He had crossed the Rhine and the Maine in June 1704, and was upon the Danube within fourteen days—a march of extraordinary celerity for that age; and, having effected his junction with Louis of Baden, had forced the line of the river at Donauworth; and, having defeated Marsin, the successor of Villars, and the Elector of Bavaria, on the Schellenberg heights, had carried the war into the heart of Bavaria. Meanwhile the French armies, no longer led by Turenne and Condé, or prepared by Louvois, had been late in taking the field; their chiefs, too, directed from Versailles, had waited upon their enemy’s movements, and July was nearly over before Tallard had crossed the Black Forest and joined hands with the Elector and Marsin around Augsburg, while Villeroy had only just passed the Rhine to observe Eugène, who held the lines of Bühl, and covered the well-known avenue of French invasion from Kehl into the defiles of the Kinzig. The hostile armies were nearly matched, and the issue of the campaign was uncertain, when two capital mistakes, turned

to the best account by Eugène and Marlborough, brought on the contest which effected the ruin of the French cause in Germany. Villeroy, ignorant and incapable, and puzzled besides by contradictory orders from Louis, hung around Strasbourg, in the valley of the Rhine; and this enabled Eugène to abandon his lines, to cross the Franconian plains rapidly, and to unite with Marlborough, now falling back from Bavaria to the northern bank of the Danube. Meantime the Elector, Tallard, and Marsin were on the march to the southern bank; but as their forces were not nearly equal to those of Marlborough and Eugène combined, Tallard urged that a battle should be avoided, and that demonstrations should only be made against the communications of the enemy with the Rhine. The Elector, however, smarting from the results of an invasion which had half ruined his State, rejected these obviously prudent councils; and thinking only of attaining the foe, called on his colleagues to follow his lead, and crossed the Danube in the second week of August. Eugène and Marlborough advanced to attack him; and the contending armies met in the narrow lowlands which from Lützingen stretch to the river near Blenheim. It is unnecessary to retrace the scenes of a battle known to every well-read student of war, and a remarkable event in the annals of Europe. Marlborough and Eugène were superior in force; but Marlborough's wonderful skill in the field was more than sufficient to assure victory. After demonstrations against the hostile line, he seized the vulnerable point of the allied position, and while Eugène and Marsin were engaged on his right, threw an overwhelming force against Tallard's centre, destroyed it after a stubborn defence, and then, rapidly turning against the French right, surrounded and crushed it by a finely combined effort. The victory was complete and decisive; Tallard and half his army were taken prisoners on the field; thousands of the routed French were lost in the Danube; and although the Elector and Marsin made good their retreat, the French were unable to make a further stand, and the invaders were quickly swept out of Germany. Blenheim, in fact, was the Sedan of that age: troops of the highest martial renown laid down their arms in the face of the foe; and the moral ascendancy of half a century of triumphs in war passed suddenly away.

The comments of Villars on this catastrophe, if stern and severe, deserve attention. The brave soldier justly condemned the surrender of Tallard's defeated wing; and

Frenchmen who have mourned the disaster of Sedan will do well to reflect on the following passage:—

‘I perceive from your last letter that the public make excuses for the conduct of the twenty-five battalions of infantry and the four regiments of dragoons who gave themselves up as prisoners of war, while our left wing retreated almost intact. These sentiments have nothing in common with those of the Romans after the battle of Cannæ, who would not leave the defeated troops in Italy, nor with those of Curius, who would not retreat with the Gaulish horse, and said he would not appear before Cæsar after having lost his legions. It is on such occasions that you should reply to weaklings, who assert that nothing better was possible—

“Qu’il mourût,
Ou qu’un beau désespoir alors le secourût.”

Did not the Spanish infantry at Rocroy prefer death to a surrender? Ought not officers and men rather seek a glorious death, trying to force a way out with the bayonet, than incur the ignominy of perishing by misery and famine in prison? I feel shame at so cowardly a surrender, and grieve for the nation.’

Villars blamed the precipitate retreat from Germany; and, recollecting the opportunity lost in 1703, censured the conduct of Tallard at that conjuncture:—

‘We are told that a great part of our army escaped, that the enemies by their own admission had lost 10,000 men, and that their loss at Donauworth had been considerable besides. Why were you compelled to evacuate the whole territory of the Empire? . . . Oh, what a reverse this has been! M. de Chamillart feels it acutely when speaking of it, and the King is perfectly aware of the trouble in which he is involved. Marshal Tallard is paying dearly for his obstinacy in having never established his communications with me, and thus enabled us to be masters on the theatre of war in the Empire.’

The campaign of 1704 had been generally disastrous to France. The King of Portugal had joined the allies; the Archduke Charles had been proclaimed sovereign of Spain and the Indies at Madrid, and Gibraltar had yielded to English valour. The war had languished in the Low Countries, and in Italy had had no results; but the fall of Landau had exposed Alsace, and Marlborough, at the head of a victorious army, was in the Palatinate, with his advanced posts on the Sarre. But the Bourbon monarchy, unlike the Napoleonic dynasty, was not to be overthrown by one year of reverses; and Louis succeeded, by immense efforts, in repairing the losses of recent defeats, and opposed an unbroken front to the great league against France. In the peril of the State, Villars, like Turenne, was, spite of intrigues and disfavour at Court, forced into prominence by the stress

of events, and he was placed at the head of the chief army of France, assembled in Lorraine to resist invasion evidently imminent along the Rhenish frontier. The campaign that followed, though not marked by a grand conception, like that of 1703, gave signal proof of his great qualities, and is of singular interest to the student of modern war. Marlborough had intended to invade France by the valleys of the Moselle and the Sarre, then, as always, a favourable line for an attack, and this great movement was to be supported by Louis of Baden from across the Rhine, the combined forces that were to enter Lorraine exceeding 120,000 men. The army of Villars—it had broken up from Metz—was not more than 60,000 strong; but it was in the hands of a real chief, and, after making incursions beyond the Sarre, and destroying several hostile outposts, he concentrated it in a position of the most formidable kind, resting on the Moselle and the fortress of Sierck, and steadily resisted the advance of the allies, taking care, he especially notes, to avoid even the semblance of a mere passive defence, ‘for this tends to discourage Frenchmen.’ Marlborough was before him by the second week of June, with not less than 80,000 men, but his German colleague had not come up, and he hesitated to attack the French lines; and, after a pause of five long days, Villars, who had maintained his imposing attitude, perceived, with mingled surprise and delight, that the enemy’s columns were in full retreat. The stand made by the French commander and the jealousies of a coalition had, in fact, baffled Marlborough’s projects for the campaign. Louis of Baden had kept aloof on the Rhine; the position of Villars, Marlborough thought, was too strong to be turned or forced; and the war rolled off to the Low Countries, leaving the menaced frontier of Lorraine intact.

This discomfiture—almost the only instance of failure in his splendid career—so exasperated Marlborough that he sent a message to his adversary to account for it. The contending chiefs had exchanged graceful courtesies, and one of Villars’s orderlies brought back this report, sent on to Versailles from the English camp:—

‘I have the honour to inform your Majesty of what my trumpeter has told me. I questioned him carefully, and forbade him to tell an untruth. He assures me that the Duke of Marlborough, after paying me many compliments, said these very words: “Tell Marshal Villars that I am greatly vexed because the Prince of Baden has broken faith with me, and that I blame him for the miscarriage of our plans.” He has sent an aide-de-camp to the Emperor to complain.

All his generals are openly indignant with Prince Louis, and consider his conduct manifest treachery. Your Majesty will understand that I can scarcely believe my trumpeter's story, but he declares he has repeated exactly the expressions of the Duke of Marlborough.'

We are convinced, for our part, that the messenger lied; Marlborough would never have been so grossly imprudent.

The triumph of Villars had, indeed, been great; but he took good care to sound his own praises, and seldom has the martial bird of France made a more boastful crowing:—

'I venture to hope that your Majesty will rejoice to hear that your enemies have retreated. Their retreat may be called disgraceful; their army, composed of many nations, which had intended to spread terror everywhere, fell back at night as quietly as possible. It would appear as if God, the protector of your Majesty's just cause, had made this mass of enemies understand what territory they are bound to respect. I have prevented them from setting foot in your Majesty's dominions.'

Villars did not venture publicly to condemn Marlborough, but curiously enough the braggart Villeroy rushed in to defame the great Englishman. With Ramillies in prospect, this silly criticism is a good specimen of the irony of fate:—

'Marlborough has lost a great deal of time, which you have turned to good account in the King's service. That an enemy, stronger than you by at least 35,000 men, did not dare to attack you is, sir, as you say, as discreditable as if he had lost a battle. It is astonishing that Marlborough should linger eleven or twelve days before you; that he should have collected troops from all parts of the world and boasted that he would attack you; and that on the very day his army had been assembled, the affair ends in a stealthy retreat. Certainly that is a proof of great want of judgement. Able men have before this made plans which, owing to difficulties in their way, they have been unable to execute; but, I repeat, to remain twelve days in the same position, to collect men from distant countries, and then to depart from a settled project—that is not the conduct of an able man.'

It is impossible to study this campaign of Villars and not to think of Napoleon III. in the memorable war of 1870. In 1705, as eighteen years ago, an enemy in greatly superior force was moving against France on her north-eastern frontier, and the lines of invasion were the same in each case, the valleys of the Moselle, the Sarre, and the Rhine. On both occasions the French army was about half as numerous as its foes if joined, and in both instances the problem was the same—how to make head against a great invasion. Villars boldly assumed a brilliant offensive, dashed at and

overpowered detachments in advance, and then, skilfully falling back in time, selected a position of peculiar strength, placed his army upon it prepared to strike, and, in the event, saw the enemy approach, reconnoitre, hesitate, and retire before him. Contrast with this daring but wise generalship what from first to last can only be called the impotence of the ill-fated Emperor—the miserable demonstration at Saarbrück, which only quickened the German advance; the perilous dissemination of the forces of France along the edge of Lorraine and Alsace, in order to cover all points of attack—a decisive proof of an incapable chief; the hurrys to and fro in Lorraine, after the double defeat of Wörth and Spicheren, causing the demoralisation of the army of the Rhine and the abandonment of admirable lines of defence, and ultimately the ill-ordered retreat from Metz, forestalled before the Meuse was attained, and leading, after this display of weakness, to disasters without example in war. Undoubtedly Villars had one great advantage denied by fortune to Napoleon III.—Louis of Baden did not unite with Marlborough, and the Crown Prince of Prussia, with the Third Army, gave loyal support to the First and Second, under Steinmetz and Prince Frederic Charles. But, had the Emperor acted as Villars did, there would have been no surrender of Metz and Sedan; and, strangely enough, Von Moltke expected that his adversary, after his first defeats, would imitate the warrior of Bourbon France, and make a determined stand on the Moselle, with his flanks resting on Metz and Thionville. The history of war presents few examples which so clearly illustrate the difference between a great captain and a bewildered chief.

The results of the campaign of 1705 had been indecisive, even after Blenheim. The French, indeed, had lost their hold on Germany; Marlborough, but for the meddlesome Dutch Commissioners, would have overwhelmed Villeroy in the Low Countries; and notwithstanding the unpopularity of the Archduke the allies had made great progress in Spain. But the success of Villars on the frontier of Lorraine had not only frustrated the hopes of the league, but had produced a wonderful moral effect, and Vendôme had gained a distinct advantage over Eugène on the field of Cassano. In the following year the tide rapidly turned, and threatened to overwhelm France with successive disasters. Villeroy was utterly routed on the great day of Ramillies, the most splendid, perhaps, of Marlborough's triumphs; and the standards of the allies, before the year had closed, were borne

to the banks of the Scheldt and the Lys, and approached the edge of the plains of Artois. In Spain the cause of the Bourbons seemed lost: the siege of Barcelona proved a complete failure; Berwick was driven back in the west from Portugal, and the whole country either seemed to accept Charles III. as king, or to side against his rival. In Italy fortune was scarcely less adverse: Eugène, after the departure of Vendôme to take the command in the Low Countries, found it easy to deal with the Duke of Orleans; Turin was lost, and the French army, falling back in an ignominious retreat, found refuge only behind the Alpine passes. Villars, strange to say, at this terrible crisis, was the only one of the generals of France who plucked safety, and even success, from danger. He had remained in command on the German frontier, having refused to go to Italy in the place of Vendôme; and, though he was unable to accomplish much with an army weakened by continual drafts, he drove the enemy beyond the Rhine, and even prepared for another campaign in Germany. The audacity and courage of the youth of twenty reappeared in the veteran marshal of France, and the following scene with his colleague Marsin, before forcing the German lines on the Moder, illustrates the natures of the two men:—

‘ Marshal Villars said to Marshal Marsin: “You see, the enemies show little enterprise; they have not defended the lines of Haguenau. We must turn their fears to account. I thought that you wished to attack. We are sure to succeed if we bring all our troops into action.” Marshal Marsin proposed a council of war. Marshal Villars replied: “Councils of war are only of use when you want an excuse to do nothing.” He added that both armies were under his orders, but that his respect for a colleague had caused him to stay with his own wing. Marshal Marsin answered as though he was convinced that Marshal Villars remained on the right because the attack by the left was the more difficult of the two. “Since you think so,” exclaimed Marshal Villars, “permit me to give the word of command to a thousand grenadiers;” and he did so. As soon as the men had come up, he said: “Let us set off.” The general officers of Marsin’s army murmured, and Marshal Villars, having placed twenty grenadiers in front—the water, in truth, was up to their middles—was the first to enter the inundation. One of Marsin’s officers said aloud: “Where are they leading us to?” Marshal Villars ordered him to be silent in tones that compelled obedience. Half a quarter of a league of water had to be crossed; it was deep, and some of the horses lost their footing. But we had scarcely got over two-thirds of the way when the enemy’s squadrons on the opposite side wavered, fired a feeble volley, and took to flight. The marshal said to Marshal Marsin on landing: “You see, sir, that what is sometimes deemed impossible is not even difficult to accomplish.”’

As was his wont, Villars criticised freely and even severely the events of this campaign, and he does not spare Villeroy, Vendôme, or the Duke of Orleans. He had previously warned the King against the Elector, and this letter breathes his personal dislike :—

‘ My zeal for the King’s service obliges me, sir, to repeat that if you allow the Elector to direct the war and the finances of Flanders, he will lose that country as he has lost his own. Neither the Emperor nor King William ever allowed him to command 6,000 men, even of his own troops; and, sir, let him have the name of general-in-chief, allot a certain sum for the expenses of his household, but control the finances of Flanders through your intendants, and the army by your own generals. Without M. de Monasterol and M. de Ricous I would have governed the Prince, particularly had I been given authority; but as I was not allowed to govern him, I perceived that in spite of myself he would have made me fall down a precipice, and the disgrace would have been my own.’

The disasters of France in 1706 seemed to presage a speedy close of the war. Negotiations, however, proved fruitless, and Louis once more challenged adverse fortune. The efforts made by the King were prodigious; the State, ill-administered and exhausted as it was, was still able to yield immense resources, and the very misery universally felt sent thousands of recruits to the royal armies. The war suddenly took another turn, and France for a time had strength to defy her enemies. The first great event of the campaign of 1707 was the victory of Almanza, won by Berwick on the confines of Valencia in Spain, and this proved even more decisive than Blenheim, for it assured the throne of Spain to the House of Bourbon. The battle, notable in many respects—a French Huguenot commanded the allied forces, and an Englishman led the French army—was won by a charge directed by Berwick, not unlike that which had overwhelmed Tallard, and the two most conspicuous triumphs of the war should be mainly ascribed to the gifts of the Churchills. Villars gives us this brief account of Almanza, but with characteristic jealousy makes little of the results :—

‘ The engagement was well contested, but the allies fled after making a vigorous resistance. Thirteen battalions only retreated in good order; they were surrounded next day on the heights of Caudete, and were compelled to lay down their arms. Lord Galway had received two sabre cuts in the face, and arrived at Tortosa with the wreck of an army weakened by a loss of more than 12,000 men.’

In the Low Countries a great French army had been assembled to confront Marlborough; and, under the skilful

leading of Vendôme, it kept invasion back and advanced to the Sambre. Nor was France unsuccessful on her eastern frontier: a quarrel between Amadeus of Savoy and Eugène caused an inroad into Provence to fail, and frustrated an attempt to seize Toulon; and the allies retired behind the Alps, discomfited. As regards Villars, he was again placed in the chief command of the army on the Rhine; and, if his achievements were rather brilliant than solid, this was not due to any faulty generalship. The enemies in his front had been reduced in numbers, owing to the pressure of the revolt in Hungary, and the first care of Villars was to assail the lines constructed to cover the Rhenish frontier from Stollhofen to Bühl and the Black Forest. By a happy combination of daring and skill the lines were turned and carried without firing a shot; and Villars tells complacently how he masked his designs, by appearing at a ball at Strasbourg the night of the attack—a scene not unlike that of the ball at Brussels on June 15, 1815:—

‘The evening before the assault Marshal Villars gave a great ball to the ladies of Strasbourg. All the officers, even generals, thought only of the *fête*. For himself, he gave orders to the general officers one after the other, and told each what they had to do. He left the ball at three in the morning, mounted his horse, and at a league from Stollhofen joined his army on the march since midnight.’

Villars, at the head of a victorious army, now invaded Germany for the second time, levied contributions in Swabia and Würtemberg, and sent flying columns as far as the Danube. Characteristically, he gave special orders to efface trophies raised on the field of Blenheim:—

‘It had been rumoured that the enemies, after the second battle of Hochstadt, had caused a pyramid to be built on the field of battle containing inscriptions dishonouring the French arms; these detachments were directed carefully to find out if such a monument existed, and to destroy it.’

The object of Villars had been to combine his operations with those of Charles XII. of Sweden, who was menacing the Empire from the verge of Saxony. This conception—borrowed from Richelieu and Turenne—was baffled, the marshal asserts, by Marlborough:—

‘Marshal Villars had secretly made overtures to the King of Sweden in Saxony, and had proposed to effect a junction of their forces at Nuremberg. Had that prince followed this advice he would have become master of the Empire. . . . But his chief minister, Count Piper, it is now known, was won over by Marlborough.’

Villars was ultimately obliged to recross the Rhine, his army having been largely reduced by detachments sent into Provence and Flanders. The first part of the Memoirs ends at this point, and we shall not anticipate the rest of the narrative. We have to meet Villars again on the field of Malplaquet, confronting Marlborough with undaunted courage, and all but redressing the balance of fortune; we have to see him save France from ruin at Denain, and wrest an honourable peace from the defeated Empire; and we have to follow his glorious career to its close, during the years when he was known in Europe as the first soldier of France, and a mainstay of the State. With many imperfections, Villars was a warrior of all but the highest order, and—for his comrade Berwick cannot be placed on the list—he was the last great chief of real French origin who directed the armies of the House of Bourbon.

ART. IX.—*A History of Taxes and Taxation in England from the Earliest Times to the year 1885.* By STEPHEN DOWELL, Assistant Solicitor of Inland Revenue. Second edition, revised and altered. Four volumes 8vo. London: 1888.

THE protracted tragedy which terminated on June 15 in the death of the Emperor Frederick III., and which has caused another vacancy in the Imperial throne of Germany after an interval of only ninety-nine days, has overshadowed the politics of Europe and touched the heart of all nations. In presence of that great calamity and of the inexorable approach of death, the ordinary tumult of the interests and passions of mankind was hushed, and attention was absorbed by the sufferings and the fortitude of the illustrious sovereign on whom so many of the fairest hopes of the future seemed to rest. A prolonged life, a lengthened reign, might have enabled him to fulfil those hopes and confer countless benefits on his country and on the world; but, short as that reign has been, nothing is wanting to give it an unearthly splendour by the display of the noblest qualities of humanity—a courage which pain, disease, and silence could not subdue; an indefatigable sense of duty, felt even in the details of government; a tenderness of affection breathing to the last; a simplicity and rectitude of character above the highest distinctions of rank; an unaffected piety and sublime resignation which would have become a martyr and a saint. It is in the darkest hours of

life that the virtues that dignify manhood shine with the greatest effulgence. Frederick III. was indeed a knight without fear and without reproach. Other princes have been as valiant and skilful in war, as wise and temperate in council; but in moral greatness, tried by the severest renunciation of life, and love, and empire, he stands alone, and his pathetic fate has added a page to history which time will not efface. We can add nothing to the universal tribute which has been paid to his character and his memory by the civilised world. *Fungar inani munere*; we are conscious that words can add but little to the honour of the dead or the consolation of the living. But it is impossible to pass over in silence, even in this place, an event so impressive at the present time, and possibly so important to the future welfare of the world.

For, no doubt, the accession to the first throne of continental Europe of a youthful sovereign, of whom little is known beyond the strong military tastes he has expressed in his address to the army, and a somewhat impetuous character, opens a new page in the annals of our times on which it would be presumptuous to speculate. But the great political interests of Germany and of Europe remain unchanged, and they must exert a far more powerful influence over the sovereign than the sovereign can exert over them. The first of these interests is the maintenance of the unity of the German Empire, and—second only to this—the maintenance of peace. The revival of the German Empire under the authority of Prussia is a very recent event. It has hitherto had the support and the authority of the great and powerful men by whom it was accomplished; but in the future there are elements of opposition to which they were not exposed. The German nation was welded together by victorious war; but the work is not as yet absolutely consolidated, and its future stability depends, as was well seen by the late Emperor, on the progressive developement of its liberal institutions. Above all, the maintenance of peace is in the highest degree necessary to the welfare of Germany; and that we believe to be the conviction of Prince Bismarck himself, who knows better than any one the internal as well as the external difficulties with which he has to deal. The speech delivered by the young Emperor on the opening of the Reichstag is an emphatic declaration of his adherence to the pacific policy of his predecessors. It is alike remarkable for what it says and for what it leaves unsaid, and it is in the highest degree creditable to the illustrious prince who

henceforth will play so great a part in the affairs of Europe. Military men, and some other writers, talk of wars as if it were the easiest thing in the world to put large armies into the field and bring them into collision. They forget to consider what is behind the armies—the state of the treasuries, the state of trade and agriculture, the repugnance of civilian soldiers, the general dread of war in the populations. War was never more talked about or more feared; and it would undoubtedly apply a strain to the existing fabric of Europe which would bring about consequences now unforeseen, and in which it is easier to compute the losses than the gains. But we adhere to the conviction, which we have more than once expressed in opposition to the opinion of many writers, that the peace of Europe is not in any immediate or especial danger at the present time, and will be preserved, unless unforeseen events of far greater magnitude than any which have yet occurred should alter the policy of the European powers.

The course of public affairs is at this moment so placid in these islands that it is not our intention to enter upon any detailed discussion of our domestic affairs or our foreign relations. The efforts made by the titular leaders of the Opposition to excite interest in their defunct scheme of Home Rule are abortive. There is a party desirous of bringing Mr. Gladstone back to power in order that he may apply his remarkable powers of destruction in other directions, but in England we doubt whether there is any party for 'Home Rule' at all. Lord Rosebery has for once backed a lame horse and a roarer. The debate on Mr. John Morley's intempestive motion and the decisive majority of ninety-three by which that motion was rejected is a conclusive proof that the Irish policy of the Unionist party has the unflinching support of Parliament, and we believe of the British nation.

The Government has pursued a rational and liberal course; and although the principal offices of State are not all filled by the men we should like to see in them, the Liberal Unionists have no reason to complain of the measures which they are called upon to support. Mr. Chamberlain is fully justified in his statement that no ministry has of late years brought forward more practical measures; and if any of these useful bills fail to pass in the present session, from want of time, it will be because the militant Opposition are extremely reluctant to see so many of these good things accomplished by their adversaries. The men who live for

party purposes complain that the bread is taken out of their mouths.

One grand measure, however, has at least been accomplished with almost universal consent, and the conversion of the Consolidated Three per Cents. is the largest and most successful operation of our financial history. Mr. Goschen's administration of the Exchequer is one of the most fortunate and creditable portions of the work of the present Administration. His proposals embrace not only a reduction of the income tax, but a large appropriation of taxes in aid of local rates—a measure repeatedly desired by Parliament, but never before obtained. The small and ingenious imposts by which the Chancellor of the Exchequer supplies the deficiency of revenue have, of course, called forth the usual amount of clamour caused by any change in taxation; but in point of fact, whilst the gain to the tax and rate payer is large, the additional burden cast on some classes is exceedingly small and in no respect unjust. These considerations have induced us to turn our attention to Mr. Dowell's '*History of Taxation.*' Taxation is after all the first duty of Parliament and the first interest of the country, and we shall, therefore, without further preface, devote the remainder of this article to this subject.

In bringing out a second edition of his history Mr. Dowell has taken the opportunity not merely to revise his work, and to carry it down to a slightly later date, but also to enlarge some of his chapters with additional matter. We have pleasure in congratulating him on the success of his labours. Even those persons who are acquainted with the ordinary text-books on the subject, and who have read their Madox and their Sinclair, will find much to interest and instruct them in Mr. Dowell's pages, containing as they do a great deal of information which it would require both tedious and difficult research to obtain elsewhere.

The plan, indeed, on which Mr. Dowell has proceeded is not one which we should ourselves have adopted. His first two volumes contain a history of taxation; his last two volumes consist of a history of taxes. In the former volumes we are, in other words, considering the growth and changes of the national revenue; in the latter volumes we are occupied with the invention or abandonment of particular taxes. The distinction will be plain enough to every reader of Mr. Dowell's work, though many persons, like ourselves, will hardly be able to reconcile themselves to it. We have a

constant feeling, while we are reading vols. iii. and iv., that the matter which they contain ought to have been dovetailed into vols. i. and ii., and that the contrary course, which Mr. Dowell has chosen, compels us to go over a good deal of the same ground a second time. We record this conviction, however, with some hesitation. Most authors are much more competent than their critics to decide the best manner of telling their own story; and when an author undertakes to illustrate a highly technical and complicated subject, there is additional reason for leaving him free to deal with his matter in his own way. We readily concede, too, that, in illustrating the history of particular taxes, Mr. Dowell has produced some of his most instructive pages. The narrative which appeared in his earlier edition of the history of intoxicating liquors, and the account which he has added in the present edition of the use of tobacco in this country, throw a good deal of light on the history of society and manners; and the illustrations of these subjects, which Mr. Dowell has drawn from literary sources, add a colour and brightness to these parts of his book which make the chapters in question entertaining.

We cannot, however, in the space at our disposal, follow Mr. Dowell into the various byways into which his labours have led him. We shall endeavour to remain on the central path, without diverging from the main route. We shall, in other words, avail ourselves of Mr. Dowell's researches to state the chief points of interest in the history of taxation. We shall endeavour to utilise the information with which he has supplied us by pointing out the constitutional questions connected with the subject on which he has laid an insufficient stress; and we shall be content if, in this way, we are able to throw a little light on a matter which the regular historian is unable to treat at length, and on which, perhaps, for this reason, he is usually somewhat obscure.

In any such review it is, in the first place, desirable to mark the fact that a broad line of demarcation may be drawn between ancient and modern financial history in England. Mr. Dowell, we imagine, would draw it at the commencement of the struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament. We should ourselves have no hesitation in placing it at the Revolution of 1688. It was at that time, as Mr. Dowell himself says, 'Parliament had at last, as 'against the king, the undisputed power of the purse.' But it was at that time that the public revenue first became a

national revenue; that the public debt first became a national debt; and that the principle of not merely granting a revenue to the Crown, but of appropriating certain portions of it to specific purposes, was regularly adopted. At that time, too, this country produced the first of the five great financiers who, in the two hundred years which have since elapsed, have held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. From these various causes the financial history of England at once assumed a different character. Before 1688 the student of taxation will find himself constantly occupied with matters only of antiquarian interest or of constitutional importance. From 1688 he will find himself chiefly concerned with fiscal topics. He will no longer require the assistance of such authors as the Bishop of Chester and Mr. Hallam, and will place himself under the guidance of the economical writers who have illustrated, like their greater master, 'the nature and causes of the wealth of nations.'

In Roman England, taxes in kind, the 'scriptura' and the 'capitatio humana,' were the principal sources of revenue. The latter, as its name implies, was a poll tax; the former was a tax on cattle, and owed its title to the inscription of the number of cattle in the roll of the tax gatherer. In Saxon England, on the contrary, the Crown derived its ordinary revenue from its vast possessions in land, from the fines imposed in the law courts, and from a fumage or hearth tax. But on occasions of great danger the different counties were required to contribute in proportion to their supposed capacity ships equipped for the defence of the kingdom: this tax, the origin of the ship money of Charles I., was known as the shipgeld. It is probable that it was originally imposed by the Witenagemot. But it is, at least, certain that the danegeld, or the tax first voted in 991 to bribe away the Danes, was granted by the Witan to the Crown. The danegeld was a direct tax on land, a fixed proportion being levied on each hide,* and was raised, as necessity required, at various periods between 991 and 1051.

Most children connect the imposition of this tax with one of their earliest lessons in English history. The spectacle

* Mr. Dowell says that authorities regard the hide as having varied from 100 to 120 acres, though in some places the area was less (vol. i. p. 8). But we doubt whether it is possible to fix the size of the hide at the earliest times with any approach to accuracy. See Stubbs's 'Constitutional History,' vol. i. p. 74, note.

of Ethelred the Unready purchasing peace from the foes whom Alfred had spent a life in resisting is calculated to make an adequate impression. Yet it would be more useful to point out that the imposition of this tax forms the first of the many measures by which the liberties of England have been secured. It enabled the Witan to lay down the principle that the money which the king required in excess of his ordinary revenue had to be granted by themselves. Fortunately for the cause of freedom, the Crown, in the seven centuries which succeeded, was rarely able to dispense with additional taxation; and the people, through their representatives, again and again asserting the principle of 991, finally obtained that control over the purse which has done more than any other cause to make the English an autonomous people.

There is never much advantage in speculating on what an American poet has called the 'it might have been.' Yet there can be little doubt that, if English kings had been as economical as Elizabeth, they might have changed the whole current of English history. Take the case of Norman England. The kings enjoyed large, probably ample, revenues. The confiscations which had followed the Conquest had increased the royal demesne; the forests gave the king opportunities for sport; the rural lands provided him with sustenance; the rents of his urban tenants helped to maintain the dignity of the Crown; while, in addition to their ordinary obligations, the tenants of the ancient demesne, urban and rural, were compelled 'to assist the king on any occasion of 'extraordinary expense.' Add to these various circumstances the fact that the king under the privilege of purveyance had the right to press carriages and horses into his service; under the privilege of pre-emption had the right to purchase food and other necessaries at a fixed price; and under the privilege of prisage had a right to two casks of wine from every wine-laden ship; and it will probably be conceded that an unambitious and economical sovereign could have maintained his dignity without additional assistance.

But besides these advantages, which the Norman kings enjoyed in common with their Saxon predecessors, the introduction of the feudal system gave the king additional resources, both in peace and in war. In war, the king's man was bound to serve him for forty days in each year. In peace or war, he was bound to give him an extraordinary aid (*auxilium*) on the knighthood of his eldest son, on the marriage of his eldest daughter, or for the ransom of his person. On the

death of a tenant-in-chief, moreover, the king had the right to the first year's profits (*primer seisin*) of his property—equivalent, if we use modern language, to a succession duty of at least five per cent.; while during a minority he was entitled to the whole profits of the estate, after paying for the maintenance and education of the heir.

These various revenues, swelled moreover by the circumstance that the king, as king, had the right to waifs, strays, royal fish, treasure trove, and to the profits arising from the estates of lunatics, made the kings of England very wealthy men. But their necessities or their extravagance soon compelled them to look for other resources. Liberties and charters were sold to towns or guilds; markets and monopolies were conceded to districts and individuals for a pecuniary consideration; the king's tenants were fined for real or supposed offences; and the Jews were periodically robbed by the king's order. These, however, were only the minor expedients to which the Norman kings resorted for the purpose of raising money. Far more important is the circumstance that, in 1083, the Conqueror, who on several previous occasions had 'laid on men a geld exceeding stiff,' on the occasion of an apprehended Danish invasion exacted a danegeld at the almost unprecedented rate of 6s. a hide. The tax, once revived, was regularly continued, though at a lower rate, and in the time of Stephen had become an annual tax of 2s. on each hide. Except that on one occasion Henry I., as the Bishop of Chester has pointed out, speaks of the tax as 'the aid which my barons gave me,' there is no reason for supposing that these gelds were not arbitrarily exacted by the Crown.

No material alteration in the system of taxation occurred till towards the close of the reign of Henry II., when the danegeld disappears.

'The hide, never a very fair measure of assessment, was now obsolete. In the Domesday survey, the Norman commissioners had used as a measure of land the carucate or plough land—the quantity of land that could be ploughed by a caruca or a full team of eight oxen in a season.'*

The carucate was adopted as a measure of taxation in 1194, and thenceforward for the next fifty years replaced the danegeld. About the same time, another and more lasting change was made. The old system of forty days' personal

* We have slightly modified Mr. Dowell's language in this quotation, in order to make his meaning more clear.

service was inconvenient to the king's men: when the crown passed to a continental sovereign, like Henry II., it was inconvenient to the king: and personal service, with the consent of all parties, was commuted for a money payment or scutage. Thus, while in Norman England the land tax had been levied on the hide, and the feudal tenure had involved the obligation of personal service, in Plantagenet England the land tax was levied on the carucate, and personal service was commuted for a money payment or scutage.

Richard I.'s policy, and the crusades with which his reign was occupied, naturally threw large expenses on the Crown, and both scutages and carucages were freely levied. Excessive taxation was also the rule under his weaker brother and successor; and the irritation which was consequently produced led to the famous provision in the Great Charter that no scutage or aid, except the three regular aids, should henceforth be imposed unless by the common counsel of the kingdom. From the point of view with which we are immediately concerned, the provision is of importance not merely from what it prohibits but from what it reserves; for, while it prohibits the excessive scutages and aids which had been levied both by Richard and John, it distinctly reserves the right of the king to raise of his own volition the three regular feudal aids on the knighthood of his eldest son, the marriage of his eldest daughter, and for the ransom of his person.

Yet, from the king's standpoint, these reservations did not go far enough. If scutage had legally replaced the obligation of personal service, the king had plainly a right, without asking for the consent of his people, to a reasonable scutage; and this right, two years later, was expressly conceded; for in confirming the Charter it was enacted that 'scutage from henceforth shall be taken as it was wont to be taken' in the reign of Henry II.

It so happened, however, that just as the scutage had replaced knight service, and the carucage had replaced the danegeld, a new and more convenient tax was superseding scutage and carucage. This new tax—the tallage—owes its name to the Low Latin *taliari*, to be cut or hewn. It is, therefore, synonymous with excise; but in its operation the tax much more closely resembled the modern income duty. It was a tax on moveables, or, in other words, on a man's rents and effects. It seems to have been first imposed on the king's urban and non-military tenants, when his feudal tenants were liable for scutage; but it proved so much

more convenient a form of taxation than scutage or carucage that both of them were ultimately merged in it.

It was one of the conveniences of a tallage, that the amount levied could be adjusted with comparative ease to the sum required. In theory, at any rate, it was possible to take any fractional part of the value of a man's moveables, and as a matter of fact the rate varied from as much as one-fourth (25 per cent.) to as little as one-fortieth ($2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.) of the whole. Perhaps the novelty of the tax induced the Crown to believe that the provisions of the old charters were not applicable to it, and encouraged Edward I. to levy it without parliamentary sanction. His doing so led in 1297 to the famous statute '*De tallagio non concedendo*,' which states specifically that 'no tallage or aid shall be taken without the will or consent of all the archbishops, bishops, and other prelates, earls, barons, knights, burghers, and other freemen in the realm.'*

For a century and a half after its first introduction, the tallage continued to be levied as a tax on personalty; constant complaints, however, were made of the strictness of the assessment.

'And, at last, after a remarkably strict assessment in 1332, it was found advisable to come to terms with the taxpayers, and to effect what proved to be a permanent settlement of the assessment. In 1334 a certain sum was taken by way of composition for the fifteenth and tenth† granted that year; and henceforth, when a fifteenth and tenth were granted, the sums so paid were collected in the various counties and towns. A fifteenth and a tenth was, therefore, merely a form of expression for the total of the sum so settled in 1334. They amounted to about 39,000*l*.'

Hence, when we read in our histories that Parliament granted to the Crown a fifteenth and a tenth, or so many fifteenths and tenths, it must not be supposed that the Legislature really took that proportion of a man's moveables for the king's use. It simply required each locality to pay a sum of money calculated on a basis fixed in 1334. Modern readers ought, at any rate, to have no difficulty in understanding this arrangement, for it is exactly similar to that on which the land tax, the main source of taxation in

* The French and Latin versions of this statute are different. The differences are fully explained by the Bishop of Chester, '*Constitutional History of England*,' library edition, vol. ii. p. 154.

† The tenth was levied on the tenants of the demesne; the fifteenth on the land &c. outside the demesne.

the eighteenth century, was and is, so far as it survives, still assessed.

Such a system was only excusable from the difficulty or impossibility of obtaining any really fair valuation on which the tax could be assessed, since, as some places gradually decayed, while others acquired fresh prosperity, the tenth and fifteenth became more and more unequal. As the decayed places were gradually excused payment, and the growing places did not increase their payments, the tax became gradually less and less profitable; while, as the localities found it easier to raise their own proportion on each man's real estate instead of his moveables, the tenth and fifteenth, originally intended as a tax on personalty, became almost solely a tax on real property.

A tax which had ceased to expand with the growth of the country was certain, sooner or later, to be followed by fresh taxation; and in 1377, the closing year of the reign of Edward III., Parliament granted a poll tax of fourpence (a groat) on every man and woman in the country fourteen years old and upwards, 'except real beggars.' The tallage of groats, as it was called, pressed with undue severity on the poor, and in 1379 Parliament substituted for this tax a graduated poll, 'for which the taxpayers were classified and 'charged according to their rank, condition in life, and property;' but in the following year Parliament reverted to the old policy of 1377, and granted a tax of three groats for every man and woman above fifteen years old. Parliament excused this outrageous injustice by assuming that the rich would be compelled to pay for the poor. It received its answer in the peasants' insurrection or Wat Tyler's rebellion. The revolt was easily quelled, but the experiment of a poll tax was abandoned; and though it was once or twice revived in the succeeding centuries, and after the Revolution took the form of a graduated income tax, it finally ceased in 1698, and was never afterwards resorted to in England.

Though, however, the poll tax was abandoned, the old difficulty remained unremedied. Every ensuing year made the fifteenth and tenth a more unequal form of taxation, and consequently increased the desirability of supplementing it with some more equitable tax. Accordingly in the first half of the fifteenth century a graduated income tax—if we may follow Mr. Dowell in applying a modern name to an old duty—was invented, which in the following century was gradually elaborated into the Tudor subsidy. In its ultimate shape the full subsidy was a tax of 2s. 8d. in the pound on

all moveables, and of 4*s.* in the pound on the profit of land ; but the people charged for their land were not to be charged over again for their moveables. Throughout the sixteenth century subsidies were constantly granted to the Crown in addition to fifteenths and tenths. On the occasion of the Armada, for instance, the Commons granted Elizabeth no less than four fifteenths and tenths and two subsidies. But it was with the subsidy as it was with the tallage. The impossibility of procuring an accurate valuation recurred.

‘ Nominally a rate of 4*s.* in the pound on lands, and 2*s.* 8*d.* in the pound on goods, it slipped into the same kind of groove as that of the fifteenth and tenth, and became in practice a grant of a sum of money of about the same amount as the yield of the last preceding subsidy. There was practically no re-assessment of the kingdom.’

In consequence, the subsidy, like the fifteenth and tenth, instead of increasing with the growth of the kingdom, gradually proved less productive ; and finally, both fifteenth and tenth and the subsidy disappeared, and were superseded during the Commonwealth by the monthly assessment—a fixed sum levied on each locality—and after the Revolution by the land tax.

We have hitherto endeavoured to trace the gradual progress of direct taxation in England from the danegeld to the carucage, from the carucage to the tallage, from the tallage to the fifteenth and tenth, the subsidy, the monthly assessment, and finally to the land tax. From the time of the tallage, or at any rate from the time of the fifteenth and tenth, this taxation was uniformly granted by Parliament. But towards the end of the fifteenth century, when the country was exhausted by long civil war, and the power of the Crown was relatively increased, Edward IV. on several occasions exacted forced loans, or ‘benevolences’ as they were euphoniously called, from his wealthier subjects. These exactions were declared illegal or ‘damned and annulled for ever’ in the first year of the reign of Richard III. Yet, notwithstanding this statute, which Mr. Hallam, indeed, thought was not very effectively worded, they were revived under the Tudors. They gave rise to Morton’s ‘famous fork’ in the reign of Henry VII. ; they were resorted to on at least two occasions in the reign of Henry VIII., and they were not finally suppressed till the Petition of Right in 1628.

The definite abolition of benevolences led, however, in 1634, to a much more formidable exaction, Ship money. The Crown had previously, on various occasions, exercised the right in

time of war of demanding ships from maritime towns. Noy, the Attorney-General of Charles I., extended the ship writs to the entire kingdom, and endeavoured in time of peace to levy what was really a direct tax without the authority of Parliament. It is instructive to recollect that Charles, in this matter, acted on legal advice; that his conduct was unanimously, or almost unanimously, approved by the judges; and that, though in Hampden's case the judges were divided in opinion, the majority were with the Crown. Happily for the liberties of England, there was a stronger power than lawyer and judge in the country; and Parliament—so soon as it was convened—took the earliest opportunity of declaring Noy's device and the decision of the judges alike illegal. This declaration, or the civil war which followed it, effectually set at rest the claim of the Crown to direct taxation without the consent of Parliament. Almost at the same time its power of altering the customs duties had also been definitely determined.

The customs—whose origin is unknown—were certainly imposed by the Crown before they were granted by Parliament. They were the duties which the merchants, who in early days were almost exclusively foreigners, were 'accustomed' to pay to the Crown for the privilege of trade and possibly for protection. And the Great Charter distinctly recognises the Crown's right; for while it condemns the 'mala tolta' or unjust tolls, it reserves 'antiquas et rectas consuetudines,' the ancient and ordered customs. These ancient customs are believed to have comprised export duties on wool, skins, and leather, and a 'prisage' on wine. Their amount is not known; but sixty years after the Great Charter, in 1275, the merchants, for the sake of increased protection, undertook to pay higher duties—of 6s. 8d. on the sack of wool, or 300 woolfells; and 13s. 4d. on the last of leather—and these increased duties were formally voted by Parliament. They were raised, without authority, by Edward I. in 1294 and 1297; but the increased exactions were condemned in the latter year as 'mala tolta,' when Parliament formally recognised the rates of 1275. Henceforth the latter were known as the ancient or great customs.

Twenty-seven years later, in 1302, Edward I., in some want of money, commuted the prisage of wine for a fixed duty of 2s. the cask; and in the same year he made an agreement with the foreign merchants for additional duties on wool, woolfells, and hides, for additional duties on cloth, and for the payment of what would now be called an *ad valorem*

duty of 3*d.* in the pound on all exported and imported commodities. These duties were thenceforward known as the new or small customs. The king endeavoured, though without success, to extend them to native merchants in the following year; and, in 1309, during the reign of Edward II. the new customs formed the subject of a petition to Parliament, and were suspended. Subsequently revived, 'they received legal sanction in the Statute of 'the Staple in 1353.' But this statute did not finally settle the point in dispute, and so lately as in Tudor, as well as in Stuart, times the Crown claimed a right to increase the rates or impose fresh duties without parliamentary sanction. In 1604, one Bates, a Turkey merchant, the Hampden of indirect taxation, refused to pay a new duty on currants; and the judges formally decided that 'the seaports are the king's gates, which he 'may open and shut to whom he pleases.' Bates, therefore, was ordered to pay the impost. Emboldened, perhaps, by this decision, Charles I. from 1625 to 1641 collected the port duties by royal warrant; and during that period a new book of rates was published by his authority.

The main feature in the history of taxation during the Commonwealth was the introduction of the excise:—

'Taxes of this description had long existed in several continental nations . . . but had always been hateful to Englishmen, who regarded them as a badge of slavery. . . . The excise was now introduced into England by Pym, who has been termed the father of the excise; . . . and it is not an exaggeration to say that (it) was established at the point of the sword.'

The excise was destined to play so important a part in English financial history that it is desirable to notice its first introduction. But the finance of the Commonwealth has no other material interest, and we may pass on at once to the time of the Restoration.

On the restoration of Charles II., Parliament, considering that nothing 'conduceth more to the peace and prosperity 'of a nation and the protection of every single person 'therein than that the public revenue thereof may be in 'some measure proportioned to the public charges and 'expenses,' decided on settling a revenue of 1,200,000*l.*—at that time an amount without precedent—on Charles II. And Parliament increased its difficulty in providing that amount by bargaining with the Crown for the abolition of the old feudal incidents of wardship, liveries, purveyance, &c., which still existed as an inconvenient relic of Norman

England, and which yielded a substantial sum of at least 100,000*l.* a year. In strict equity, a burden which had fallen exclusively on the landowner should have been replaced by a land tax. But, as Mr. Hallam writes, 'the self-interest, which so unhappily predominates even in representative assemblies, with the aid of the courtiers' induced the House of Commons to substitute an excise on beer and other liquors. Half the excise was made hereditary, and settled on the Crown in lieu of the abolished feudal revenue; the other half was voted to the king for life.

The revenue of Charles II. thus consisted of the customs, the excise, the rent of Crown lands (which were very considerable), the hearth tax, and the proceeds of the post office, which were, however, granted by the king to his brother, the Duke of York. Though the proceeds of these revenues hardly reached the stipulated 1,200,000*l.* at the commencement of the reign, the progress of wealth was so rapid that it exceeded that amount at its close, while on several occasions additional taxes were granted to the king—poll taxes, direct taxes on property levied on the basis of the Commonwealth assessment, and increased customs duties.

Most of these revenues, of course, expired on the death of Charles II. His successor, James II., acting on the advice of Jeffreys, continued the collection of the customs by royal warrant. His conduct in doing so was silently condoned by the Legislature, which subsequently voted the money without condemning the transaction. But, in drawing up the Declaration of Rights, Parliament specifically declared that the levying of money for longer time than the same is or shall be granted is illegal. As, however, the financial arrangements made in 1689 introduce us to modern financial history, it is worth while to examine them a little more minutely.

At the time of the Revolution the public revenue of England amounted to a little more than 1,800,000*l.* a year. The excise, half of which, it will be recollected, was permanent and hereditary, yielded 620,000*l.*; the customs, in force from 1660, 577,000*l.*; the additional duties since imposed on wine, tobacco, linen, sugar, vinegar, and brandy, 415,000*l.*; and the hearth tax, 200,000*l.* The last of these taxes was exceptionally unpopular, and it was voluntarily abandoned by William himself. Thus reduced, and omitting minor sources of small amount, the available revenue slightly exceeded 1,600,000*l.* a year.

The financial debates which then ensued are perhaps the most memorable which have ever taken place in the House of Commons. They have come down to us in the shortest and most imperfect of summaries, but they have been so admirably expanded or expounded by Macaulay that there is no difficulty in explaining them. It seems clear that the bulk of the official Whigs were of opinion that the whole of the revenue, which had been granted to James II. for life, was payable, at any rate during James's lifetime, to William; and that Somers, who in these debates established his predominance, took a contrary view. He argued that the term 'life' as applied to James must be interpreted as synonymous with 'reign,' and that practically the whole revenue, except the hereditary excise, had terminated with James's abdication. The House of Commons adopted Somers's opinion. To William III.'s intense annoyance, it decided that the revenue had terminated; and instead of proceeding, as had been done in the case of all his predecessors, to settle a substantial revenue upon him, it voted the customs for a period of only four years. But this was only one of the remarkable changes introduced at the same time. Imitating the example of preceding Parliaments, it fixed the expenditure of the nation at 1,200,000*l.* a year; but, departing from the ordinary precedents, it appropriated one half of the sum to what would now be called the civil list, and the other half to the other purposes of the Government. When the outbreak of war made the revenue thus agreed upon manifestly inadequate, the Commons carried their principle still further. They insisted on estimates of the additional expenditure being laid before them, and again appropriated the sums which they granted to particular services. Appropriation, indeed, was no new principle; it had been introduced in the reign of Charles II., but abandoned by what Mr. Hallam has called the unworthy House of Commons that sat in 1685. But from the Revolution, appropriation, to quote the same writer, has been the invariable usage; and the House of Commons on several occasions took well-intentioned, though perhaps not always effectual, steps to see that the arrangements which they thus laid down were strictly complied with.

These decisions were eminently distasteful to the king. They very nearly induced him to throw up the great work which he had undertaken. But they gave the people, through their representatives, an effectual control over the national finances. Before the Revolution, speaking broadly,

the public revenue had been the king's revenue. From the Revolution the public revenue became, to all intents and purposes, the national revenue.

In providing the additional supplies required for the war, Parliament had recourse to increased customs duties; to an increased excise; to a tax on houses; to stamp duties, which were now imposed for the first time in England; to frequent poll taxes; and to a land tax, levied on the old assessment in force during the Commonwealth, which in 1697 was made perpetual. Just as in 1334 the old fifteenth and tenth had been turned into a fixed sum leviable on the various localities in unchanging proportions, just as the Tudor subsidy had similarly been converted into a fixed sum charged on the different localities,

'So now after the Revolution, when a rate had again been tried, it fell into the same groove as the subsidy and the fifteenth and tenth; and though still nominally a rate of 1*s.* or 2*s.* or 3*s.* or 4*s.* in the pound, was in effect but a sum of about half a million, a million, a million and a half, or two millions charged in specified amounts on particular counties and towns, and within those counties and towns portioned out between particular parishes or districts according to the assessment of 1692.'

Large, compared with previous periods, as were the additions made to taxation during the reign of William III., they failed to keep pace with the increases to the national expenditure. The difference was defrayed out of borrowed money. In this way were laid the foundations of the great debt whose growth during the next 120 years was so rapid, and which was destined to exercise so marked an effect on the taxation of the United Kingdom.

Lord Macaulay has remarked, in his famous third chapter, that 'from a period of immemorial antiquity it had been the practice of every English Government to contract debts: what the Revolution introduced was the practice of honestly paying them.' The antithesis impresses the passage on the memory; yet the reflection is hardly true. It had been undoubtedly the practice before the Revolution to create debt. But the debts so created were usually, at any rate, merely loans obtained in anticipation of revenues. The famous debt of Charles II. to the bankers, which was repudiated on the advice of the Cabal Administration, was essentially a temporary advance of this character. The debts, moreover, incurred before 1688 were secured on revenue which belonged to the Crown, and over which Parliament had retained no control. After the Revolution the system of obtaining temporary

advances on the security of the accruing revenues was continued; though it was supplemented by moneys borrowed in perpetuity. But a much greater distinction was introduced. The money thus borrowed was, as a general rule, secured on taxes specifically appropriated by Parliament for the purpose. Technically, indeed, the Crown still retained, and occasionally exercised, the right of alienating the revenues set aside for its own use. This right was not terminated till the commencement of the reign of Anne. But as a broad generalisation it is safe to assert that, while the debt contracted under the Stuarts was secured on revenues over which the Crown during the life of the king had sole control, the debt created in the reign of William III. was secured on moneys over which Parliament retained control. Just as before the Revolution the public revenue had been the king's revenue, while after the Revolution it became the national revenue, so the debt of Charles II. was the debt of the Crown, while the debt of William III. was the debt of the nation.

It was a fortunate circumstance for the country that, while so great an alteration was being made in the control and management of the national finances, the sovereign had the advice of a statesman who displayed financial capacity of the highest order. It was not Mr. Charles Montague's lot to deal with the vast sums which have been handled by his successors, but he was required to maintain the credit of the nation at a period both of transition and difficulty. It was said of him at the time that 'he has never wanted and never 'will want an expedient.' Such a compliment was not undeserved by the man who had been the chief supporter of the project for the institution of the Bank of England, the inventor of Exchequer bills, the successful reformer of the currency, the fertile author of fresh taxation, and who deserves to be regarded as the father of modern finance, and as the first in order of time of the five great financiers who have presided over the British Exchequer.

We have endeavoured to lay stress on Mr. Montague's achievements, as well as on the financial changes which were introduced at the Revolution, because in a constitutional sense they are far the most important circumstances in the financial history of England. Thereafter, finance was largely dependent on foreign policy, and the wars in which the country was frequently engaged saddled it with huge debts, and made large additional taxation unavoidable. The war with France which was terminated in 1697 by the Peace of Ryswick created a debt of 14,500,000*l.*; the war of the

Spanish succession raised this total in 1713 to 34,700,000*l.*; the war with Spain left us in 1721 with a debt of 54,400,000*l.* The annual charge on the debt was raised by these additions to nearly 3,000,000*l.*, or two and a half times the amount of the entire revenue which had been settled on Charles II. at the Restoration.

This increase in the indebtedness of the nation, of course, necessitated corresponding additions to its taxation. Direct taxes, like the land tax and Mr. Montague's window tax, were maintained; stamp duties were imposed on many legal documents; and customs or excise duties were charged on articles of food like salt; on 'drinks' like spirits, wine, beer, tea, and coffee; on commodities in general use such as timber and coal; and on manufactured goods like candles, leather, soap, paper, and many others. There was one characteristic about this taxation which deserves to be noticed. Taxes were commonly imposed not merely for purposes of revenue, but for the sake of protection. In war we endeavoured to defeat France by our arms; in peace we tried to ruin her by our tariff.

Such were the leading characteristics of our financial system at the commencement of the long Administration of Sir Robert Walpole. Sir Robert had already shown his financial capacity by reducing the charge of the debt and by devising a sinking fund. His later measures were of still greater importance. To quote the phrase which Mr. Dowell quotes from Archdeacon Coxe, 'he found 'our tariff the worst in the world, and left it the best.' Such a verdict could not have been delivered on any Minister during the hundred years which succeeded his downfall.

The changes introduced by Sir Robert Walpole, which won for him this striking compliment, may be very briefly stated. In the first place he encouraged the shipping trade by repealing the duties on American timber and hemp; he partly counteracted the injurious influence of heavy import duties on the raw material by allowing a drawback on exported silk; he repealed the duties on oil &c. which had ruined the Greenland whale fishery, and on raw commodities like indigo, rags, and beaver skins; he largely reduced the excessive duties on drugs, pepper, and spices, which had interfered with trade and encouraged smuggling; he repealed the remaining export duties on British manufactured goods; and he conferred an inestimable boon on the consumer by repealing, though he was subsequently forced to reimpose, the excise on salt. But, broad and liberal as were these

measures, Sir Robert Walpole's reputation as a financier does not depend on them. In his lifetime he was specially popular for his reduction of the land tax; he is now chiefly recollected for his introduction of the warehousing system.

On the first of these measures it is not necessary to say anything in this article. The second of them was originally designed to protect the revenue against smuggling. Selecting tea, coffee, and cocoa for experiment, Sir Robert Walpole arranged that these commodities should be warehoused on importation, that no further duties should be paid on them on exportation, and that the heavy duties chargeable on them should only be paid on their being taken out of the warehouse for home consumption. The success of the measure, which largely increased the revenue, induced the Minister in 1733 to apply the proposal to wine and tobacco. Unfortunately, while he had termed the duty on tea drawn from the warehouse a customs duty, he called the tax on wine and tobacco taken out of bond an excise. It is not too much to say that the name defeated the measure. 'In articles in the "*Craftsman*," in pamphlets in every form, and in the newspapers of the day, the people were exhorted 'to defend their homes from "that monster the Excise."' And the Bill, after exciting universal clamour, was withdrawn.

Such was the fate of the greatest measure of the first of Mr. Montague's successors who had displayed a true capacity for finance. Sir Robert Walpole remained in office for some years after the defeat of the excise. Peace unhappily was broken before his fall, and the war, which was finally terminated by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, nearly doubled the debt, and more than doubled the expenditure, of the nation. The former was raised from about 46,000,000*l.* to 76,000,000*l.*, the latter from 5,000,000*l.* to 12,000,000*l.*

The increased expenditure which was thus created was met by large augmentations of the land tax, by increased taxation on windows, carriages, glass, wine, and spirits, and by a fourth subsidy, as it was called, or, in plainer language, an addition of 5 per cent. to all customs duties. But the burdens which were thus thrown on the nation seemed intolerable. Lord Bolingbroke declared in a well-known passage:—

'Our parliamentary aids from the year 1740 exclusively to the year 1748 inclusively amount to 55,522,157*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.*, a sum that will appear incredible to future generations, and is so almost to the present. Till we have paid a good part of our debt, and restored our country in

some measure to her former wealth and power, it will be difficult to maintain the dignity of Great Britain, to make her respected abroad, and secure from injuries and even affronts on the part of our neighbours.'

Such was the prediction of a statesman, eminent for his genius, six years only before the outbreak of the great war which won for this country Canada in the West and India in the East, and raised her to predominance in Europe. The Seven Years' War, which was memorable for these great successes, added 60,000,000*l.* to the National Debt and raised the total to 132,000,000*l.* The expenditure of the nation, which in 1748, the year of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, had been only about 12,000,000*l.*, had risen in 1763, the year of the peace of Paris, to about 18,000,000*l.*

External policy was thus again influencing financial administration; and the managers of the Exchequer were chiefly occupied in devising fresh taxation. Unfortunately for England, if the war had revealed the great qualities of the elder Pitt, it produced no greater financier than Mr. Legge. An increased revenue was raised by exacting higher duties on most commodities; a fifth subsidy, raising the customs to 25 per cent. on nearly all goods, was added to the tariff; and heavy additions were made to the tax on malt and the excise on beer. The country at the commencement of the reign of George III. seemed very much in the position which it occupied at the commencement of the reign of his granddaughter. Taxation had been raised to a level which it seemed impossible to pass. During Lord Bute's Administration, indeed, Sir Francis Dashwood, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, proposed the imposition of fresh duties on wine and vinegar, and the extension of the excise to cider; and Mr. George Grenville defended the new tax by asking, 'Where can we go if not to this source?' 'Will the honourable member tell me where?' Mr. Pitt hummed the commencement of an old song, 'Gentle shepherd, tell me where.' This repartee took the fancy of the House, and caused the Minister to be named the 'Gentle Shepherd.' But the anecdote is of higher importance from the circumstance that it records the inability of the Minister to devise fresh taxation at home, and drove him to the unfortunate expedient of taxing the American colonies.

Colonial taxation was not entirely new. By an Act of Charles II. export duties had been placed on the produce of the plantations of America, Asia, and Africa, in every case in which security was not given for their direct importation

into England or Wales. By an Act of George II. import duties had been imposed on foreign rum, spirits, and sugar imported into America, while finally, by an Act of George III. (1763), which contained the famous preamble that it was 'just and necessary' that a revenue should be raised in America for the purpose of defending it, these protective duties had been continued, and various additions had been made to them. There was no doubt, therefore, that, for the purpose of regulating trade, Parliament in the past had exercised the right of taxing the colonies; and it may be both interesting and new to some persons that some of the duties thus imposed survived to our own time, and were only finally abolished in 1846. No one, therefore, doubted the abstract right of Parliament to impose customs duties on the colonies for the purpose of regulating trade; and many high authorities went further, and claimed the right of Parliament to tax a dependency for the purpose of raising a revenue. The law officers of the Crown gave a distinct opinion to that effect in 1724. Twenty years later Murray (Lord Mansfield) repeated the same opinion; and though Sir Robert Walpole in 1739 rejected the advice given him to tax America, he did so expressly on the ground that such a policy would be inexpedient, not that it would be unconstitutional. If the wisdom of Mr. Grenville's Stamp Act, therefore, had been determined in Westminster Hall, his view, and not that of the colonists, would have been maintained. But then, in fairness, it must be recollected that Westminster Hall had been on the side of the Crown against Bates; that it had pronounced a decision against Hampden; and that even James II. in continuing the customs duties without authority had acted on a legal opinion.

It was, moreover, possible to argue that Parliament had not merely a right to tax the colonies, but that strict justice required their taxation. Some of the increased expenditure thrown on the United Kingdom was attributable to the cost of the American garrison; and the amount of the Stamp Tax—if the most sanguine estimates had been realised—would not have been sufficient to defray this expense. The taxation, therefore, which Mr. Grenville proposed was intended to defray a charge previously thrown on the Exchequer of the United Kingdom, but necessitated by the requirements of the American colonies; and the true objection to his policy was not that it was unconstitutional or unjust, but that it was inexpedient. The inexpediency of Mr. Grenville's policy was, moreover, demonstrated by the

smallness of the yield which he expected from the duty. He never calculated on receiving more than 100,000*l.* a year from the tax, and he never actually derived from it one-tenth of that sum. It might have been necessary to encounter some risk for the sake of securing a productive revenue; but it was plainly inadvisable to irritate our most important colonies for the sake of obtaining only a few thousand pounds. It did not consequently require Lord Chatham's eloquence to expose the folly of the tax; and the Stamp Act was at once repealed. But the evils of the Act survived its repeal. Parliament, in the first instance, in sacrificing its proposal, thought it necessary to affirm its power; and Mr. Townshend, misled by the circumstance that Lord Chatham had drawn a marked distinction between the right to impose internal taxation and the right to regulate trade by duties, imposed certain port duties on the colonists. Five years before, it is possible that this policy might have escaped attack. Proposed after the failure of the Stamp Act, these duties only led to a renewal of the subsiding agitation. They were repealed with the exception of the duty on tea; and the American war ensued.

This struggle, caused by a desire to obtain some 100,000*l.* a year in relief of the taxpayer at home, added 100,000,000*l.* to the National Debt, raising the total to 232,000,000*l.*, and increased the expenditure of the country to 25,000,000*l.* a year. This increased expenditure was met by raising the land tax to the usual war rate of 4*s.*; by taxes on houses, servants, legacies, auctions, coaches, carts, and posting; by increased duties on salt, sugar, beer, wine, spirits, and tobacco, and by general additions to the customs and the stamp duties. But even these taxes never raised the revenue during the war to 14,000,000*l.*; and the greater part of the cost was necessarily defrayed out of borrowed money.

Happily if the peace of Versailles found the country cumbered with debt, its finances, for the third time after the Revolution, were under the management of a competent financier. During the ten years of peace which followed, Mr. Pitt displayed the great qualities which even those who disapprove his later policy will readily acknowledge. Partly from his management, and partly from the general prosperity which prevailed, the revenue steadily rose from about 12,600,000*l.* in 1783 to 18,600,000*l.* in 1792; and the increase was gained without any serious pressure on the taxpayer. Taxes, indeed, were imposed on horses kept for pleasure, on sporting qualifications, on plate, and even on

bricks ; while licenses were required to be taken out by persons practising various trades. But the commercial treaty of 1786 did much to abolish the war of tariffs with France, and to lessen the duties on French wine and brandy. The duty on tea was reduced at one blow from 119 to 12½ per cent., and the warehousing system, which Sir Robert Walpole had suggested, was applied with the best advantage to tobacco. No minister for more than forty years had conferred equal benefits on the country, and no previous financier had been gifted with the eloquence with which Mr. Pitt adorned his Budget speeches.

We are afraid that in these pages it is impossible to apply the same praise to Mr. Pitt's financial administration during the war which we gladly accord to his previous achievements. During that epoch Mr. Pitt's management of the Exchequer was affected by his policy. Reluctant to admit the necessity for war, he was still more unwilling to believe that the struggle could be protracted. Instead of providing for its support at the very outset by adequate taxation, he saw no harm in meeting the cost of what he persistently thought would be a short war out of borrowed money. The loans which he raised were floated in the most extravagant manner. He created vast quantities of stock at a continually increasing discount, and thus made the nation liable for a much larger sum than it actually received. When he could no longer conceal from himself the character of the struggle in which the country was engaged, he displayed undoubted ingenuity in devising fresh taxation. But even then his chief financial measures were not entirely successful. His famous triple assessment failed ; and the income tax, which succeeded it, never yielded in his hands the sum which he had expected to derive from it, and which it ought to have produced.

The policy which Mr. Pitt pursued was, in the main, followed by the smaller men who succeeded him. Vast additions were made to the debt ; duty upon duty was thrown upon the taxpayer, till, at the peace of Paris, the revenue of the nation, which at the outset of the struggle had slightly exceeded 18,000,000*l.*, had risen to 68,000,000*l.*, while the debt had concurrently grown from 237,000,000*l.* to 860,000,000*l.* If we may reproduce from Mr. Dowell the passage which he quotes from an article by Mr. Sydney Smith originally published in this Review, taxation, it will be seen, was universal.

‘ Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the

back, or is placed under the foot. Taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste. Taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion. Taxes on everything on earth, or under the earth, on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home. Taxes on the raw material, taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man. Taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and on the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the judge, and on the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and on the ribbons of the bride; at bed or board, *couchant* or *levant*, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent., into a spoon that has paid 15 per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid 22 per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel. His virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble, and he will then be gathered to his fathers to be taxed no more.'

If in 1815, however, the country could have secured the services of a capable financier, and if Parliament had resolutely determined to support his policy, an impetus might have been given to trade, which in its turn might have created wealth and prosperity sufficient to influence the whole current of history. But in 1815 Parliament, instead of desiring to liberate trade, was intent on getting rid of unpopular taxation, and the only capable financier alive regarded service at the Exchequer as slavery worse than Egyptian bondage, and declared that no man had a right to require another to make bricks without straw, or 'to raise money 'and abolish taxes in the same breath.'*

In fact, 'the ignorant impatience of taxation,' of which Lord Castlereagh complained, induced the House of Commons almost immediately after the peace, against the wish of the Cabinet, to repeal the whole of the income tax; and Ministers, alarmed at their defeat, surrendered the war malt tax, and reduced some of the customs duties on spirits. These decisions led to the immediate loss of some 18,000,000*l.* of revenue, and this vast sacrifice did nothing to liberate trade from the fetters with which it was shackled. Weakened, moreover, by this large abandonment of taxation, the Exchequer was unable to pay its way; and Mr. Vansittart,

* See a remarkable letter from Sir R. Peel (then Mr. Peel) to Mr. Croker published in the 'Croker Memoirs.'

who filled the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, was compelled in 1819 to impose fresh duties on malt, spirits, tobacco, wool, coffee, tea, and pepper. But these additions proved too much for the patience of the taxpayers, and in the following years the additional malt duty was abandoned, the tax on agricultural horses was repealed, the duty on leather was reduced by one half, and arrangements were made for the gradual extinction of the excise on salt.

Mr. Vansittart retired in 1822, and the Administration was strengthened by the appointment of Mr. Robinson to the Exchequer, and of Mr. Huskisson to the Board of Trade. Under their advice a more rational system of finance was introduced. Up to that time the importation of foreign silks had been prohibited, heavy import duties had been charged on raw silk, and a bounty had been paid on silken goods exported. Yet the trade was languishing under this complicated system of protection. Mr. Robinson largely reduced the import duties on raw silk, while Mr. Huskisson carried a measure permitting the importation of foreign silks and terminating the bounties paid on the export of British silks. For two or three years the silk trade was stimulated into abnormal activity by these changes; but when the undue expansion of the trade led to a reaction, the manufacturers, forgetting the prosperity which they had enjoyed, and intent only on the stagnation which had succeeded it, clamoured for a restoration of the old system of protection. The lessons which free trade had taught were, however, too plain to be misunderstood, and the Tory Government of the Duke of Wellington, instead of restoring the old duties, reduced still further the rates on foreign silks, with the object of preventing smuggling. Thus the battle of free trade was first fought, and the advantages of free trade were first demonstrated, on the question of silk. The other fiscal measures introduced in the reign of George IV. were marked by the same characteristics. The woollen trade was encouraged by the reduction of duties on wool, the Irish trade by the repeal of duties between this country and Ireland, and the colonial trade by the remission of a portion of the duties on rum. These changes and others analogous to them did not perhaps go very far, but they were important because they proved that a reduction of duties, by increasing consumption and diminishing smuggling, not unfrequently led to an augmented revenue.

It took some time, however, before these lessons were forced home on the people. Mr. Goulburn, who was

Chancellor of the Exchequer under the Duke of Wellington, though he originated one good reform by abolishing the remaining tax on leather, wasted a large surplus, with which considerable economies and a reduction of the interest on the debt provided him, by repealing one of the least objectionable, though most unpopular, of taxes—the excise on beer. Lord Althorp, who succeeded him, attempted a much more sensible policy, and proposed changes which Mr. Dowell describes as ‘too considerable for execution by any but a master hand.’ We may, at least, admit that the Budget was too considerable to be carried in an unreformed Parliament. But if modern ideas of financial management be sound, the Budget of 1831 was the boldest and wisest which had been introduced into the House of Commons since 1793. Lord Althorp proposed to sweep away the duties on seaborne coals, on tallow candles, on printed calicos, on glass, to reduce the tax on tobacco and newspapers by one-half, and to obtain the revenue necessary for effecting these great changes by taxing the transfers of stock, by equalising the duties on colonial and foreign timber, and by other subsidiary alterations. He was defeated on the proposed change in the timber duties, and was obliged to recast the Budget; but he even then succeeded in abolishing the duties on coals, candles, and calico. In subsequent years he repealed the house tax and remitted half the duties on soap.

There could be no doubt that the fiscal changes which had been initiated by Mr. Robinson, and which had been followed up by Mr. Goulburn and Lord Althorp, had given the taxpayers material relief. But they had only been possible because a desire for retrenchment had passed like a wave over the country. The events of the succeeding years made further economies impossible. The expenditure again rose; the revenue, diminished by the constant remissions of taxation, proved inadequate; and Parliament during Lord Melbourne’s Administration was startled by the regular recurrence of deficits. Mr. Baring, indeed, who succeeded Mr. Spring Rice at the Exchequer, made a creditable effort to terminate the deficiency by adding 5 per cent. to both the customs duty and the excise. But the failure of the experiment proved the necessity of adopting some new method. Mr. Baring’s Budget of 1840 was the last expedient of the old-fashioned system of taxation: the era of financial reform had begun.

Two different remedies were proposed in the existing

crisis. The Whigs, under the guidance of Lord John Russell, desired to reduce the protective duties on foreign timber and sugar, and at the same time to substitute a fixed duty on corn for the existing sliding scale. Sir Robert Peel, on the other hand, entering office on their defeat, terminated the deficit by reviving the income tax, and, dealing with the whole customs tariff, reduced the duties on 750 out of the 1,200 articles of which it was composed. As a pure measure of finance, much could be said for Lord John Russell's alternative; but it bore no comparison as a broad commercial reform with the great revision of the tariff which his rival effected. Encouraged by the success which attended his policy, Sir Robert Peel in 1845 induced Parliament to continue the income tax, and thus supply him with the means of effecting further reforms of the tariff. Strengthened in this way, in the Budget of that year Sir Robert Peel swept away the whole of the export duties and more than half of the import duties with which the tariff was still encumbered. The failure of the potato crop in the subsequent autumn compelled the Minister to deal with the corn laws, and to substitute for the existing protection a fixed and only nominal duty of 1s. a quarter on corn. But, in abandoning protection for land, the Minister decided on a further reduction of other protective duties, and avowedly substituted a policy of free trade for the previous policy of protection. After his fall, Lord John Russell, reverting to the proposal which he had made six years before, at once reduced, and took steps for ultimately abandoning, the prohibitory duties on foreign sugar. A single Parliament, elected oddly enough in the interests of protection, had thus definitely abandoned the old commercial system, and had entered on a policy of free trade.

The consummate skill with which the great Budgets of 1842, 1845, and 1846 were both framed and explained, their comprehensive nature, and their beneficial effects, undoubtedly entitle their author to be placed as the fourth, in order of time, of the great financiers of England. Sir R. Peel's mantle fell on his ablest disciple, Mr. Gladstone. In the Budgets of 1853 and 1860, Mr. Gladstone completed the task which Sir Robert Peel had commenced. The tariff was almost finally revised. Taxes like those on soap, which had been condemned nearly a century before in the 'Wealth of Nations,' and on paper,* which interfered with the

* The repeal of the paper duty led to a memorable controversy

diffusion of knowledge, were abandoned; and taxation was based on certain broad principles which have since been almost invariably maintained. These Budgets undoubtedly justify us in reckoning Mr. Gladstone as the fifth of the great financiers of modern England.

We have thus rapidly sketched the remarkable alteration in the principles of taxation which, first advocated in the eighteenth century, was carried into practical effect by Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Gladstone. It may, perhaps, be convenient briefly to describe the leading characteristics of the old and new systems. Under the former, taxation was avowedly imposed for purposes, not of revenue, but of protection; it was distributed over every possible object, and collected in every stage of manufacture. Under the latter, it is uniformly resorted to for revenue alone; it is confined to the fewest possible articles, and collected on the finished commodity and not on the raw material. Under the former, the direct taxation of property and income was as far as possible avoided; under the latter, it has become the leading feature of every Budget. Under the former, commodities in general use—like soap, candles, leather, glass, bricks, and paper—were heavily taxed; under the latter they have been entirely free. Under the former, a pound of tea paid a duty almost as heavy as a gallon of whisky. Under the latter, the tax on spirits is more than twenty times as heavy as the tax on tea; and it has become almost an axiom of financiers to except alcoholic drinks from the general rule, and to raise from them the maximum revenue which they are capable of producing.

The result of these reforms has been very striking. When Sir Robert Peel commenced his revision of the tariff in 1842, some 1,200 different articles were enumerated on the

between the Lords and the Commons. The Lords in 1860 rejected the measure which repealed it; and it was argued that if the Lords rejected a measure repealing a tax they virtually imposed a tax, and thereby infringed the privileges of the Commons. We have not attempted in this article to trace the gradual growth of the constitutional doctrine that the Lords had no power to amend a money Bill sent up to them. It may be briefly stated that the right to do so was first denied by the Commons in the reign of Charles II., and that since 1860 the Commons have made it virtually impracticable for them to refuse either the repeal or the imposition of any tax by including all the financial arrangements of the year in one measure, and thus compelling the Lords to accept them as a whole, or to paralyse the Executive by rejecting them.

list, and the customs revenue produced some 22,500,000*l.* a year. The customs revenue is now practically derived from five articles, and its yield still amounts to about 20,000,000*l.** In 1842 the whole of the revenue amounted to only 48,000,000*l.*; of recent years it has occasionally exceeded 90,000,000*l.* In 1842 the revenue derived from taxation may be computed at 47,000,000*l.*; at the present time it may be roughly placed at 77,000,000*l.* Yet the taxpayer of to-day moves under the greater burden with an ease and comfort which were unknown to the taxpayer of 1842.

But in our own time the same difficulty which was first experienced in Plantagenet times has again recurred. While the skill of financiers has been gradually equalising the burden of Imperial taxation, local expenditure has been rapidly rising, and has been thrown almost entirely on one kind of property alone. Just as the tallage, the subsidy, and the assessment became a charge on land, so it has hitherto proved impossible to raise a local revenue either for the maintenance of the poor, or of schools, or for any other purpose, except by the taxation and retaxation of real property. The attempts which have hitherto been made to remedy this injustice have proceeded on the plan of subsidising the local authorities out of the Imperial revenue. But subsidies of this character have not proved favourable to economical administration, and the relief which was afforded to the ratepayer was not commensurate with the burden which was thrown on the taxpayer. Mr. Goschen, in his Budget of the present year, has adopted another expedient, and has offered to surrender certain taxes to the local authorities. In principle his proposals are admirable, but the details have been proved to be full of difficulty; and sound critics who share the minister's desire to substitute some rational measure for the wasteful subsidies by which local expenditure has been rather augmented than relieved, are not unanimous in approving the machinery by which he has endeavoured to effect his object. Financiers, however, have no difficulty in commending the skill with which Mr. Goschen has approached a far more difficult problem, and permanently reduced the weight of the debt. He is by no means the first financier who has endeavoured to do this. On a small scale it was effectually accomplished by Sir Robert Walpole a century and a half ago; Mr. Vansittart proved in 1822 that a reduction in

* There are nineteen articles enumerated in the list, but there are only five of any material importance.

interest might be purchased at too high a price; Mr. Robinson in 1824 avoided the mistake into which Mr. Vansittart had fallen, and dealt successfully with some 70,000,000*l.* of capital. Mr. Goulburn in 1830 reduced the interest on some 150,000,000*l.* from 4 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and in 1843 further lowered the charge on some 250,000,000*l.* from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{4}$, and ultimately to 3 per cent. It has been reserved for Mr. Goschen to deal with the subject on far broader grounds, and to reduce the interest on nearly the whole debt to $2\frac{1}{4}$ and ultimately to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. For all practical purposes the reduction of the rate of interest by one-sixth is equivalent to the discharge of one-sixth of the debt of the nation.

This country, then, is in the position of a great proprietor whose rent roll is increasing, whose tenants are prospering, and whose encumbrances—incurred by his forefathers—are being gradually paid off. At no previous period of its history has its expenditure been so large; but at hardly any previous time has it been borne with equal ease. If the blessings of peace should continue, it is certain that the weight of the debt will be further diminished, and it is possible that taxation will continue to be reduced. If war should unhappily occur, the people may have the sad consolation of reflecting that, in a financial sense, the United Kingdom was never so well prepared for the exertions which it would be called upon to make.

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- ART. I.—1. *Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III.* From Original Family Documents. By the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and CHANDOS, K.G. In four vols. 1853.
2. *Memoirs of the Court of England during the Regency, 1811–1820.* From Original Family Documents. By the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and CHANDOS, K.G. In two vols. 1856.
3. *Nugæ Metricæ.* By Lord GRENVILLE. 1824.

THE active politician is like the active lawyer: he cares little for history unless it serves him on the instant by supplying him with an argument for or against some particular object. The practising lawyer has equally small care for precedent or for the past, except in so far as they help to strengthen or to weaken an opinion. Thus it admits of no doubt that with increased political activity there has not been an equal increase in knowledge of political history. From time to time, in the discussion of political questions of the day, some great and overshadowing names are drawn into the arena, the opinions of Burke or of Fox are cited, as if what was said under totally different circumstances and at a long distance of time must necessarily have weight in regard to the present. It has, perhaps, indeed been unfortunate for the proper appreciation of modern political history that the personal interest of particular periods has been so completely centred in a few men. Chatham, North, Pitt, and Fox comprise for the average Englishman the statesmen of George the Third's long reign. Lord Shelburne, the Grenvilles, Addington, Windham, Perceval, and even Lord Grey, of the pre-Reform era, are little more than empty names. In this enumeration we have mentioned the Grenvilles; in the latter

part of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, this was, next to that of Pitt, the most noteworthy family in England. George Grenville in the latter part of the reign of George II. and the beginning of that of George III. was a leading statesman, though he lives in history with the evil reputation of having been largely the cause of the war with the American colonies. The next generation consisted of his sons, Earl Temple, afterwards Marquis and Duke of Buckingham, William Lord Grenville, and Thomas Grenville. The Duke of Buckingham figures prominently in Irish history as Viceroy under Lord Shelburne and under Pitt, and, in a sense, he was an important personage in the political world of his day, though he took no very active personal share in it after the memorable overthrow of the Coalition Government of Fox and Lord North, except as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It was rather his great influence, some measure of capacity, and his troublesome irritability, which caused him to be taken into account by more active statesmen. Of the career of Lord Grenville we shall presently write at length. Of Thomas Grenville it must suffice to say that he was a man of very sound political judgement, of very varied experience, a capable administrator, and a moderate and steady Liberal, who lived, a link between widely different periods, up to the year 1856. The Grenvilles were, indeed, essentially a political family. Of George Grenville and his sons we have already spoken, but there was also Richard Lord Temple, who took an active part in the Administration of the elder Pitt, and his sister, who was the mother of William Pitt. Thus the Grenvilles of the second generation were first cousins of William Pitt, and from their boyhood were surrounded by a political atmosphere. They could not fail—endowed as they were with exceptional natural gifts—to play an important part in the political life of their age.

Born in 1759, it was at the early age of three-and-twenty that William Grenville began his political career. In February 1782 he was elected member for the borough of Buckingham. In July of the same year, he accompanied his brother, Lord Temple, on the construction of Lord Shelburne's Administration, after the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, to Ireland, as Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. On February 18 in the following year that Administration was destroyed by a hostile vote, the result of the memorable coalition of Fox and Lord North. During the time that Grenville filled the office of Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant,

he occupied in London, as it were, the post of envoy from his brother, and for most of the time he was in England. The cardinal object of his policy was to obtain a Renunciation Act, making plain and certain the repeal of Poynings' Act, and to clear up any doubt as to the inability of the English Parliament to legislate internally in Ireland, or of the English law courts to entertain Irish litigation. It was a task which showed conspicuously at this early age Grenville's statesmanlike qualities: he pursued his object with patience, vigour, and tact. He had to contend against the good-natured powerlessness of Townsend, and the powerful procrastination of Lord Shelburne, whose energies were chiefly directed to the question of peace on the Continent and with America. The unwillingness of the Prime Minister to enter on further Irish legislation seems to have arisen chiefly from the secondary position which the question occupied in his eyes, and from the belief that the recent settlement had practically given Ireland the desired control over her own affairs, and therefore, until peace on the Continent was assured, it was injudicious, in Lord Shelburne's opinion, to meddle with the Irish question. 'People,' he said to Grenville, 'were not ripe in England to go into the whole question again.' With the natural energy of youth Grenville took a different view. He was more Irish than many Irishmen themselves. Whilst Grattan regarded the continuing agitation with distrust and alarm, and considered the settlement already arrived at as satisfactory, Grenville and Temple looked to Flood and his fellow-agitators as the real representatives of Irish opinion. Without entering into the question of the policy of repeal, it seems certain that Grenville was at the time right in his views. A settlement about which there was uncertainty was an absurd policy; and as such uncertainty rightly or wrongly existed, it was desirable to get rid of it as soon as possible, and, to use Grenville's own words, 'to consign the question to eternal rest.' The Bill was eventually introduced by Lord Shelburne's Government, it was seconded in the House of Commons by Grenville, but it was not until Fox and North were in office, under the nominal leadership of the Duke of Portland, that Grenville's efforts attained success by the passing of the Renunciation Act.* It fell to the same statesman who conducted the Irish case thus successfully to a termination to carry the resolutions for the Union through the

* 23 Geo. III. c. 28.

House of Lords. But the 'eternal rest' to which he thought that he had consigned the Irish question in 1783 seems yet distant in 1888.

During the existence of the Coalition Ministry, Grenville was an active member of the Opposition; the ties of party and of friendly relationship had drawn him close to Pitt, and he seconded that statesman very ably in his attacks on Fox's India Bill. When Pitt, to the astonishment of the world, became Prime Minister of England, it was certain that Grenville would have some place in his Government, even though a subordinate one, and he was in fact appointed one of the two Paymasters of the Forces. But nominally subordinate though Grenville was in the Government, he had more actual weight than more highly placed politicians. He was on very intimate terms with Pitt, and two men so united by relationship, by friendship, and by age, each with qualities of the highest political order, could not fail—more especially when there was absolutely no rivalry between them, for Grenville at all times regarded Pitt as his leader—to be in the closest political connexion. These years were full of political education for Grenville: he never, like Pitt, reached the height of political power at a bound, he rose by gradual steps and by the accumulation of political experience and public reputation. Appointed Vice-President of the Committee of Trade in 1786, in the summer of 1787 he was sent on a special mission to the Hague in consequence of the impending invasion of Holland by Prussia, and in September of the same year to Paris with the object, if possible, of preventing the French Government from giving warlike assistance to the Dutch. To the knowledge of continental politics thus obtained he was continually adding parliamentary experience and weight: writing to his brother, Lord Buckingham, on April 30, 1788, he says of a recent speech:—

'It will not diminish your satisfaction on this occasion to hear that the previous question was moved by me, and that I had the good fortune not only to satisfy myself, which I have not done before in the course of this session, but also to satisfy my friends so well that the question has rested on my speech, no other member of the Government saying anything.' *

The election of Mr. Grenville in 1789 to the Chair of the House of Commons, on the death of Speaker Cornwall, marks a distinct period in his life. At the moment of his election

* Court and Cabinets of George III. vol. i. p. 379. *

he may be said to have ended his subordinate official career, and to have finished his political apprenticeship. The Speakership gave him at once a high political position in the present, and opened up the probability that if he relinquished the chair, he would take his place as a statesman of the first rank among his contemporaries. It is quite certain that, from a personal point of view, Grenville regarded this position as a mere resting-place between active official labour in the past and in the future. Few men have more deliberately marked out the scheme of their political life. Grenville was determined to reach the highest post, and with this object he was continually adding to his political experience, and fortifying and strengthening his parliamentary position. In regard to the Speakership he wrote to his brother on January 2, 1789 :—

‘Upon the whole I think the decision which I have made is clearly right. If the king recovers before Parliament is dissolved, it is clearly understood that my acceptance of this situation is not to prejudice my other views; and in the public opinion, the having filled this office, though but for a short time, will rather forward them. If the Regent goes on without dissolving, I am then in a situation which, though perhaps not perfectly pleasant, is nevertheless respectable, and will give me occupation. If they dissolve and carry the chair against me in the new Parliament, I do not see how I stand worse in any respect for having filled this office.’ *

This high office he held only to the following May, and so limited a service as Speaker renders it impossible, as well as unnecessary, to form a definite opinion upon his merits in that capacity. Privately, he never severed himself, during the few months he filled this office, from his party; he was consulted by Pitt, and was the constant adviser of Lord Buckingham, who was still at Dublin. In the House during the Regency debates he descended from the chair and delivered a speech of the highest quality in favour of the Bill of the Government. These debates will always be of the utmost constitutional interest, resulting, as they did, in the formation of precedents which were not only sufficient for reference in the later period of George the Third’s reign, but which must hereafter, should occasion arise, necessarily guide any Government which may be in office at the time. To us these discussions must always seem to possess somewhat of an academic complexion, because throughout it was certain that the Prince of Wales would be regent, whether he

* Court and Cabinets of George III. vol. ii. p. 86.

became so by virtue of an hereditary right or through the unfettered selection of the two Houses of Parliament. As we have said, Grenville supported the views of Mr. Pitt, and in one portion of his speech he puts the Government case with remarkable brevity and clearness.

‘The more strongly,’ he said, ‘we recognise the right of inheritance to the crown in the event of a demise, the more essential it becomes to guard with utmost jealousy against the admission of any principle which leads to the assertion of such a right when there is no demise, and against the adoption of any measure which might afford the means of superseding the king’s authority during his life, under the name and influence of that person on whom his crown would in the course of nature legally devolve.’ *

This speech was by far the most important utterance which up to this date had proceeded from him. It was dignified, clear, and eloquent, and delivered with great tact, from the point of view of a citizen rather than from that of a party politician. That it increased his reputation in the House of Commons and the country as a statesman cannot be doubted. Whether it should have been delivered by the Speaker is one of those questions which can scarcely be answered in the affirmative at a time when the Speaker is regarded as absolutely removed from the contentions which are moving around him. It thus follows that in taking a general view of Grenville’s career it is impossible to form an estimate of him as a Speaker. We can look upon it only as a merely temporary arrangement, which nominally removed him from the ranks of Pitt’s party. It was in June 1789 that Grenville descended from the chair of the House of Commons. The restoration of the king to health had removed all doubt as to the stability of Pitt’s Government, and Grenville now succeeded Lord Sydney at the Home Office as Secretary of State. In November of the following year he was raised to the peerage, and became from that moment the leader of the Government in the House of Lords. He was at the same time placed in charge of the foreign affairs of the nation, and he continued to occupy this double position of Foreign Secretary and leader in the Lords until he retired from office with Pitt in 1801. It will thus be evident how completely he had succeeded in the object of his ambition: he was in the position which suited him best; the work of previous years, his tastes, his social position, fitted him for the place he had attained, and attained at the age of two-and-thirty after but ten years of political life.

It was the more acceptable to him because he regarded Pitt simply and solely as his leader; he doubtless believed that he would occupy that place for many years to come, and he was well satisfied to second him by the most industrious official labour, removed from the turmoil of the House of Commons, and, it must perforce be added, from the glory of contending in those great oratorical and parliamentary contests which have made the British Parliament of the time of Pitt and Fox, of Burke and Sheridan, of Windham and Grey, famous for all time. During these particular years the personality of Grenville is overshadowed by that of Pitt, and the policy of the Cabinet is usually regarded as solely directed by the Prime Minister. It is the natural result of the English political system, that when there exists a statesman who is at once the nominal and the actual leader of a party, a larger share both of praise and blame is allotted to him by posterity than the joint responsibility of Cabinet Ministers properly allows. Undoubtedly the most momentous period of office by Grenville was that preceding the breaking out of the war with France in the spring of 1793. Until that event occurred, no statesman ever occupied a post more weighted with care and with the highest national interests. And there can, we think, be no question that however much the policy of the Cabinet was the policy of Pitt, that policy was not only cordially agreed to by Grenville, but largely influenced by him. When the war was a fact, and events followed each other in a way to disappoint the sanguine expectations of the English Cabinet, the course of the struggle and the nature of the policy to be pursued came to be regarded from different points of view by different ministers.

The policy of the Cabinet for some time before the breaking out of the war was to observe a strict neutrality in regard to the affairs of France. How completely this was not only the outward and visible policy of the Cabinet, but also Grenville's sincere personal conviction, is clearly shown by a letter to his brother on November 7, 1792, to whom, as we know, he throughout his life was in the habit of confiding his opinions and his wishes.

'I bless God,' he writes, 'that we had the wit to keep ourselves out of the glorious enterprise of the combined armies, and that we were not tempted by the hope of sharing the spoils in the division of France, nor by the prospect of crushing all democratical principles all over the world at one blow.'

And thus of the future :—

‘We shall do nothing. Sweden and Denmark can do nothing, and Russia has enough else to do, and neither the will nor the means of doing much against France. And there is the tableau of Europe for the next year according to my almanac. . . . All my ambition is that I may at some time hereafter, when I am freed from all active concern in such a scene as this is, have the inexpressible satisfaction of being able to look back upon it, and to tell myself that I have contributed to keep my own country at least a little longer from sharing in the evils of every sort that surround us. I am more and more convinced that this can only be done by keeping wholly and entirely aloof and by watching much at home, but doing very little indeed, endeavouring to nurse up in the country a real determination to stand by the constitution when it is attacked, as it most infallibly will be if these things go on, and above all trying to make the situation of the lower orders among us as good as it can be made.’ *

Non-intervention in continental difficulties, a determination not to enter on an antidemocratic crusade, were thus clearly the main principles of Grenville’s foreign policy, and were strictly carried into practice for a time. Pitt kept England from an alliance with the German Powers against France; he would not write so much as a despatch to assist Louis XVI. ‘The English ministers,’ writes Mr. Lecky, ‘still carried their desire to be neutral in French affairs to ‘the verge, if not beyond the verge, of humanity.’† Mr. Lecky has told so well the history of these memorable years that we could have wished he had omitted these words; for the non-intervention of the English Government in regard to the situation of the French king was not only correct according to international law and to the practice of diplomacy, and consonant with the clear principles of neutrality which Grenville had laid down, but was most likely to serve the interests of the French king. An intervention for such purpose would have been contrary to the previous policy of the English Cabinet, ‘without any reasonable ground for ‘hoping,’ as Lord Grenville said in his despatch to Lord Gower, ‘that it would produce the effect desired from it.’ On the contrary, in the existing temper of the French nation, it would have hastened the king’s destruction.

To follow the details of the course of events which led up to the breaking out of the French war would be to rewrite a page of English history. It is sufficient in this review of Lord Grenville’s political life to take note of the important

* Court and Cabinets of George III. vol. ii. p. 223.

† History, vol. vi. p. 25.

fact that up to a short time before the breaking out of the war his most earnest desire was to guide his country in peace through the extraordinary difficulties of the time. That he did so for a considerable period redounds equally to his and to the Prime Minister's credit; and if at the last this policy of peace was departed from, that departure must be attributed as much to Grenville as to Pitt. The general tone and character of the conduct of the French Executive towards this country will lead an impartial observer—as it seems to us—to the opinion that war with France was, in the temper of the French people, sooner or later inevitable. There can be little doubt that it was this which led Pitt and Grenville to make no attempt to answer Lebrun's note of January 13 in a friendly spirit, and to regard rather the general course of events in France than the specious words of the Foreign Minister. This paper, though it began in a friendly tone, ended as an ultimatum to this country, by demanding a cessation of warlike preparations on the part of Great Britain. Lebrun's communication was replied to by Lord Grenville in what Mr. Lecky has called 'two haughty and peremptory notes,' in which the French explanation was declared to be wholly unsatisfactory, and he has been blamed for declining to enter into an irregular negotiation with Maret, Noel, and Mourgues, who had been sent to London to obtain from the British Government nothing short of an immediate recognition of the French Republic, and even an alliance of the two countries.

To form a just estimate of Lord Grenville's conduct it is necessary to take into account the course of events. On August 10, 1792, Louis XVI. became the prisoner of the National Assembly; on September 17 the Convention opened, and at once declared the abolition of royalty and the establishment of a republic; on November 19 the Convention published a decree of defiance to all foreign Governments; the royal family were at this time incarcerated in the Temple, and on January 22 the king was beheaded. It was whilst these events were going on that an attempt was made by the French to obtain from England a formal recognition of the revolution, and the establishment of amicable relations with this country. Even then, in November (as is shown by the letter we have quoted) Lord Grenville's sole object was 'to keep wholly and entirely aloof.' To enter into close relations with a headless government, already deeply stained with blood and crime, whose future was even more dark and dreadful than its past, was clearly impossible. Lord Gren-

ville and Mr. Pitt doubtless thought that Lebrun's note and the intrigues of his subaltern agents in London were no more than a pretext and a sham. A few days more proved that view to be correct; for on February 1, 1793, war was declared, not by England against France, but by the French Convention against England. No doubt at that period, and in presence of the horrors of the Reign of Terror, and the total subversion of all order and authority in France, except that of the guillotine, Lord Grenville's sentiments underwent a great change, as was the case with a vast number of persons who had hailed the earlier years of the Revolution with confidence and enthusiasm. All hopes of peace were vain. The contest had to be fought out to the bitter end. From this time forth his mind was dominated by an implacable antagonism to the French, and by the dread of the spread of ultra-democratic principles into this country, which were prominent in all his words and actions throughout the struggle with France. The war became in his mind, as he told the House of Lords in the following year, one 'upon 'which depended the existence of all society.' 'He would 'never consent that England should be the first nation in 'Europe to recognise a Government so created, so established, 'and so constituted,' were his warlike words in another debate. In the October of this very year (1793) he was the author of a proclamation calling on the French to declare 'for a monarchical Government,' and 'to join the standard of 'an hereditary monarchy.'* This was little more than a year after he had written to his brother the letter which has been already quoted, temperate in tone, clearly defined in its views, and altogether antagonistic in every respect not only to his public but to his private utterances during the French war.

Yet, notwithstanding this revulsion in his opinions, he was prepared to take advantage of the first opportunity which appeared to offer hopes of a restoration of peace. Lord Malmesbury was despatched to France in 1796, and negotiations were opened at Lille, which were frustrated by the bad faith and the divisions of the French Directory. A similar abortive attempt was made by Mr. Fox, under Lord Grenville's own administration, when the great Whig statesman found it as difficult as his predecessors had done to come to terms with France. As Lord Grenville retired from office in 1807, he took no further part as a minister in the conduct of the later years of the war, or in its final objects.

* Parliamentary History, vol. xxx. p. 1058.

Having thus briefly sketched the character of Grenville's policy, and his position in regard to foreign affairs, up to the date of his retirement with Pitt, it is necessary to revert to the perennial subject of Ireland. This involves a consideration of the question of the Union, and of the causes of Grenville's departure from office. Unquestionably, Grenville was a firm believer in Pitt's policy in regard to the Union. As leader of the Government in the House of Lords, it fell to him to carry the necessary measures through that House. It is certain that his previous acquaintance with Irish politics must have given him additional weight in discussions on this subject. That the form of the resolutions as they left the English Parliament was greatly influenced by Grenville individually, there can also be no doubt.

'We have at length finished,' he writes to his brother on May 9, 1800, 'our Union labours, and the resolutions go over to-day to Ireland. I send you a printed copy of them in their present state; they have undergone many alterations, at which I have laboured unceasingly for the last week.' *

That Lord Grenville thoroughly believed in the wisdom of what elsewhere he characterised as a 'great work' is quite clear, both from his public and his private utterances. The importance of his opinion, regarded from an historical standpoint as evidence of the wisdom of this measure, is the greater because, as we have already seen, there was no one more desirous from the first of making the legislative independence of Ireland real and clear. He was not a man to change this opinion from any motives either of office or of interest. It was his policy and his opinion that Ireland ought to become a completely integral part of the United Kingdom, and it was because he considered Catholic emancipation as an essential part of this policy that he left office with Pitt in 1801. That the policy which wrecked the Ministry of Pitt was undoubtedly as much that of Lord Grenville as of the Prime Minister is clear, for it is certain that the details of it were settled by the latter and by himself before they were communicated to the other members of the Cabinet: 'Mr. Pitt and myself had formed a plan of an extensive arrangement of this whole subject. . . . This plan, having been stated to the Cabinet, was approved of by the majority of the king's servants. But it had, unfortunately, insurmountable difficulties to encounter in the king's own mind.'† And

* Court and Cabinets of George III. vol. iii. p. 63. † *Ib.* p. 129

it is one of Lord Grenville's greatest claims on the respect of posterity, that from the time that the Union became an accomplished fact he recognised the necessity and the justice of putting Roman Catholics on the same footing as their fellow-subjects, and Catholic emancipation was for years one of the foremost articles of his political creed. Pitt went out of office because the king could not overcome 'the insurmountable 'difficulties' in his mind, and refused to sanction a measure for the emancipation of the Catholics. But, having indicated the position which Grenville took up, it is sufficient simply to note the fact that, as indeed we have already stated, he retired with the Prime Minister, and that he went into opposition, bearing two main points in view—the first, that Catholic emancipation was a necessary sequel to the Union, that 'the 'measure would be extremely incomplete and defective as to 'some of the most material benefits to be expected from it, 'unless immediate advantage were taken of it to attach the 'great body of the Irish Catholics to the measure itself, and 'to the government as administered under the control of the 'United Parliament.'* The second was, as he stated in his place in Parliament, that he would support Addington's Government while it continued 'to act in a firm, resolute, 'and manly manner.' To these two principles Grenville consistently adhered. It was because he considered that Addington and his Government acted without vigour, and without a due appreciation of the dangers of the times, that Grenville quickly went into a steady opposition to the new Prime Minister, gathering round him a group of politicians likeminded with himself, and that he endeavoured in no long time to draw Pitt out of his tent, and to induce him to attack his successor. Not only did Grenville regard Addington's Administration as politically ineffective, but also he had a contempt for his intellect and his capacity, as well as for that of Lord Hawkesbury, a contempt somewhat remarkable in a man so fair-minded as Grenville, and who was not embittered by absence from office, of which indeed he was never greedy. As it was, from the time when Addington became Prime Minister to the moment of his fall, Grenville not only kept himself aloof from any kind of connexion with the party in office, to which he had once belonged, but he fast drifted further and further into opposition. The day of his resignation was, in fact, the day of his departure from the Tory party, and of his assumption of his true

* Court and Cabinets of George III. vol. iii. p. 129.

character of a Whig or moderate Liberal. With moderate Liberal principles Grenville had always been more in harmony than with those of the Tory party, to which he first became attached, to a large extent, by family ties, and by his intimacy with Pitt. He had been, as we have seen, for a considerable time a consistent advocate of peace principles; of moderate and reasonable reforms he was never afraid, and of the political emancipation of the Catholics he was ever a foremost advocate. But his views of the war with France, once they became changed, prevented his immediate alliance with the Whig party proper, which throughout Grenville's later years of administration as Foreign Minister had consistently urged upon the Government the propriety and the necessity of making peace with France. To the Peace of Amiens he was always hostile, and by his vigorous, though fruitless, attacks* upon it in the House of Lords he placed himself not only in opposition to the policy of the Government, but also to that of the Whig opposition, and, it may be added, to the wishes of the nation. It was thus certain that he would to some extent become the leader of a group, for his immediate following could hardly be called a party. Differing in political principles in many respects from the Tory party, he was yet kept apart from the Whig party by his views on foreign policy. For a time he thus occupied a somewhat anomalous position, though one thing in regard to it was clear—that he had for ever severed his connexion with the Tory party. It was equally certain that with the left wing of the party led by Fox he would never be in harmony, nor with many of the views which Fox himself held.

It is unnecessary to enter into the details of the personal negotiations by which at length Fox, Pitt, and Grenville found themselves united in opposition to the Ministry of Addington. But one thing in connexion with them should not be overlooked—that this strong opposition to Addington was essentially an object of Grenville's policy, and was to some extent effected by him.

'Pitt,' he writes to his brother in March 1803, 'is still at Walmer. . . . He has hampered himself to such a degree by his support of measures which he so totally disapproved, that I really hardly see what

* 'Lord Grenville in the Lords employed all his official and parliamentary knowledge, which was prodigious, as well as his oratory, which was considerable, to discredit the treaty.'—Lord Holland's 'Memoirs of the Whig Party,' vol. i. p. 187.

he has to do, and am glad that the decision is not with me. And yet in him is and must be all our hope. As for us, happily our line has been direct and straight, and our way is clear before us.' *

Grenville's object in entering into this coalition was to replace the existing Administration by one thoroughly broad based, composed of men of all political opinions, actuated by one central desire, viz. to extricate the nation from its present difficulties—an idea which, specious enough in appearance, has never in this country been found of practical value. It is now a matter of history that this attempt fell stillborn, though had it come into being it may fairly be surmised that a Cabinet containing these three political chiefs would not have long held together. As it was, when Pitt first proposed that Lord Grenville and some of his followers should, together with Fox and some of those who regarded him as their leader, form a Government, the king absolutely refused to entertain the plan. He had overwhelming objections to Lord Grenville, since the latter had become an advocate of Catholic emancipation: 'the king knows how strongly the 'then two Secretaries of State who resigned at that period 'had allied themselves to the Roman Catholics; the former ' (Mr. Dundas) by his private correspondence with a former ' Lord Lieutenant of Ireland showed that he was become the ' follower of all the wild ideas of Mr. Burke, and the other ' (Lord Grenville) from obstinacy, his usual director.'† Probably there was never a more obstinate human being than George III. himself, and it is equally certain that no statesman ever adhered more firmly to his views than Lord Grenville. That he adhered to them unreasonably there is no evidence; but a firmness of purpose, added to a character somewhat proud and reserved, and not given to bend to unreasonable requests, was certain to appear to the king as obstinate. These scruples of the king were, however, overcome by the influence which Pitt had over him, and office was offered to Lord Grenville and his party. That offer, after consultation with his friends, was declined by Grenville on the ground that Fox was excluded from office, and that thus there would not be formed that kind of 'national' Government of which alone Lord Grenville would form a part. His reasons were clearly set forth in the following letter to Pitt:—

* Court and Cabinets of George III. vol. iii. p. 263.

† Stanhope's 'Life of Pitt,' vol. iv. appendix, p. viii.

* May 8, 1804.

' My dear Pitt, -I have already apprised you that all the persons to whom, at your desire, I communicated what passed between us yesterday, agreed with me in the decided opinion that we ought not to engage in the Administration which you are now employed in forming. We should be sincerely sorry if by declining this proposal we should appear less desirous than we must always be of rendering to his Majesty to the utmost of our power any service of which he may be graciously pleased to think us capable. No consideration of personal ease or comfort, no apprehension of responsibility, or reluctance to meet the real situation into which the country has been brought, have any weight in this decision, nor are we fettered with any engagements on the subject, either expressed or implied. We rest our determination solely on our strong sense of the impropriety of our becoming parties to a system of government which is to be formed at such a moment as the present on a principle of exclusion. It is unnecessary to dwell on the mischiefs which have already resulted from placing the great offices of Government in weak and incapable hands. We see no hope of any effectual remedy for these mischiefs, but by uniting in the public service as large a proportion as possible of the weight, talents, and character to be found in public men of all descriptions and without any exception. This opinion I have already had occasion to express to you in the same words, and we have for some time been publicly acting in conformity to it; nor can we, while we remain impressed with that persuasion, concur in defeating an object for which the circumstances of the present time afford at once so strong an inducement and so favourable an occasion.

' An opportunity now offers, such as this country has seldom seen, for giving to its Government, in a moment of peculiar difficulty, the full benefit of the services of all those who by the public voice and sentiment are judged most capable of contributing to its prosperity and safety. The wishes of the public on this subject are completely in unison with its interests, and the advantages which not this country alone, but all Europe and the whole civilised world, might derive from the establishment of such an administration at such a crisis, would probably have exceeded the most sanguine expectations.

' We are certainly not ignorant of the difficulties which might have obstructed the final accomplishment of such an object, however earnestly pursued. But when in the very first instance all trial of it is precluded, and when this denial is made the condition of all subsequent arrangements, we cannot but feel that there are no motives of whatever description which could justify our taking an active part in the establishment of a system so adverse to our deliberate and declared opinions.

' Believe me ever, my dear Pitt,

' Most affectionately yours,

' GRENVILLE.' *

* Court and Cabinets of George III. vol. iii. p. 352.

This refusal of Grenville to join his Administration was to Pitt a cause of much vexation. Looking back at this episode after the lapse of many years, the impartial critic must come to the conclusion that there was good ground for Pitt's annoyance. Grenville had been the most active and the most consistent opponent of Addington's Government since the Peace of Amiens; he had over and over again insisted that Pitt ought to return to power. In his letter to Pitt which has just been quoted, we see reiterated his previously expressed opinions; in another letter to Pitt, written in January 1804, Grenville formulated his views as to the proposed alliance adverse to the Prime Minister; it had for its second object 'that if now or hereafter there should arise 'any question of forming a new Government, the wishes 'and endeavours of all who mean well to the country should 'be directed to the establishment of an Administration comprehending as large a proportion as possible of the weight, 'talent, and character to be found in public men of all 'descriptions without any exceptions.' These words, as we have seen from the later letter, were the keynote of Grenville's policy. But having gained the first step, and having turned out what he regarded as Addington's feeble and incompetent Government, having secured Pitt as Prime Minister, he was, in our opinion, bound to support him with or without the aid of Fox. Grenville occupied a position entirely independent of the latter statesman; he was the leader of a distinct group of politicians, who owed no allegiance to the great Whig leader. It would have been altogether unreasonable in Fox's followers to take part in a Government from which their leader was excluded; it would have been an act of political ingratitude, as well as of political weakness, for it would certainly have caused a split in the party. But the fact that Fox was excluded from office only made it the more incumbent on Lord Grenville to take office with Pitt when the two statesmen had arrived at an agreement as to the line of policy which they should pursue. Pitt, without aid either from Grenville's or from Fox's followers, could not form a Government independent of the Addington Tories, and the refusal of Grenville to assist his former chief necessarily obliged Pitt to seek the assistance of Addington. The action of Grenville at this particular juncture of affairs thus considerably counterbalanced the effect of the previous alliance of the Opposition chiefs.

But the alliance between Pitt and Addington was certain—as was the case—to draw Grenville and Fox closer, and

thus to make Grenville more thoroughly than he had hitherto been a real member of the Whig party. The connexion between Grenville and Fox soon became more than a mere alliance for offensive purposes; there grew up the intimate relations existing between two leaders of the same party. This is very clearly shown by a letter from Lord Grenville to the Marquis of Buckingham, written in July 1805, from St. Anne's Hill, then the home of Fox, after Lord Sidmouth, as Addington had now become, had retired from Pitt's Administration.

'I find,' he writes, 'that Mr. Fox had not, any more than I, heard anything beyond the mere fact of the resignation. We talked over the circumstances and situation of affairs, and we agreed in thinking it probable that some step may be taken in the course of next week towards opening a communication with us. Should that be the case, we shall undoubtedly on every account be most anxious to take the earliest opportunity of receiving the prince's commands on the subject. . . . You know already enough of both our sentiments to see that there is not any probability of any difference of opinion on any part of the subject.'*

Fox had thus entirely taken up in regard to Grenville the position which Pitt had formerly occupied; he had become the leader to whom Grenville owed a qualified allegiance. It is a curious characteristic of Grenville that, haughty and strong-willed as he was, yet at no time in his political career did he like to be without a leader. All through the period of Addington's Administration he had been wishful for the leadership of Pitt; when Pitt came into office, and he remained in opposition, he began to look to Fox as the head of his party. At the same time it must not be supposed that he was willing to subordinate his views to those of Fox. As a matter of fact, however, Grenville and Fox, though they differed totally as to the past foreign policy of Great Britain, were now agreed upon the necessity of united action and a general peace on the Continent. A democratic people fighting against the military monarchies of Europe might well enlist Fox's sympathies; an autocratic ruler seeking to found a vast empire could never appeal to the same feelings.†

But in many respects it was for the purposes of party conflicts that Grenville valued at one time the lead of Pitt, and later, when his views were altered, that of Fox. Amidst

* Court and Cabinets of George III. vol. iii. p. 427.

† *Ib.* vol. iv. p. 133.

the cares of leading the Ministry which he formed in February 1806, on the death of Pitt, he wrote to his brother of withdrawing 'from a scene which I detest,' and of his regret at having accepted a station for which he is 'totally 'unqualified.' And, again, when his Government was on the point of breaking up, he describes himself with almost plaintive frankness as wanting 'one great and essential 'quality for my station, and every hour increases the 'difficulty. I can still, and could still for a few years, 'as long as my eyesight is spared to me, labour at my desk, but 'I am not competent to the management of men. I never 'was so naturally, and toil and anxiety more and more unfit 'me for it.' These expressions are the key to much of Grenville's political conduct. Through the earlier period of his career the buoyancy of youth enabled him to undertake official cares with ease and with a vigorous will. But in no long time the natural bent of his character made itself clear. No politician who loved the excitement and strife of political life would have left the House of Commons at the early age that Grenville did. He found in the position of Foreign Secretary and leader in the Lords a situation congenial to his reflective mind and industrious habits, suitable to his dislike of the smaller cares and the continuous attacks which a statesman in the House of Commons must endure, and to his incapacity for the management of men. It was to Pitt, and afterwards to Fox, that he looked to bear these toils and responsibilities. It was this characteristic of Lord Grenville's nature which caused him to 'detest' the post of Prime Minister with all its innumerable cares, and refuse to return to office after he had quitted it in 1807. When Pitt died he was the only statesman to whom the king could look to form a Government: Addington was discredited; to Fox the king would never appeal in the first place. But Grenville's experience of affairs, the authority which he derived from long intimacy with the deceased minister in spite of recent opposition, his own reputation for political ability and integrity, and the capacity of his small immediate following, gave him at this particular juncture of affairs a weight in the country and with the king which a politician of his particular calibre does not easily attain. He formed his Government on the basis which he had desired should be that of Pitt's last Administration. He assembled Addington and Fox and Windham within the same Cabinet, and certainly in regard to the first-named he subordinated personal considerations and his opinion of his capacity to his determination to form

as really national and representative a Government as was within his power.

There are few political circumstances more striking than the contrast between the ability and reputation of this Government of All the Talents and the comparatively poor results of the combination. Its life was a short one, and it was in difficulties from beginning to end. From the very first it was handicapped by the bad state of Fox's health: his death in September 1806 not only deprived the Government of its Foreign Secretary, and Lord Grenville of his most important and most popular colleague, but, what was essentially necessary for an Administration under his leadership, of a leader in the House of Commons, and one, too, who had personal influence of the strongest kind over the rank and file of the Whig party, and who had also a wide popular fame.

Lord Howick—the Lord Grey of the Reform era—who succeeded to Fox's place, had not Fox's capacity as a leader of men, nor his parliamentary and political authority. Thomas Grenville was rather a capable administrator than an effective debater. Thus the loss of Fox, severe as it would have been to any Government, was, having regard to Lord Grenville's character, to the absence at the particular time of anyone who was at all capable of filling Fox's great and unique position, doubly disastrous. Yet it is possible that had the Catholic question been successfully surmounted in 1807, Lord Grenville's Administration might have had a longer lease of power, and it is almost certain that a politician more adept, and perhaps it may be added less conscientious, than the Prime Minister, would have overcome the difficulty for a time at any rate. But the manner in which the question was treated by Lord Grenville exemplifies at once his political strength and his political weakness. It brings into prominence his almost Utopian straightforwardness and desire for independence; it is characteristic also of his want of appreciation of the weight of political circumstances, of his want of what may be called political tact, and it may be almost said of political judgement, not in regard to the matter of questions but to the manner of handling them. We have seen it to some extent exemplified by his refusal to join Pitt's second Government, whereby he, in direct opposition to his views as to the nature of the required Government, actually narrowed its basis. In the spring of 1807—to go shortly into the salient facts of the question—the subject of the Catholic claims was again being agitated; but Lord Grenville and his

party, though as keenly alive as ever to the righteousness of these claims, were certain that it would be useless to press them on the consideration of the new Parliament. The Cabinet, however, thought that by some small measure of relief their goodwill to the Catholics might be shown, some of the irritation which was felt at their existing disabilities might be taken away, and the king's peculiar scruples not seriously offended. Consequently it was decided to extend to Catholics in England the same benefits as regards military rank as had been given to them in Ireland before the Union by the Irish, but with a slight extension of those privileges. The course of events and the motives by which Lord Grenville was influenced are very clearly shown in a letter of Thomas Grenville, who was then First Lord of the Admiralty. On March 14 he writes to the Marquis of Buckingham :—

‘ At the time that this measure was adopted by us, it was evident that the Irish petition was not likely to be stopped by it, but it was thought very desirable to give the Catholics the benefit of the measure, although it was not very likely, even when given, to stop or to check the violent agitation in Dublin of the Catholic petition. The chief doubt was how far the king's mind could be prevailed upon to adopt that measure, more especially as we proposed to give some additional extension to the Irish Act: in point of fact we proposed by formal minute of Cabinet submitted to the king to give to all his subjects, of whatever persuasion, the capacity of serving in his army or navy, with no exception or condition whatever, than that of taking an oath of allegiance; these words being calculated to allow Catholics or Dissenters to enjoy the same military and naval rank as Protestants. The king took two days to consider this, and then expressed a very reluctant consent, which he described to be founded upon his considering this measure as realising in England what had before been done in Ireland. But, whatever were the motives, the king approved of the measure; and, for our better security on this point, the despatch to the Lord Lieutenant empowering him to announce this measure to the Catholics, was likewise previously communicated to the king, and approved of by him; Lord Sidmouth, during all this time, professing his continued hostility to Catholic emancipation, but acquiescing in the measure proposed as one to which the Government had been pledged by the Irish Act.

‘ So it stood till the measure began to be put into the shape of a Bill, when suddenly it appeared that the king conceived himself to have consented only to a literal renewal of the Irish Bill in England, and took objection to the proposed extension in regard to the Catholics of rank upon his staff, and also to the admission of Dissenters under the words by which they had been intended to be included; and it appeared that Lord Sidmouth protested likewise that he had meant the same reservation, and that he must directly oppose any word beyond

the words of the Irish Act. About the same time we found that all of Pitt's party, whom we naturally considered as friends to Catholic emancipation, took now the same ground with that of the king and Lord Sidmouth, and declared themselves ready for the Irish Bill, but not one inch beyond it would they go. In spite of all this, I believe it might have been carried in the House of Commons; but not so in the House of Lords, for on Wednesday last the king told Lord Grenville that he regretted having given any consent upon the subject, and should certainly think it right to make it known that his sentiments were against the measure. This seems to Lord Grenville to make the success of the Bill in the House of Lords quite impracticable. Lord Grenville and I therefore met on Wednesday evening, and in concert with Lord Howick, Lord H. Petty, and Lord Holland, we discussed what was to be done.*

Mr. Grenville then proceeds to give his own opinion as to yielding to the views of the king or resigning office; and he tells how it was decided to take the former course, on the same grounds which had prevented the Cabinet from bringing in a large measure of relief; namely, that, though friendly to the subject as a whole, they were powerless to go beyond the bounds imposed by the king's will. But it is worthy of remark in connexion with this letter, that it is the best evidence that could be given of the divided condition of the Cabinet—of the difficulty of opposing sections working harmoniously in one Government; for it will be observed that the group of politicians who took counsel together were all members of the Whig party. The difficulty under which Lord Grenville conducted his Government is thus very clearly shown, for both in and out of the Cabinet he had to contend against opposition which was the more troublesome because it was not the opposition of open and declared political opponents. The result was, however, more than mere concession, it was the abandonment of the whole Bill. On March 16 Mr. Grenville again writes to his brother, and tells how the same politicians, with the addition of Lord Moira and Mr. Wyndham, had met on the previous day, and had

‘agreed upon a paper to the king, in which we stated the impossibility of modifying the Bill, and the opinion that under the present circumstances it would be better to abandon it. But we protested for the necessity of each of us expressing our sentiments on the Catholic question if the petition should (against our opinion) be brought forward in Parliament. We earnestly expressed our apprehensions for the state of Ireland, and distinctly claimed that, if we continued in

* Court and Cabinets of George III. vol. iv. p. 134.

Government, we should be considered by the king as competent to propose to him at all times any measure respecting Ireland which might appear to us to be necessary or useful to the safety and prosperity of the Empire.

‘ Lord Grenville went down to Windsor this morning, and is just returned. The king was civil in his manner, but pretty decisive in his tone upon the subject. He has, however, desired to have till Wednesday to consider of it, unless he can make up his mind by to-morrow morning.’*

The sequel is best told in Lord Grenville’s own words, as written to his brother on March 17.

‘ Although I trust that my brother will write to you to-day, and I have certainly not much time for doing so, I cannot bear that you should hear from another, even from him, and not from me, that the king’s answer is such as to leave us no option. Before long I trust we shall meet, and that I shall then have the opportunity of showing you all the papers that have passed.

‘ We had expressed a readiness to let the present Bill drop; but we had reserved the necessity, in doing so, of stating our sentiments on the subject, especially to the public or Parliament. And we had protested against being bound by this concession to refrain from submitting from time to time for his decision such measures as the course of circumstances in Ireland (the state of which country we look at with anxiety and apprehension) might appear to us to require.

‘ His answer to us this morning plainly expresses that we cannot continue in his service unless we withdraw that reservation, and engage never to propose to him (whatever be the occasion) any measures connected with that subject.

‘ We have heard much on this Catholic question of his coronation oath. He appears to have forgot that our oath as Privy Counsellors, as well as our manifest duty, obliges us to give him true counsel to the best of our judgement. How is this oath and duty to be fulfilled, if on the affairs of that part of his kingdom which is exposed to the greatest danger, both within and without, we bind ourselves by a previous promise not to give him (whatever be the exigency of the peril) such advice as in our judgement is best calculated to meet the evil; nay, not even to bring forward any advice on any subject connected with it?

‘ You have thought that we had already gone too far in concession. Perhaps it is so; but you know the motives. It seems to me that this matter is now placed on the strongest grounds for us that could have been found. We contracted no such engagement when the Government was formed; none such was proposed, and if it had been proposed I am very sure we should not have acceded to it.

‘ How can it, then, be required of us to take it now? I have no

* Court and Cabinets of George III. vol. iv. p. 139.

time to write more, but I shall have much to say about future lines of conduct,' &c.*

Here is the story as told by some of the chief actors. Thus we see the proposed measure not only modified to suit the views of the king, but actually dropped, though it was certain that from the initiative of the Catholics themselves the question would become the subject of parliamentary discussion. There was therefore at the moment no practical stumbling-block in the way of Lord Grenville's Government if he had simply announced to the king that the Bill was not to be pressed on. But in order to prevent this concession from being considered as binding him not to bring forward the question again, which clearly it could not have done, Lord Grenville raised an academical difficulty. This need never have occurred. We have seen how, in his own letter, Lord Grenville shows that he, and not the king, was the first to raise the final stumbling-block. Once brought forward, it was certain that the king, with the very strong views he held, would seize the moment permanently to block the question, even if the manner in which it was raised was not a kind of challenge to him. 'I have known,' said Sheridan, vexed at losing his post of Treasurer of the Navy, 'many men 'knock their heads against a wall; but I never before heard 'of a man collecting bricks and building a wall for the 'express purpose of knocking out his own brains against it.' And it must be admitted that never did a minister who honestly and rightly believed that the Government of which he was the head was the best for the interests of the country, show less tact in dealing with a simple difficulty. Lord Grenville gave up a Bill which, if it were of little value, it was bad tactics to bring forward at all, having regard to the well-known opinions of the king. He gave up a Bill upon which, if it were in the least a vital measure, and one necessary to the interests of the kingdom, he should have resigned; and having first risked raising difficulties by introducing the Bill, and then smoothed them away by dropping it, he went out of office upon a question of future conduct which at the moment had no practical bearing upon his policy. Before the end of March a Tory Government under the premiership of the Duke of Portland was in office, and once again the Whig party was destined for a long period to remain in opposition. With the resignation of the

* Court and Cabinets of George III. vol. iv. p. 142.

Ministry of All the Talents ended also Lord Grenville's official career.

Of the policy of bringing forward the question of Catholic emancipation in however modified a form at that time, we may have doubts; but the mere attempt to remove some of the disabilities attaching to Catholics, and his attitude on the question, stamp Lord Grenville as a Liberal minister. But his Ministry has another durable title to honour, for it abolished the slave trade in principle and lessened it in reality. What Pitt, with all his mastery of the House of Commons, had not the courage to accomplish, Lord Grenville and Lord Howick effected. But whilst the honour is due to Lord Grenville for carrying this great reform, against the wishes of a section of his followers and the preferences of the Court, it is well to remember that the popular mind was now ripe for this reform. 'How popular abolition is just now!' writes Wilberforce in his Diary at the time when this great measure was about to become law. Thus the popular feeling enabled Grenville to carry a reform which had been an object of his strongest desire throughout his political career. When the Slave Trade Limitation Bill was before the House of Lords, in 1799, Grenville supported it with all the weight of his character and abilities. 'Grenville spoke,' writes Wilberforce, 'like a man of high and honourable principles, who, like a truly great statesman, regarded right and politic as identical.' He was deeply interested in the Foreign Slave Bill of 1806, and in the resolutions brought forward in the same year in the expiring Parliament for the abolition of the slave trade. Upon them he made a speech which Wilberforce characterises as 'one of the most statesmanlike' he ever heard, and he adds, 'it was universally acknowledged to deserve this character.' Had Pitt been living, or had Fox been leader of the House of Commons in 1807, that year might perhaps still have seen this measure passed. But it none the less redounds to Grenville's honour as a statesman that, against no inconsiderable parliamentary difficulties, which existed in spite of the weight of popular feeling in favour of the abolition of the trade, he carried this great reform to a successful issue. It was not a mere piecemeal Act, such as the Limitation Bill of 1799, which in itself would have been a step in advance, and might have been regarded with more favour by the anti-abolitionists, but a broad measure based on the principle that the slave trade ought to be totally abolished. It remained for a later generation of statesmen

to carry Catholic emancipation, and to make slave-trading a penal offence; but in passing an Act which rendered it illegal, the principle of domestic slavery for the negro race was condemned for ever by the British Legislature. A Government which, although it existed for hardly a year, carried this great measure, must always be regarded by succeeding generations as having accomplished a remarkable work, however much assistance it may have received from popular sentiment. It is entitled in history to the honour of being regarded as the Government which abolished the slave trade, nor was it unfitting that Lord Grenville's name should be associated in years to come with this achievement, when it is borne in mind how steadfastly he had in Parliament after Parliament throughout his previous political career supported each measure to prevent the continuance of this traffic, and that some at least of the popular favour with which the abolition of the slave trade was regarded in the country was due to his earlier and long-continued advocacy.

Nor, indeed, did that advocacy cease with the passing of this beneficial Act. Lord Grenville's determination to put an end to the traffic in the negro race knew no diminution. When, by the first of the additional articles of the Treaty of Paris of 1814, Great Britain sanctioned the continuance on French dominions of the slave trade for five years, Lord Grenville moved an address in the House of Lords for the purpose of obtaining the nullification of this article. The speech in which he brought forward his motion is, perhaps, somewhat lengthy, but it is remarkable for the admirable order in which the arguments are marshalled, for the sustained and grave eloquence with which he advances his case, for the grasp of practical points, and withal for the generosity and humanity with which it abounds. This speech has had the advantage of having been carefully revised by Lord Grenville, and so it is desirable to quote a short portion if only for the purpose of affording an example of his parliamentary oratory. It has not been unfairly described by Lord Brougham, in an otherwise inadequate and superficial sketch of Grenville: 'His eloquence was of a plain, masculine, 'authoritative cast, which neglected if it did not despise 'ornament, and partook in the least possible degree of fancy, 'while its declamation was often equally powerful with its 'reasoning and its statement.'*

'What, then,' he asks, towards the conclusion of the speech, 'in such

* Lord Brougham's '*Statesmen of the Time of George III.*' p. 256.

a moment best becomes this House? What share is it fitting your Lordships should take in the exertions which must still be made for the glory which still awaits your country? It is for you to lead, not to follow, your fellow subjects in the paths of virtue and honour. It is in your power to give peace and security to millions. Cast not this duty on others. Ascertain by the investigation of past failure the best means of present exertion. Redeem by your own wisdom the errors of your Government. Point out to them once more the way to that final triumph which a compliance with your injunctions would already have achieved, and which under every disappointment is still confidently expected from the wisdom and energy of a British Legislature, and from the constancy of a virtuous people. . . .

'The opinion which I shall humbly offer to you rests, indeed, on no doubtful grounds. It is founded alike on the circumstances and the character of our cause. Other measures may possibly prove effectual: the success of this would be certain. You have already abolished the slave trade in the French settlements and colonies; you still possess the means of preventing its revival. Never let them be relinquished till that object be secured. This is your sacred duty. If that duty admit of modification and compromise, refer it to negotiation. If you desire only to narrow the limits, or to shorten the stipulated duration of that wickedness for which we have now covenanted with France; if you seek from other Powers some pretended mitigation only of this guilt, some illusory hope of its future abolition in return for your sanction and warrant of its present continuance, such endeavours may not improperly be intermixed with the details of territorial and commercial adjustment. But if you reprobate this stipulation as a sacrifice, not of profit, but of principle; if you abhor the crime which it would bind you to perpetrate, and are fully purposed that no hope, no fear, shall ever make you instrumental in it even for the shortest period; in that case justice and wisdom require, your interest and your dignity demand, that you should speak out with the decision of men conscious of right. Suspend at once the execution of this unhallowed article. Withhold the restitution of your conquests. Persevere in that decision, unseduced by promise, unterrified by menace, until you have irrevocably established the abolition of the slave trade.*

There was weight in Lord Grenville's arguments and in his appeals; but it was one of those questions in which no legislative body will, if it be possible, intervene. Dissatisfaction there might be at the conduct of the Government, but there was too strong a feeling in favour of the treaty generally to induce the House to carry Lord Grenville's motion, which was defeated by a majority of thirty-five.

Less popular and more modest improvements were not lost sight of by the Prime Minister. He was in favour

* Cobbett's 'Parliamentary Debates,' vol. xxviii. p. 380.

of various reforms in English law and in legal procedure ; and had his Government continued in office, it would have left its mark on the history of our jurisprudence. Sir Samuel Romilly was Lord Grenville's Solicitor-General, and they were thoroughly in sympathy on this subject. Before Romilly introduced his Bill to make freehold estates liable for the simple contract debts of the owner, just as much as his live stock or his cash, he consulted Lord Grenville on the subject, and the measure received his cordial approval. At the very time, too, that Romilly introduced this Bill, Grenville had already suggested to him the propriety of consolidating the four Welsh circuits into one, and of appointing a larger number of common law judges. He was also anxious to establish a general register of deeds for properties throughout England, and he took practical steps, with the aid of his Solicitor-General, to work out a plan for this purpose. But his retirement from office nipped these contemplated reforms in the bud. The mere attempt, however, to grapple with such technical matters, which, important as they were, were little likely to command popular sympathy, and had a tendency to irritate some influential classes of the community, clearly shows the liberal tendency of Lord Grenville in regard to domestic politics. Were further evidence needed, not only of the enlightened views which Lord Grenville took of domestic improvements, but of the practical energy, more valuable than the best intentions, with which he supported them, it might be seen in his attitude towards another reform, viz. the abolition of capital punishment in the case of sheep-stealing. Several years after Lord Grenville left office, when a Bill was brought into the House of Lords with this object, Romilly said of Lord Grenville's defence of this humane and desirable measure, that 'for strength of reasoning, for the enlarged views 'of a great statesman, for dignity of manner, and force 'of eloquence, Lord Grenville's was one of the best speeches 'that I have ever heard delivered in Parliament.' This would be high praise had the occasion of such a speech been one of great political interest ; it is the highest which can be given to one which was delivered in favour of a measure which, no doubt, every humane politician would advocate, but which can hardly be regarded as giving opportunity for the display of great parliamentary oratory. Some allowance, it may be, should be made for the enthusiasm with which Romilly espoused every humane cause, but he was a man of too great intellectual power to allow his critical

faculties to be overcome by his sympathies in respect to a speech at Westminster.

From this time, as we have said, Lord Grenville was never again in office. But the remarkable position which he held in the estimation of his contemporaries increased rather than lessened with advancing years. His great political experience, his long intimacy with statesmen of such extraordinary ability as Pitt and Fox, his high personal character, his dislike to political intrigue, his freedom from political ambitions, and his temperate views of the duties of a parliamentary Opposition, placed Lord Grenville for the ten years which followed his retirement from office in 1807 in a unique position. The relinquishment of office by a Prime Minister is often, and justly, described as the fall of a Minister; but the retirement of Lord Grenville, though it entailed the giving up of official power, served if anything to increase his public reputation as a statesman. His views of the duties of an Opposition, that in times of national trouble it should assist rather than hamper a Government to which in principle it may be opposed, and that at all times it should abstain from mere harassing opposition, were naturally not altogether to the taste of the more ardent of those who had once been the followers of Fox, and were now nominally under the leadership of Lord Grenville and Lord Grey. Writing about the selection of a leader in the House of Commons in place of the latter, Lord Grenville says of him:—

‘I had great confidence in Lord Howick’s principles, temper, and management, yet I am not sure that even he would not in the next session have very far outrun my ideas of what duty to the country will permit at such a dreadful crisis as that to which we are now brought.’ *

This feeling arose solely and entirely from his conviction that parliamentary opposition was not intended primarily for the purpose of weakening or destroying a parliamentary opponent, and that it had heavy responsibilities, and must at all times place the national welfare above mere party advantages. Lord Grenville carried these sound views into practice under no little temptation, since he was opposed to a Ministry composed of men of whom in his straightforward way he writes—‘whose system I abhor, and whose talents I despise.’ We have seen, indeed, that there was no man who was more willing to employ legitimate modes of parliamentary warfare when there was a distinct and useful end to be gained

* Court and Cabinets of George III. vol. iv. p. 209.

by them, viz. to replace an obnoxious Ministry by one which, in his opinion, would more satisfactorily administer the affairs of the nation. Long before Pitt could make up his mind to assist in upsetting Addington's Administration, Grenville had been strenuously striving for that end. But he had far too fair and reasonable views of the difficulties of parliamentary government to harass a Government unless he could by so doing either alter its measures or end its existence.

We shall now proceed to give a rapid sketch of the most noticeable features in Lord Grenville's later public career, more especially as one of the dual chiefs of the Opposition, for Lord Grey had already very largely taken up that political position in relation to Grenville which had at one time been occupied by Pitt and at another by Fox. Such dual leadership continued until the Grenvilles gradually lost influence as a section of the Whig party, and their leader himself retired from an active part in public life to the lettered ease and the quiet home life which characterised Lord Grenville's later years among the pine trees and the flowers of his much-loved Dropmore.

The retaliatory orders in Council issued by the Government in response to the famous Milan decrees of Napoleon of November 1807 soon furnished Lord Grenville with an opportunity for a reasonable and constitutional attack on the Government. The absurdity of those decrees and their character from the point of view of international law were such as enabled him to make telling and effective parliamentary attacks. But the Duke of Portland's Government, strong in the affections of the king, and with a majority in Parliament, was too powerful to be destroyed by the ablest speeches. Nor were the Whigs in a position to make continuously effective attacks as a solid party. Esteemed as Lord Grenville was by all men, he was no more a powerful leader of an Opposition than he had been a powerful Premier. He had no complete authority over the party of which, at any rate, he was a nominal head.

'I had consented,' he writes in regard to the charges of corruption made against the Duke of York, 'to a very different form of address, which was drawn up in this room by Lord Henry Petty, who undertook to move it. As soon as they all came down to the House of Commons they altered their minds without any communication with me, and pledged themselves to vote for Bankes's address, which nothing should ever have induced me to vote for.

'I do not blame them for following their own opinions or disregard-

ing mine, but only beg not to be considered as influencing or guiding conduct over which I have no more control than Perceval has over those who are considered as his supporters. I am very glad that neither Bankes's address nor Wardle's are carried, and am convinced that the best course for the public was that which the thing has now taken, viz. that the House should go to an exculpatory vote on the corruption, after which the Duke will, I doubt not, resign.' *

With the details of the unwholesome scandals with which the Duke of York was charged we have nothing now to do. The striking point in connexion with this citation is the way it exemplifies vividly the complete absence of parliamentary discipline on the part of the Whig Opposition; for it would be difficult to point to a party more—to use a colloquial phrase—at sixes and sevens than the Whig party in 1809, when a parliamentary resolution is agreed to at the house, and with the approbation, of a leader of the party, and yet, unknown to him, another is moved in Parliament with which he not only disagrees, but rejoices in its rejection.

Of the general position of the country and of the Whig party Grenville now took a very despondent view. He saw no prospect of being able to form a Government, even should he be able to compass the overthrow of the Ministry. But the resignation of Castlereagh and Canning in 1809, and the death of the Duke of Portland, gave Perceval an opportunity of offering Lord Grenville and Lord Grey, and some of their more moderate followers, places in his Government in the autumn of that year. The offer was declined without lengthy consideration.

'To compose, not to inflame, the divisions of the Empire has always been my anxious wish, and is now more than ever the duty of every loyal subject. But my accession to the existing Administration could, I am confident, in no respect contribute to this object, nor could it, I think, be considered in any other light than as a dereliction of public principle.

'The answer which I must have given to any such proposal, if made while this Government was yet entire, cannot be saved by the retreat of any of its members.

'My objections are not personal; they apply to the principle of the Government itself, and to the circumstances which attended its appointment.' †

Such was Lord Grenville's answer to Mr. Perceval. It is obvious that after his experiences of his former Cabinet Lord Grenville would have been most unwise to attempt to

* Court and Cabinets of George III. vol. iv. p. 333. † Ibid. p. 375.

take part in another mixed Government, nor, indeed, could he have taken a place in Perceval's Administration without a tacit submission to the king in respect of the subject of Catholic emancipation. The most he could do was to endeavour, rather by negative than personal efforts, to keep the Opposition together.

'Some good,' he writes to his brother in December 1809, 'may, however, result from endeavouring to keep together a body of men like the present Opposition, strong enough to give the country the advantage of such a system [apparently alluding to the Irish Catholic question] under any change of circumstances that may arise. And this, it seems to me, will be best done by our abstaining (at least by my abstaining) from taking any very active part, or even habituating myself to any frequent attendance, in Parliament, because such activity and attendance would, I fear, almost inevitably lead to disunion, by the necessity it would impose upon me of publicly expressing my dissent from many things which, I fear, I could as little restrain as I could approve them.'*

But the keynote of this line of political action is more obvious at the end of the same letter, where Lord Grenville does not hesitate to express his 'invincible reluctance to 'the course of a daily parliamentary opposition, for which I 'am too old, too scrupulous, and, in the present state of the 'country, much too timid'—again clearly showing that, except in the earliest part of his parliamentary career, Lord Grenville had the strongest dislike to the position of a political parliamentary chief.

At the beginning of the regency it was assumed on all sides that the Prince of Wales would replace the Tory Ministry of Perceval by a Whig Ministry under Lord Grenville. But events turned out differently. The prince had none of those personal interests in the general body of the Opposition which he had when it was under the leadership of Fox and when he closely identified himself with it. It is true that the prince had nominally selected the two successors of Fox, Lords Grenville and Grey, as his advisers, but the value which he set upon their counsel is clearly shown by his cavalier treatment of them in 1811. He had requested them to prepare his answer to the address from the two Houses of Parliament. They did what they were asked to do. But the actual answer, as is now well known, was really prepared by Sheridan, that of the two nominal leaders of the Whigs being put on one side. Thus the mantle of

* Court and Cabinets of George III. vol. iv. p. 404.

Fox, or the little of it which remained, had fallen upon Sheridan, so far as personal relationship with the Prince of Wales was concerned. Knowing the character of the Prince Regent, being absolutely out of sympathy with him, it was not in the least degree probable that Lord Grenville would accede to any propositions to form a Government, unless he had felt that his party was strong and united enough to withstand not only open parliamentary attacks, but Court conspiracies and political intrigues. Thus the offer of the Prince Regent to himself and Lord Grey to take part in the Government in the beginning of 1812 he scarcely treated seriously. The subsequent negotiations after the murder of Mr. Perceval, when the Marquis Wellesley was in hopes that the hour had come when he should be Prime Minister of England, were equally fruitless.

‘The times imperiously require an Administration united in principle and strong in mutual reliance; possessing also the confidence of the Crown, and assured of its support in those healing measures which the public safety requires, and which are necessary to secure to the Government the opinion and affections of the people. No such hope is presented to us by this project, which appears to us equally new in practice and objectionable in principle.’

Lords Grenville and Grey refer, in this answer to Lord Wellesley, to a proposed representation of conflicting interests in the new Cabinet. ‘We must therefore request ‘permission to decline all participation in a Government ‘constituted on such principles, satisfied as we are that the ‘certain loss of character to ourselves could be productive ‘only of disunion and weakness in the administration of the ‘public interests.’* It is made clear by the failure of these negotiations not only how unwilling Lord Grenville personally was again to return to office, but that the ideal which at one time he looked to of a Cabinet comprising men of all opinions was not now regarded by him as a desirable object. ‘An administration united in principle and strong in mutual ‘reliance’ is not formed by a Cabinet composed of men of widely differing opinions, and actuated, many of them, by conflicting ambitions. It was equally certain that Lord Grenville would never return to office unless he could carry Catholic emancipation: he declared as much in so many words in a letter to the Marquis of Buckingham in January 1812, and we see it alluded to in the declaration of Lord Grey and himself when they touch on the ‘healing mea-

* *Memoirs of the Court of the Regency*, vol. i. p. 343.

'sures' required by the condition of the country. It was wise of Lord Grenville to take this course. By holding himself aloof from the political intrigues of the time, by making no attempt to constitute himself a parliamentary ally of the Prince Regent, he strengthened his position in the country, and still further increased the popular opinion of himself as a statesman who looked to the welfare of the nation above and beyond all party advantages and personal interests. Thus it came about that for the later portion of his political life he was never in office, and that he held the post of one of the joint chiefs—for leader, as we have seen, he was not in fact—of the Opposition with Lord Grey, in whom he ever had the strongest confidence, and whose political comradeship no intrigues and no offers of office could break.

This period of his political life extended from his resignation of office in 1807 to about the year 1818, by which time the Grenville section of the Opposition had lost much of their influence in the general body of the Opposition, and their chief himself had ceased to take an active share in political affairs. On January 27, 1818, Lord Grenville wrote a long letter to his nephew Lord Temple in regard to his own personal position. The whole communication is one of great interest, but the most salient part is this:—

'I am now within a few weeks of completing the six-and-thirtieth year since I first took part in public business, entering deeply into it at a much earlier period than happens to most men, and having more entirely devoted to it the best and most active portion of my life than happens almost to any. It is on the fullest consideration of all circumstances of duty, power, and situation, that I have taken the irrevocable determination of here closing the scene, not thinking that such a determination imposes on me the necessity for a total absence from Parliament in all times and circumstances that can arise, much less that it could justify an indifference (if I could possibly feel it) to what is passing there; but, on the other hand, feeling that it implies of necessity a total abstinence from all pretensions to lead, from all duty to follow, from all political intrigue, and all party connexion.' And the letter is closed by this emphatic sentence: 'Nor could I avoid stating to you again, and most distinctly, that as a politician, the partisan, the leader, or the follower of any party, I have, and must be considered as having, entirely ceased to act, converse, or communicate.'*

There were, however, several occasions during this period when Lord Grenville's attitude is noticeable. The first of these was on the occasion of the Regency debates in 1810—

* *Memoirs of the Court of the Regency*, vol. ii. p. 204.

1811. Lord Grenville was now in opposition, and he was no longer a member of the Tory party, but his whole character and the comparatively independent position he occupied, in spite of his party leadership, would have caused him to adhere to the views expressed by him when he supported Pitt's measures in 1789 had he felt it his duty so to do. But, in truth, in the former debates the whole question of principle had been threshed out and settled, and a constitutional precedent had thus been established. Lord Grenville, while severely criticising the ministerial procedure in regard to delays in carrying out the necessary measures for supplying the authority of the king, and in regard also to information offered to Parliament, separated himself from Lord Lansdowne and the bulk of the Whig party in the House of Lords, more especially in regard to the procedure by which the office of regent should be created. Upon this point there was a strong party division on Lord Holland's amendment to the three primary resolutions, that an address should take the place of a bill as proposed by the Government, and Lord Grenville not only voted with the Government, but backed up their views on this point in a spirited and argumentative speech. On the other hand, when the five resolutions, to carry out the primary ones, came before the House of Lords, Lord Grenville supported Lord Lansdowne's amendment to omit the words in the first resolution as to restrictions, and on which the Government was on a division beaten. On the second resolution, embodying restrictions on the regent's power to create peers, the Government accepted Lord Grenville's amendment to omit the exemption of military and naval peerages from the general resolution. To this form of resolution the Opposition would not consent, and, dividing, were beaten on this and on the subsequent resolution. The independent attitude occupied by Lord Grenville in these important debates is thus clearly shown. 'Never,' he said in one of his weighty speeches, 'would he be deterred by any fear of being charged with inconsistency from delivering his free and unbiassed opinion. If he saw reason to abandon former sentiments, he would not scruple to avow that more mature deliberation, and it might be more extensive knowledge, had taught him that they were erroneous.'* It was with this candid and unfettered mind that he entered into these discussions, in which the course of events shows the authority which on this point Lord Grenville justly wielded ;

* Parliamentary Debates, vol. xviii. p. 738.

for to his natural characteristics was united a knowledge of the men, and of the events of the former debates on this subject, which gave additional weight to that created by his own position as a statesman.

In 1815 Lord Grenville vigorously but vainly opposed the Corn Bill of the Government, fixing the average price of 80s. per quarter for wheat as that below which importation was to be prohibited; it was carried through the House of Lords by overwhelming majorities. But we are less concerned with the practical legislation of the time than with the fact that the basis of Lord Grenville's opposition was the principle of free trade. The whole drift and tendency of his speeches in the various stages of that measure show that he had arrived at an opinion unfavourable to the imposition of duties on articles of prime necessity. 'In opposition to all true theory,' he said in his speech on the second reading, 'a new and uncertain one has to be adopted without even an attempt to show why the general operation of free and unrestricted commerce would not apply to the trade in grain as well as to other commodities.*' In the same year Lord Grenville, on the other hand, supported Lord Liverpool's Government in its policy of renewing the war with France on the return of Bonaparte from Elba. In so doing he quite severed himself from the pure Whigs and from his fellow-leader, Lord Grey, whose exhaustive and able speech against the proposals of the Government may well be read in contrast with Lord Grenville's conclusive but prematurely ended defence of the Government. On both these occasions Lord Grenville clearly acted with sound political judgement. Events and history have long ago justified his attitude in respect to commercial legislation; and whatever difference of opinion there may be in regard to the first conflicts with France, war with Bonaparte on his escape from Elba was without doubt imperative.

In 1817 Lord Grenville again took an independent line by separating himself from his party in regard to the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act and the Seditious Meetings Bill. Looked at from the distant standpoint which we now occupy, it is impossible to consider that circumstances justified this suspension of a great constitutional right. The dangers and troubles of the times could certainly have been met by the ordinary powers of the law. On both measures the Government received Lord Grenville's support. It is

* *Parliamentary Debates*, vol. xxx. p. 195.

unfortunate for his reputation as a clear-sighted statesman that he took up this position, for his assumption that blasphemous publications had real and dangerous political effects, and could not be dealt with by the ordinary law, was worthy only of an inexperienced alarmist, and strange in a statesman of knowledge and years. Indeed, Lord Grenville seems on this occasion wholly to have misapprehended the causes of popular discontent, and to have regarded, just as did the Committee on Dangerous Meetings and Combinations, the assembling of many persons, and foolish and random talk at political clubs, as the organisations of Machiavellian conspirators and the burning words of great popular leaders. It is almost painful to note this error of judgement at the close of Lord Grenville's political career, and to see him approve of legislation which no candid man can now consider to have been either necessary or advisable.

We have already pointed out the date at which Lord Grenville by his own desire practically retired from active political life and ceased entirely to be the leader of a party. When this event occurred, Lord Grey, who had always acted most cordially with him, became the acknowledged head of the Whigs, and the section of that party with which Lord Grenville had most closely identified himself became more detached from the main body of the party, and began to occupy a place intermediate between the two great parties in the State. They were few in numbers, and no longer remarkable for parliamentary power. Thomas Grenville had never been a strong debater, and, like his brother, he had begun to hold aloof from political strife. Finally the accession in 1822 of their parliamentary head, Mr. Charles Wynne, to office in Lord Liverpool's Cabinet as President of the Board of Control, and the acceptance of Government posts by some of his supporters, practically wiped out the Grenvilles as a separate political group. Thus, many years before Lord Grenville died, in 1834, he had ceased to be an active political force, though his long experience of affairs, his judicial position aloof from either party, caused his advice to be valued on every side: even George IV., between whom and himself, as we have seen, there were neither political nor personal sympathies, thought fit, on one occasion at least, to seek his counsel. In 1820 there is a letter from Thomas Grenville to the Marquis of Buckingham, in which he says:—

‘Lord Grenville has been employed this morning in making a note of a very long conversation which the king held with him yesterday,

having sent for him to his Cottage. . . . You will see that he desired the K. to mention to Lord L. that such a conversation had taken place ; and as it occupied five hours, it will probably be very generally known that Lord G. was at the Cottage. The way in which Lord G. means to speak of it when it is mentioned in his presence is that "everybody knows his absolute determination not to embark in any official business or in any possible Administration ; but that the public danger appears to be so great that it is very natural for the K. to wish to converse with anybody on whose integrity and experience he places any reliance." * *

We see from this how completely Lord Grenville had at this date become free from party ties, so that without impropriety he could talk over the affairs of the day with his sovereign as a quite impartial adviser. His position in 1820 likewise makes clearer the independent attitude he had taken up, even in connexion with his leadership of the Whig party, for a man of strong party attachment could never have attained this independent status ; and it makes more marked the fact that, of all the Prime Ministers of this country who have held office in the past, Lord Grenville was perhaps least of a party chief. Any vote which he might give or speech which he made in Parliament—only at the rarest intervals—was regarded as carrying weight, though for purely party purposes he was counted on by neither side.

It is clear that in some ways Lord Grenville lived before the times were ripe for him. He was essentially a constitutional minister, as we should now understand the term. Cabinet ministers were in his days the king's servants, not only in name, but in fact ; they might propose measures and might carry on the business of the country, but measures and business were alike influenced by the king, and were practically, in many ways, impossible without his sanction. Catholic emancipation is the most striking instance of this, and it is in regard to this subject that we see most clearly exemplified Lord Grenville's antagonism to the prevailing principle of his time. It could not be more clearly exemplified than in his whole conduct in regard to this question, more especially in 1801 and 1807. But it is also exemplified by the whole of his later political life, when he preferred to remain in opposition rather than be the servant of the king or of the regent, and not an independent minister, answerable only to Parliament, and free to introduce such a measure as he thought

* *Memoirs of the Court of George IV.* vol. i. p. 80.

right in order to take away the political disabilities of a large body of his countrymen. To remain in office by the favour of the sovereign was wholly averse to Lord Grenville's ideas ; but how little a hostile vote mattered to a ministry in his days is shown by the way in which the Tories continued in office in 1812, after the death of Perceval. It was shown still more vividly by the fall of Grenville's own Administration in 1807, the story of which we have already told. In the one case a ministry was driven from power though it possessed the confidence of Parliament but not of the king ; in the other it remained in office not because it possessed the confidence of the House, but of the Prince Regent. Thus the influence of Lord Grenville on the Whig Opposition was altogether in favour of the modern constitutional doctrine of the responsibility of a ministry to Parliament alone. In this respect it differed from that of the former leader of the party, Charles Fox, since he, more than any other statesman of the time, identified a great party with a royal personage. This relationship between the Prince of Wales and the Whigs tended at one time to increase the personal influence of the king on the ministry of the day. With this practice of Fox neither Lord Grenville nor Lord Grey would have anything to do. The single instance of any joint action is the advice which the two peers gave as to the answer to the address of the two Houses of Parliament, which was, as we have seen, somewhat contemptuously rejected. Grenville was by far the elder of the two statesmen, and Grey carried on the constitutional theory upon which Grenville had acted for a large part of his political life. Thus Grenville occupies a special and marked place in the constitutional history of this country, not only as an exponent of a principle which has now become axiomatic, but as one who, by his general influence, helped to establish the modern doctrine.

Of course a doctrine such as this was very much a necessary result of the growth of general political intelligence and of democratic principles ; but it is certainly a tribute to Grenville's political insight that he perceived in this respect the tendencies of the times, and that the day had come when a minister must rule through the support of the House of Commons, and not by the favour of the king. And to have taken up this part renders Lord Grenville as great an historical character as if he had passed measures which, however valuable and noticeable, were to some extent ephemeral : as it was, Grenville's attitude in regard to the responsibility of ministers

influenced the constitution of his country. It is because of this that Grenville occupies a higher place in history than he would otherwise have done; for as a minister, as a legislator, and as an orator, he cannot be considered to stand on the same level as either Pitt or Fox.

Still, it is not in this respect only that Grenville's political career is so noticeable: it also forms a connecting link between two important periods. His long connexion with the first Ministry of Pitt identifies him closely with the merits and the faults, the misfortunes and the successes, of that Administration. Though not a leader of men, he was a trusty counsellor, and thus he can never be separated from the history of the Administration in which he took so large a share, whether when as a mere subordinate official he advised his chief and relative Pitt, or when as Foreign Minister he openly discharged duties of the highest importance. For the faults of Pitt's foreign policy he clearly must be held largely responsible, as well as for its merits. It is certain that just as much as Pitt he mistook altogether the capacity of the French nation, their resources, and the enormous underlying forces which had broken up the entire fabric of French society. It is equally clear that just as much as Pitt he mistook the cohesive and the warlike power of the other European nations, and overestimated the effect of dislike of the French nation, as well as the influence of England, on continental statesmen. The policy of overcoming the French nation required, on the one hand, either a national weakness in the French which did not exist, or strength, purpose, and cohesion among the European Powers which were equally non-existent. It was this cardinal mistake which Pitt and Grenville committed; and passing successes, or occasional mistakes of policy, were of little moment so long as it was persisted in. The later part of Grenville's foreign administration must therefore, on the broadest grounds, be regarded as unsuccessful.

Next to the Prime Minister the most important member of Pitt's first Ministry, he became one of the most formidable opponents of his second, for he opposed it not on factious grounds, but because he did not believe that its policy was sound. He contributed largely to Addington's fall; and had not Pitt been removed by death, he would probably have been instrumental in overthrowing his former chief.

Circumstances had made him one of the leaders of the Opposition during that Ministry, and so he came into office

as one of the chiefs of the Whig party. He is thus a link between the Tory Administrations of the end of the last, and the Whig Oppositions and the Whig Ministries of the beginning of the present, century. The characteristics of his own Administration have been touched on; it was a moderate Liberal ministry in its views and objects. When Grenville went again into opposition it should have been as leader of a moderate Liberal Opposition, having in view not purely party objects, but the welfare of the country. Clearly Grenville could never have been a great party leader, for he regarded politics from too critical, too unimpassioned, and too impersonal a point of view. He was without the personal ambition which causes a party leader to regard the prosperity of his party as synonymous with the welfare of his country. If he had been one, he would after his fall—which, indeed, a skilful politician would certainly have avoided—soon have found means to return to power. But it is one of the first reasons why Lord Grenville should be sure of honourable recollection by posterity, that at a period of great political intrigue he kept himself free from it, and that he identified the parliamentary Opposition with an opposition to measures and policies because they were, in his opinion, intrinsically injurious to the country, and not because antagonism to them would benefit his party.

Thus politically and historically Lord Grenville occupies a peculiar place. He was an advanced Liberal in his theory of the relations of ministers, king, and Parliament, and in his economical views; he was a patriotic Liberal in his measures and in his opposition. Amid intrigues, amid intense personal struggles, amidst Court influences of the most varied kind, amidst popular excitement and great national dangers, he looked straight to the national welfare, to it subordinated all personal considerations. Family connexions caused him in the beginning of his career to join a Tory Government, though one not without many Liberal elements; but the natural qualities of his mind, and all his political sympathies, made him complete his political career as an independent Liberal. If Lord Grenville was without the mastery of mankind exhibited by his great contemporaries Pitt and Fox, if he had not the political wisdom of Burke or the practical sagacity of Lord Grey, he must yet be regarded by succeeding generations as the type of an eminently patriotic, liberal, and moderate-minded statesman.

In the preceding pages Lord Grenville's political career alone has been surveyed. Too much light is in these days cast

upon the personal character of statesmen, though in moderation a knowledge of the personality of a public man adds vividness to history, and may on occasion serve to make some political action clearer. Among his contemporaries he was never a man of general popularity or easy of access. Sir N. Wraxall's description of him is, indeed, by no means attractive. 'His person,' he says, 'was heavy and devoid of elegance; his address cold and formal; his manners destitute of suavity. Even his eloquence partook of these defects.'* But his defects were essentially those of manner only; the general testimony of his contemporaries proves that he was a man to whom the hackneyed phrase that he was 'universally respected' can be accurately applied, and that not less for his mental capacity than his unblemished character. Indeed, the dignity and the sobriety of Lord Grenville's method of life are typical of his public career. At once a scholar and an aristocrat, he united to some of the student's averseness to the world the retiring pride of a man of high birth. His '*Nugæ Metricæ*,' if the work of a person who had made no mark in public life, would be of little interest to posterity. But in the case of Lord Grenville they illustrate the scholarly bent of his mind, his refined taste, and the pastimes of his leisure hours.† They mark him as a man to whom public life was not the breath of his nostrils, but who followed it from a sense of duty, and not for the pleasure of gratified vanity or ambition. The extraordinary and continual enjoyment which he found in the creation of his

* Wraxall's '*Posthumous Memoirs*,' vol. i. p. 277.

† It may interest some of our readers to see an example of Lord Grenville's classical trifles. This is his rendering of Jonson's lines:—

'Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee!'

'Hoc sub marmore conditur
Illa, et perpetui munere carminis
Digna, et flebilibus modis,
Illa et Pembrochii mater, et inclyti
Sidneii soror: Huic parem,
Aut forma, aut animo, aut nobilioribus
Pulchri dotibus ingeni,
Nullam Mors poteris cedere victimam,
Donec te quoque Temporis
Strages ulta tuas conficiet manus.'

pleasure-grounds at Dropmore is also noticeable and remarkable. We say advisedly 'the creation of Dropmore,' because this charming place was made by him. Those who may happen to wander among the stately and choice pine-trees and the marvellous wealth of flowering shrubs which now make this place so beautiful, are apt to forget that when Lord Grenville purchased it, there was only a small cottage standing on a tract of waste land. But his 'Dropmore sympathies,' as he once termed them in a letter to his brother, may almost be regarded as the ruling passion of his life. It was present to his thoughts amidst the most difficult political questions. He watched with a continuing solicitude the growth of some rare tree, year by year becoming more stately and more beautiful. On the smooth lawn, for one example, may now be seen a noble cedar. It was planted by Lord Grenville in 1794. From time to time fresh groups of trees were added, until there is now at once one of the choicest collections of forest trees to be found in this or any other country growing in picturesque but yet well-ordered freedom. Lord Grenville to the last hours of his existence spent not a little of his time among them, watching their progress, seeking spots for new trees, shaping some vista down which the eye might wander beyond the immediate surroundings over woods of beech, to the towers of Windsor and the uprising Berkshire hills. It was here, too, that he gathered his political friends in the earlier and more active part of his public career, and it was here that, after he had forsaken the turmoil of political life, he passed a tranquil and a dignified old age. To the stranger, by musing around the ivy-covered tower of Stoke Church—not many miles distant from Dropmore—the poetry of Gray is made more vivid; and the neighbouring remains of Butler's Court, once the home of Burke, and his tomb at Beaconsfield, recall that great man and his contemporaries. Not less do the groves of Dropmore serve as a memorial of Lord Grenville, and enable us of a later generation to realise the personality of this eminent and upright man.

- ART. II.—1. *Défense de la Loi des Tempêtes.* Par M. H. FAYE, Membre de l'Institut. 'Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes pour l'an 1875.'
2. *Sur les treize Tornados des 29 et 30 Mai 1879 aux États-Unis.* Par M. H. FAYE. 'Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes pour l'an 1886.'
3. *Report of the Tornados of May 29 and 30, 1879, in Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, and Iowa.* By Serjeant J. P. FINLEY, Signal Corps, U.S.A. 'Professional Papers of the Signal Service,' No. 4. Washington: 1881.
4. *Die Wirbelstürme, Tornados und Wettersäulen in der Erd-Atmosphäre.* Von Dr. THEODOR REYE. Hannover: 1872.
5. *On the Relation between Tropical and Extra-Tropical Cyclones.* By the Hon. RALPH ABERCROMBY. 'Proceedings of the Royal Society,' vol. xliii. London: 1887.
6. *Sur les Tempêtes: Théories et Discussions nouvelles.* Par M. H. FAYE. Paris: 1887.

'THE winds,' old Thomas Fuller wrote, 'are not only wild 'in a storm, but even stark mad in a hurricane.' There is, however, a method in their madness; and it is this method which we now propose to trace out. Colonel Reid's definition of a storm as a 'progressive whirlwind' is now fifty years old, but it can scarcely be improved upon. A storm is no haphazard fury of the elements, but a distinct structure, made of air, it is true, but endowed with a surprising amount of permanence and individuality. There is no sort of affinity between the natural phenomenon and those chaotic disturbances of which poets and the backstairs of Olympia alone know the secret, when

'Una Eurusque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africus, et vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.'

The prosaic tempests of unadorned fact, on the contrary, are composed of systems of air currents moving according to perfectly definite laws. They revolve round a vertical axis, and at the same time travel, often with great rapidity, over a large segment of the earth's circumference. Moreover, the direction of each kind of motion is determinate. Storms rotate, in the northern hemisphere, *invariably* from right to left, or contrary to the movement of the hands of a watch; in the southern, with equal uniformity, from left to right. The tracks they pursue are laid down with scarcely less obvious

regularity. Originating near the equator, they diverge from it north and south, at first with a trend westward, but turning to the east on clearing the zones of the trade winds. These routes are adhered to with surprising fidelity. No tempest, since the 'Mayflower' landed her passengers at Cape Cod harbour, has struck Boston first, and Philadelphia later; no tornado has journeyed from Chicago towards St. Louis, or from Nashville towards New Orleans; no cyclone, within the memory of man, has crossed the Atlantic from the Land's End to Sandy Hook or the mouth of the Delaware; no hurricane has been known to pass by Réunion in order to reach Mauritius, or Barbadoes in order to reach Jamaica. And we may safely infer that, while the earth continues to turn on its axis from west to east, no such instances will be forthcoming.

The law of storms is thus made up of two clauses: the first prescribes the method of their rotation; the second, the method of their advance. Both are obeyed with remarkable constancy. There are no phenomena in nature more visibly under the control of invariable causes than the fierce aerial commotions of which Ulysses carried the dangerous potentiality in his ill-guarded bag. Nevertheless, the present century was well advanced before any just ideas on the subject began to prevail. The results of the investigations so far carried out were described in Number 138 of this Journal. Attained mainly through the labours of W. C. Redfield of New York, and Sir William Reid in this country, they amounted substantially to the above-stated generalisations, which were, in the years immediately succeeding, confirmed and enforced with indefatigable perseverance by Henry Piddington, of Calcutta.

With the interests, not of science, but of humanity in view, he and his predecessors pursued researches the value of which to mariners could hardly be overestimated. Half the terrors of the sea were abolished when the formidable disturbances of which it is the arena were once brought within the domain of law. Instead of plunging unwittingly into the midst of them, or drifting helplessly at their mercy, captains of ships were taught, first to *avoid* them, next to *navigate* in them, lastly even to *profit* by them.* But none of these desirable ends could be so much as aimed at until the bearing of the storm-centre was found. This was easily derived from the law of rotation; hence its enormous importance. Pid-

* Piddington, 'Horn Book of Storms,' 1844, p. 4.

dington's practical instructions on this head agreed with Buys-Ballot's well-known rule: Face the wind, extend, north of the equator your right arm, south of it your left; the extended arm in each case points towards the centre. Upon its validity the life or death of multitudes of 'freighting souls' within 'good ships' depends.

One of the most appalling maritime catastrophes on record took place through sheer ignorance of the law of storms. Part of Rodney's fleet, consisting of nine men-of-war (six of them French prizes) with ninety-two merchantmen under convoy, was overtaken by a tempest in the Atlantic, September 14, 1782. They lay to *on the wrong tack*, and all perished, with the exceptions of the 'Canada' of 74 guns, and a few of the merchant ships. Three thousand lives were lost.*

The 'track' or path traversed by the centre of a storm marks the line of its maximum destructiveness. The first steering maxim in hurricane navigation is, then, to keep at a safe distance from it. But this is less easy than it would appear to be from the simplicity of the precept we have just quoted. Many perturbing influences tend to impair the symmetry of storms. They are in general elongated in the direction of their course, and the winds composing them are sometimes notably deflected from their normal directions. Buys-Ballot's law, though in the main trustworthy, has thus its 'failing cases;' and obedience to it at sea should always be tempered by discretion.

The term 'cyclone' was invented by Piddington in 1848 to embody and perpetuate the discovery of the circularity of storms. Its applicability has, however, of late been almost unanimously disputed by professed meteorologists. The theories to which they have committed themselves require that the course of the winds in tempests should be spiral, not circular; those chiefly exposed to their ravages, however, persist in believing it to be more nearly circular than spiral. The law in its old form still obtains the adhesion of seamen; and that their preference is not altogether groundless is shown by the adventures of the 'Charles Heddle' in the Mauritius hurricane of February 1845. Five times in as many days this luckless brig made the complete tour of the storm at an average distance of forty-two miles from its centre, *which she never reached*, scudding the entire time under bare poles with a furious gale aft. The 'Earl Dalhousie' had very

* Reye, 'Wirbelstürme,' p. 203.

nearly the same experience in the tempest of May 16, 1863; and it has doubtless been repeated in numberless instances left unrecorded for lack of survivors to tell the tale.

The question as to the real nature of the incurvation of winds in a cyclone involved in these involuntary experiments is of extreme interest, both speculative and practical, and is just now being debated with especial eagerness. We will endeavour to place our readers in possession of the circumstances which lend to it its significance. Two theories explanatory of storms, each of them advocated with great ability, are in the field. The new theory maintains the validity of the old law, the old theory demands its virtual abrogation. Ought it to be surrendered? We shall be better able to determine when we have looked a little more closely into the peculiarities of atmospheric commotions.

The scale, not the plan, of the different species of storm varies. Tornadoes, waterspouts, hurricanes, cyclones, typhoons, are all fundamentally the same kind of disturbance. But the disparity between them in point of size is enormous. Many cyclones are one, even two, thousand miles across; many tornadoes measure less than half as many inches. Structurally, however, they are identical. General conclusions regarding the nature and origin of storms must hence apply to all or none. We cannot invoke one cause of rotation in tornadoes and another in typhoons. We cannot get a hurricane to travel by mechanism that will not work if directed to the simoom. Our hypotheses, if they be true, must be universally available.

The core of every storm is formed by a barometric minimum. The mercury drops persistently until a circular (or slightly oval) middle space is reached, and rises steadily after it has passed. The entire fall has been known to exceed three inches. The reading of the barometer at the centre of the Kedjeree hurricane, in 1833, is credibly stated to have been 26·3 inches; it stood, that is to say, nearly half an inch below its mean height at the Lick Observatory, in California. So that the column of air imprisoned within the whirling spires off the mouth of the Hooghly actually weighed less at the sea level than the still superincumbent atmospheric strata at an elevation of over four thousand feet. It is this rarefied column which constitutes the 'heart of peace' of a cyclone. Within its charmed circle the winds lie shackled. The calm dividing the 'counter gales' may sometimes, near the margin, be interrupted by fitful gusts; at the centre it is often breathless and absolute. On board the 'Eglé'

a lighted candle was kept on deck during the lull of the hurricane which devastated Mozambique, April 1, 1858. During this interval of treacherous stillness, which has been known to last as long as six hours, the clouds disperse, the sun very frequently (in tropical storms) shines out, the air becomes suddenly hot and dry. Birds in multitudes, in search of shelter from the furious surrounding blasts, throng this 'halcyon spot. The 'Fleurs Castle,' traversing the central calm, about twelve miles wide, of a typhoon in the China Sea, October 1, 1881, was literally swarmed over by feathered refugees.* This, of course, can only happen when land is near.

In Victor Hugo's typical storm the gale is 'terrible,' the calm 'horrible.'

'Subitement,' he relates in '*Les Travaillleurs de la Mer*,' 'une grande clarté se fit; la pluie discontinua, les nuées se désagrégèrent. Une sorte de haute fenêtre crépusculaire s'ouvrit au zénith, et les éclairs s'éteignirent. C'est à cet instant-là qu'au plus noir de la nuée apparaît, on ne sait pourquoi, pour espionner l'effacement universel, ce cercle de lueur bleue que les vieux marins espagnols appellent l'œil de la tempête, *el ojo del tempestad*. On put croire à la fin; c'était le recommencement. La tempête allait reprendre avec une nouvelle troupe d'ouragans.'

The pause of a storm has for seamen peculiar terrors. While the wind, vehement though it be, holds, there is some possibility of manœuvring a ship; when it drops, she becomes at once unmanageable, for she is in general far indeed from finding herself in smooth water. The lawless and, as it were, reckless violence of the waves contrasts then hideously with the stillness of the air. A 'tremendous, cross, confused, 'outrageous sea, raised in pyramidal heaps by the wind from 'every point of the compass,'† often alone suffices to dismast any vessel exposed to it, and so leaves her an unsuccoured prey to the 'shift of wind' which springs upon her, with a roar like a wild beast's, from the opposite quarter to that of the blast previously encountered. Not without reason, then, did Piddington warn the mariner that he was to 'look upon 'the centre of a hurricane as a privateer or a pirate, or an 'enemy of superior force, and make his calculations for 'avoiding its neighbourhood. He must not forget that if 'he has *his* course and drift, the storm has also a course of '*its own*.'‡

* '*Bulletin of International Meteorology*,' Washington, February 1888, p. 17.

† Thom's '*Nature and Course of Storms*,' p. 15.

‡ Horn Book of Storms, p. 10.

¶ One of the most terrific accompaniments of a storm is the succession of sounds during its progress. While as yet only premonitory symptoms of its approach are visible, when the sun is pale at noon and blood-red in setting, the stars dance with a sickly shimmer by night, and the clouds are suffused with a lurid glow by day, a peculiar moaning noise is heard as if of 'winds rushing through a hollow vault.'* It has been compared to the 'calling of the sea,' often, along English coasts, the earliest sign of a coming storm, and is believed to be the actual roar of the tempest, borne by the reflective action of clouds to vast distances. The immediate intensity of the din thus heralded can be imagined. Men are struck virtually dumb, the attempt to speak producing a sensation as if all the breath were driven from the body by a violent blow. They are virtually deaf as well, save to the outcry of the elements. 'Sails are blown out of the bolt ropes, and masts carried away without being heard,' while the shrill clamour of the wind, 'representing numberless voices raised to the highest pitch of screaming,' is varied by bellowings, hootings, and tremendous booming explosions resembling discharges of heavy artillery. The audible effects during the central lull are still more remarkable. In the hurricane which dismasted the 'Exmouth,' May 3, 1840, the calm set in at 11.30 A.M. with an ominous silence, the quicksilver dropping meantime out of sight in the tube of the barometer. At 12.20 P.M. 'the sun made its appearance for a few minutes, and then disappeared, followed by an awfully hollow and distant rumbling noise. In a few minutes we received a most terrific gust from the south-south-east, laying the ship completely on her beam-ends.'† The passage of the centre has at other times been attended throughout by a deafening thunderous roar, without any electrical discharges to account for it, its dreadful final crescendo announcing the onrush of the reserve battalions of the storm.

Tempests expand, as a rule, in travelling towards the poles. A disturbance leaving the tropics with a diameter of three hundred miles will cover, perhaps, fifteen hundred by the time it reaches latitude 50°. Our cyclones might thus be called distended hurricanes, though comparatively few of them have, in point of fact, started from near the equator. Most have traversed only the northern branch of the para-

* Piddington's 'Sailor's Horn Book,' 1848, p. 159.

† Thom's 'Nature of Storms,' p. 95.

'sures' required by the condition of the country. It was wise of Lord Grenville to take this course. By holding himself aloof from the political intrigues of the time, by making no attempt to constitute himself a parliamentary ally of the Prince Regent, he strengthened his position in the country, and still further increased the popular opinion of himself as a statesman who looked to the welfare of the nation above and beyond all party advantages and personal interests. Thus it came about that for the later portion of his political life he was never in office, and that he held the post of one of the joint chiefs—for leader, as we have seen, he was not in fact—of the Opposition with Lord Grey, in whom he ever had the strongest confidence, and whose political comradeship no intrigues and no offers of office could break.

This period of his political life extended from his resignation of office in 1807 to about the year 1818, by which time the Grenville section of the Opposition had lost much of their influence in the general body of the Opposition, and their chief himself had ceased to take an active share in political affairs. On January 27, 1818, Lord Grenville wrote a long letter to his nephew Lord Temple in regard to his own personal position. The whole communication is one of great interest, but the most salient part is this:—

'I am now within a few weeks of completing the six-and-thirtieth year since I first took part in public business, entering deeply into it at a much earlier period than happens to most men, and having more entirely devoted to it the best and most active portion of my life than happens almost to any. It is on the fullest consideration of all circumstances of duty, power, and situation, that I have taken the irrevocable determination of here closing the scene, not thinking that such a determination imposes on me the necessity for a total absence from Parliament in all times and circumstances that can arise, much less that it could justify an indifference (if I could possibly feel it) to what is passing there; but, on the other hand, feeling that it implies of necessity a total abstinence from all pretensions to lead, from all duty to follow, from all political intrigue, and all party connexion.' And the letter is closed by this emphatic sentence: 'Nor could I avoid stating to you again, and most distinctly, that as a politician, the partisan, the leader, or the follower of any party, I have, and must be considered as having, entirely ceased to act, converse, or communicate.' *

There were, however, several occasions during this period when Lord Grenville's attitude is noticeable. The first of these was on the occasion of the Regency debates in 1810—

* *Memoirs of the Court of the Regency*, vol. ii. p. 204.

1811. Lord Grenville was now in opposition, and he was no longer a member of the Tory party, but his whole character and the comparatively independent position he occupied, in spite of his party leadership, would have caused him to adhere to the views expressed by him when he supported Pitt's measures in 1789 had he felt it his duty so to do. But, in truth, in the former debates the whole question of principle had been threshed out and settled, and a constitutional precedent had thus been established. Lord Grenville, while severely criticising the ministerial procedure in regard to delays in carrying out the necessary measures for supplying the authority of the king, and in regard also to information offered to Parliament, separated himself from Lord Lansdowne and the bulk of the Whig party in the House of Lords, more especially in regard to the procedure by which the office of regent should be created. Upon this point there was a strong party division on Lord Holland's amendment to the three primary resolutions, that an address should take the place of a bill as proposed by the Government, and Lord Grenville not only voted with the Government, but backed up their views on this point in a spirited and argumentative speech. On the other hand, when the five resolutions, to carry out the primary ones, came before the House of Lords, Lord Grenville supported Lord Lansdowne's amendment to omit the words in the first resolution as to restrictions, and on which the Government was on a division beaten. On the second resolution, embodying restrictions on the regent's power to create peers, the Government accepted Lord Grenville's amendment to omit the exemption of military and naval peerages from the general resolution. To this form of resolution the Opposition would not consent, and, dividing, were beaten on this and on the subsequent resolution. The independent attitude occupied by Lord Grenville in these important debates is thus clearly shown. 'Never,' he said in one of his weighty speeches, 'would he be deterred by any fear of being charged with inconsistency from delivering his free and unbiassed opinion. If he saw reason to abandon former sentiments, he would not scruple to avow that more mature deliberation, and it might be more extensive knowledge, had taught him that they were erroneous.'* It was with this candid and unfettered mind that he entered into these discussions, in which the course of events shows the authority which on this point Lord Grenville justly wielded ;

* *Parliamentary Debates*, vol. xviii. p. 738.

for to his natural characteristics was united a knowledge of the men, and of the events of the former debates on this subject, which gave additional weight to that created by his own position as a statesman.

In 1815 Lord Grenville vigorously but vainly opposed the Corn Bill of the Government, fixing the average price of 80s. per quarter for wheat as that below which importation was to be prohibited; it was carried through the House of Lords by overwhelming majorities. But we are less concerned with the practical legislation of the time than with the fact that the basis of Lord Grenville's opposition was the principle of free trade. The whole drift and tendency of his speeches in the various stages of that measure show that he had arrived at an opinion unfavourable to the imposition of duties on articles of prime necessity. 'In 'opposition to all true theory,' he said in his speech on the second reading, 'a new and uncertain one has to be adopted 'without even an attempt to show why the general operation 'of free and unrestricted commerce would not apply to the 'trade in grain as well as to other commodities.'* In the same year Lord Grenville, on the other hand, supported Lord Liverpool's Government in its policy of renewing the war with France on the return of Bonaparte from Elba. In so doing he quite severed himself from the pure Whigs and from his fellow-leader, Lord Grey, whose exhaustive and able speech against the proposals of the Government may well be read in contrast with Lord Grenville's conclusive but prematurely ended defence of the Government. On both these occasions Lord Grenville clearly acted with sound political judgement. Events and history have long ago justified his attitude in respect to commercial legislation; and whatever difference of opinion there may be in regard to the first conflicts with France, war with Bonaparte on his escape from Elba was without doubt imperative.

In 1817 Lord Grenville again took an independent line by separating himself from his party in regard to the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act and the Seditious Meetings Bill. Looked at from the distant standpoint which we now occupy, it is impossible to consider that circumstances justified this suspension of a great constitutional right. The dangers and troubles of the times could certainly have been met by the ordinary powers of the law. On both measures the Government received Lord Grenville's support. It is

* Parliamentary Debates, vol. xxx. p. 195.

unfortunate for his reputation as a clear-sighted statesman that he took up this position, for his assumption that blasphemous publications had real and dangerous political effects, and could not be dealt with by the ordinary law, was worthy only of an inexperienced alarmist, and strange in a statesman of knowledge and years. Indeed, Lord Grenville seems on this occasion wholly to have misapprehended the causes of popular discontent, and to have regarded, just as did the Committee on Dangerous Meetings and Combinations, the assembling of many persons, and foolish and random talk at political clubs, as the organisations of Machiavellian conspirators and the burning words of great popular leaders. It is almost painful to note this error of judgement at the close of Lord Grenville's political career, and to see him approve of legislation which no candid man can now consider to have been either necessary or advisable.

We have already pointed out the date at which Lord Grenville by his own desire practically retired from active political life and ceased entirely to be the leader of a party. When this event occurred, Lord Grey, who had always acted most cordially with him, became the acknowledged head of the Whigs, and the section of that party with which Lord Grenville had most closely identified himself became more detached from the main body of the party, and began to occupy a place intermediate between the two great parties in the State. They were few in numbers, and no longer remarkable for parliamentary power. Thomas Grenville had never been a strong debater, and, like his brother, he had begun to hold aloof from political strife. Finally the accession in 1822 of their parliamentary head, Mr. Charles Wynne, to office in Lord Liverpool's Cabinet as President of the Board of Control, and the acceptance of Government posts by some of his supporters, practically wiped out the Grenvilles as a separate political group. Thus, many years before Lord Grenville died, in 1834, he had ceased to be an active political force, though his long experience of affairs, his judicial position aloof from either party, caused his advice to be valued on every side: even George IV., between whom and himself, as we have seen, there were neither political nor personal sympathies, thought fit, on one occasion at least, to seek his counsel. In 1820 there is a letter from Thomas Grenville to the Marquis of Buckingham, in which he says:—

‘Lord Grenville has been employed this morning in making a note of a very long conversation which the king held with him yesterday,

having sent for him to his Cottage. . . . You will see that he desired the K. to mention to Lord L. that such a conversation had taken place ; and as it occupied five hours, it will probably be very generally known that Lord G. was at the Cottage. The way in which Lord G. means to speak of it when it is mentioned in his presence is that "everybody knows his absolute determination not to embark in any official business or in any possible Administration ; but that the public danger appears to be so great that it is very natural for the K. to wish to converse with anybody on whose integrity and experience he places any reliance." '*

We see from this how completely Lord Grenville had at this date become free from party ties, so that without impropriety he could talk over the affairs of the day with his sovereign as a quite impartial adviser. His position in 1820 likewise makes clearer the independent attitude he had taken up, even in connexion with his leadership of the Whig party, for a man of strong party attachment could never have attained this independent status ; and it makes more marked the fact that, of all the Prime Ministers of this country who have held office in the past, Lord Grenville was perhaps least of a party chief. Any vote which he might give or speech which he made in Parliament—only at the rarest intervals—was regarded as carrying weight, though for purely party purposes he was counted on by neither side.

It is clear that in some ways Lord Grenville lived before the times were ripe for him. He was essentially a constitutional minister, as we should now understand the term. Cabinet ministers were in his days the king's servants, not only in name, but in fact ; they might propose measures and might carry on the business of the country, but measures and business were alike influenced by the king, and were practically, in many ways, impossible without his sanction. Catholic emancipation is the most striking instance of this, and it is in regard to this subject that we see most clearly exemplified Lord Grenville's antagonism to the prevailing principle of his time. It could not be more clearly exemplified than in his whole conduct in regard to this question, more especially in 1801 and 1807. But it is also exemplified by the whole of his later political life, when he preferred to remain in opposition rather than be the servant of the king or of the regent, and not an independent minister, answerable only to Parliament, and free to introduce such a measure as he thought

right in order to take away the political disabilities of a large body of his countrymen. To remain in office by the favour of the sovereign was wholly averse to Lord Grenville's ideas ; but how little a hostile vote mattered to a ministry in his days is shown by the way in which the Tories continued in office in 1812, after the death of Perceval. It was shown still more vividly by the fall of Grenville's own Administration in 1807, the story of which we have already told. In the one case a ministry was driven from power though it possessed the confidence of Parliament but not of the king ; in the other it remained in office not because it possessed the confidence of the House, but of the Prince Regent. Thus the influence of Lord Grenville on the Whig Opposition was altogether in favour of the modern constitutional doctrine of the responsibility of a ministry to Parliament alone. In this respect it differed from that of the former leader of the party, Charles Fox, since he, more than any other statesman of the time, identified a great party with a royal personage. This relationship between the Prince of Wales and the Whigs tended at one time to increase the personal influence of the king on the ministry of the day. With this practice of Fox neither Lord Grenville nor Lord Grey would have anything to do. The single instance of any joint action is the advice which the two peers gave as to the answer to the address of the two Houses of Parliament, which was, as we have seen, somewhat contemptuously rejected. Grenville was by far the elder of the two statesmen, and Grey carried on the constitutional theory upon which Grenville had acted for a large part of his political life. Thus Grenville occupies a special and marked place in the constitutional history of this country, not only as an exponent of a principle which has now become axiomatic, but as one who, by his general influence, helped to establish the modern doctrine.

Of course a doctrine such as this was very much a necessary result of the growth of general political intelligence and of democratic principles ; but it is certainly a tribute to Grenville's political insight that he perceived in this respect the tendencies of the times, and that the day had come when a minister must rule through the support of the House of Commons, and not by the favour of the king. And to have taken up this part renders Lord Grenville as great an historical character as if he had passed measures which, however valuable and noticeable, were to some extent ephemeral : as it was, Grenville's attitude in regard to the responsibility of ministers

influenced the constitution of his country. It is because of this that Grenville occupies a higher place in history than he would otherwise have done ; for as a minister, as a legislator, and as an orator, he cannot be considered to stand on the same level as either Pitt or Fox.

Still, it is not in this respect only that Grenville's political career is so noticeable : it also forms a connecting link between two important periods. His long connexion with the first Ministry of Pitt identifies him closely with the merits and the faults, the misfortunes and the successes, of that Administration. Though not a leader of men, he was a trusty counsellor, and thus he can never be separated from the history of the Administration in which he took so large a share, whether when as a mere subordinate official he advised his chief and relative Pitt, or when as Foreign Minister he openly discharged duties of the highest importance. For the faults of Pitt's foreign policy he clearly must be held largely responsible, as well as for its merits. It is certain that just as much as Pitt he mistook altogether the capacity of the French nation, their resources, and the enormous underlying forces which had broken up the entire fabric of French society. It is equally clear that just as much as Pitt he mistook the cohesive and the warlike power of the other European nations, and overestimated the effect of dislike of the French nation, as well as the influence of England, on continental statesmen. The policy of overcoming the French nation required, on the one hand, either a national weakness in the French which did not exist, or strength, purpose, and cohesion among the European Powers which were equally non-existent. It was this cardinal mistake which Pitt and Grenville committed ; and passing successes, or occasional mistakes of policy, were of little moment so long as it was persisted in. The later part of Grenville's foreign administration must therefore, on the broadest grounds, be regarded as unsuccessful.

Next to the Prime Minister the most important member of Pitt's first Ministry, he became one of the most formidable opponents of his second, for he opposed it not on factional grounds, but because he did not believe that its policy was sound. He contributed largely to Addington's fall ; and had not Pitt been removed by death, he would probably have been instrumental in overthrowing his former chief.

Circumstances had made him one of the leaders of the Opposition during that Ministry, and so he came into office.

as one of the chiefs of the Whig party. He is thus a link between the Tory Administrations of the end of the last, and the Whig Oppositions and the Whig Ministries of the beginning of the present, century. The characteristics of his own Administration have been touched on; it was a moderate Liberal ministry in its views and objects. When Grenville went again into opposition it should have been as leader of a moderate Liberal Opposition, having in view not purely party objects, but the welfare of the country. Clearly Grenville could never have been a great party leader, for he regarded politics from too critical, too unimpassioned, and too impersonal a point of view. He was without the personal ambition which causes a party leader to regard the prosperity of his party as synonymous with the welfare of his country. If he had been one, he would after his fall—which, indeed, a skilful politician would certainly have avoided—soon have found means to return to power. But it is one of the first reasons why Lord Grenville should be sure of honourable recollection by posterity, that at a period of great political intrigue he kept himself free from it, and that he identified the parliamentary Opposition with an opposition to measures and policies because they were, in his opinion, intrinsically injurious to the country, and not because antagonism to them would benefit his party.

Thus politically and historically Lord Grenville occupies a peculiar place. He was an advanced Liberal in his theory of the relations of ministers, king, and Parliament, and in his economical views; he was a patriotic Liberal in his measures and in his opposition. Amid intrigues, amid intense personal struggles, amidst Court influences of the most varied kind, amidst popular excitement and great national dangers, he looked straight to the national welfare, to it subordinated all personal considerations. Family connexions caused him in the beginning of his career to join a Tory Government, though one not without many Liberal elements; but the natural qualities of his mind, and all his political sympathies, made him complete his political career as an independent Liberal. If Lord Grenville was without the mastery of mankind exhibited by his great contemporaries Pitt and Fox, if he had not the political wisdom of Burke or the practical sagacity of Lord Grey, he must yet be regarded by succeeding generations as the type of an eminently patriotic, liberal, and moderate-minded statesman.

In the preceding pages Lord Grenville's political career alone has been surveyed. Too much light is in these days cast

upon the personal character of statesmen, though in moderation a knowledge of the personality of a public man adds vividness to history, and may on occasion serve to make some political action clearer. Among his contemporaries he was never a man of general popularity or easy of access. Sir N. Wraxall's description of him is, indeed, by no means attractive. 'His person,' he says, 'was heavy and devoid of elegance; his address cold and formal; his manners destitute of suavity. Even his eloquence partook of these defects.'* But his defects were essentially those of manner only; the general testimony of his contemporaries proves that he was a man to whom the hackneyed phrase that he was 'universally respected' can be accurately applied, and that not less for his mental capacity than his unblemished character. Indeed, the dignity and the sobriety of Lord Grenville's method of life are typical of his public career. At once a scholar and an aristocrat, he united to some of the student's averseness to the world the retiring pride of a man of high birth. His '*Nugæ Metricæ*,' if the work of a person who had made no mark in public life, would be of little interest to posterity. But in the case of Lord Grenville they illustrate the scholarly bent of his mind, his refined taste, and the pastimes of his leisure hours.† They mark him as a man to whom public life was not the breath of his nostrils, but who followed it from a sense of duty, and not for the pleasure of gratified vanity or ambition. The extraordinary and continual enjoyment which he found in the creation of his

* Wraxall's '*Posthumous Memoirs*,' vol. i. p. 277.

† It may interest some of our readers to see an example of Lord Grenville's classical trifles. This is his rendering of Jonson's lines:—

'Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee!'

'Iloc sub marmore conditur
Illa, et perpetui munere carminis
Digna, et flebilibus modis,
Illa et Pembrochii mater, et inclyti
Sidneii soror: Huic parem,
Aut forma, aut animo, aut nobilioribus
Pulchri dotibus ingeni,
Nullam Mors poteris cedere victimam,
Donec te quoque Temporis
Strages ulta tuas conficiet manus.'

pleasure-grounds at Dropmore is also noticeable and remarkable. We say advisedly 'the creation of Dropmore,' because this charming place was made by him. Those who may happen to wander among the stately and choice pine-trees and the marvellous wealth of flowering shrubs which now make this place so beautiful, are apt to forget that when Lord Grenville purchased it, there was only a small cottage standing on a tract of waste land. But his 'Dropmore sympathies,' as he once termed them in a letter to his brother, may almost be regarded as the ruling passion of his life. It was present to his thoughts amidst the most difficult political questions. He watched with a continuing solicitude the growth of some rare tree, year by year becoming more stately and more beautiful. On the smooth lawn, for one example, may now be seen a noble cedar. It was planted by Lord Grenville in 1794. From time to time fresh groups of trees were added, until there is now at once one of the choicest collections of forest trees to be found in this or any other country growing in picturesque but yet well-ordered freedom. Lord Grenville to the last hours of his existence spent not a little of his time among them, watching their progress, seeking spots for new trees, shaping some vista down which the eye might wander beyond the immediate surroundings over woods of beech, to the towers of Windsor and the uprising Berkshire hills. It was here, too, that he gathered his political friends in the earlier and more active part of his public career, and it was here that, after he had forsaken the turmoil of political life, he passed a tranquil and a dignified old age. To the stranger, by musing around the ivy-covered tower of Stoke Church—not many miles distant from Dropmore—the poetry of Gray is made more vivid; and the neighbouring remains of Butler's Court, once the home of Burke, and his tomb at Beaconsfield, recall that great man and his contemporaries. Not less do the groves of Dropmore serve as a memorial of Lord Grenville, and enable us of a later generation to realise the personality of this eminent and upright man.

- ART. II.—1. *Défense de la Loi des Tempêtes.* Par M. H. FAYE, Membre de l'Institut. 'Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes pour l'an 1875.'
2. *Sur les treize Tornados des 29 et 30 Mai 1879 aux États-Unis.* Par M. H. FAYE. 'Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes pour l'an 1886.'
3. *Report of the Tornados of May 29 and 30, 1879, in Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, and Iowa.* By Serjeant J. P. FINLEY, Signal Corps, U.S.A. 'Professional Papers of the Signal Service,' No. 4. Washington: 1881.
4. *Die Wirbelstürme, Tornados und Wettersäulen in der Erdatmosphäre.* Von Dr. THEODOR REYE. Hannover: 1872.
5. *On the Relation between Tropical and Extra-Tropical Cyclones.* By the Hon. RALPH ABERCROMBY. 'Proceedings of the Royal Society,' vol. xliii. London: 1887.
6. *Sur les Tempêtes : Théories et Discussions nouvelles.* Par M. H. FAYE. Paris: 1887.

'THE winds,' old Thomas Fuller wrote, 'are not only wild 'in a storm, but even stark mad in a hurricane.' There is, however, a method in their madness; and it is this method which we now propose to trace out. Colonel Reid's definition of a storm as a 'progressive whirlwind' is now fifty years old, but it can scarcely be improved upon. A storm is no haphazard fury of the elements, but a distinct structure, made of air, it is true, but endowed with a surprising amount of permanence and individuality. There is no sort of affinity between the natural phenomenon and those chaotic disturbances of which poets and the backstairs of Olympia alone know the secret, when

'Una Eurusque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africus, et vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.'

The prosaic tempests of unadorned fact, on the contrary, are composed of systems of air currents moving according to perfectly definite laws. They revolve round a vertical axis, and at the same time travel, often with great rapidity, over a large segment of the earth's circumference. Moreover, the direction of each kind of motion is determinate. Storms rotate, in the northern hemisphere, *invariably* from right to left, or contrary to the movement of the hands of a watch; in the southern, with equal uniformity, from left to right. The tracks they pursue are laid down with scarcely less obvious

regularity. Originating near the equator, they diverge from it north and south, at first with a trend westward, but turning to the east on clearing the zones of the trade winds. These routes are adhered to with surprising fidelity. No tempest, since the 'Mayflower' landed her passengers at Cape Cod harbour, has struck Boston first, and Philadelphia later; no tornado has journeyed from Chicago towards St. Louis, or from Nashville towards New Orleans; no cyclone, within the memory of man, has crossed the Atlantic from the Land's End to Sandy Hook or the mouth of the Delaware; no hurricane has been known to pass by Réunion in order to reach Mauritius, or Barbadoes in order to reach Jamaica. And we may safely infer that, while the earth continues to turn on its axis from west to east, no such instances will be forthcoming.

The law of storms is thus made up of two clauses: the first prescribes the method of their rotation; the second, the method of their advance. Both are obeyed with remarkable constancy. There are no phenomena in nature more visibly under the control of invariable causes than the fierce aerial commotions of which Ulysses carried the dangerous potentiality in his ill-guarded bag. Nevertheless, the present century was well advanced before any just ideas on the subject began to prevail. The results of the investigations so far carried out were described in Number 138 of this Journal. Attained mainly through the labours of W. C. Redfield of New York, and Sir William Reid in this country, they amounted substantially to the above-stated generalisations, which were, in the years immediately succeeding, confirmed and enforced with indefatigable perseverance by Henry Piddington, of Calcutta.

With the interests, not of science, but of humanity in view, he and his predecessors pursued researches the value of which to mariners could hardly be overestimated. Half the terrors of the sea were abolished when the formidable disturbances of which it is the arena were once brought within the domain of law. Instead of plunging unwittingly into the midst of them, or drifting helplessly at their mercy, captains of ships were taught, first to *avoid* them, next to *navigate* in them, lastly even to *profit* by them.* But none of these desirable ends could be so much as aimed at until the bearing of the storm-centre was found. This was easily derived from the law of rotation; hence its enormous importance. Pid-

* Piddington, 'Horn Book of Storms,' 1844, p. 4.

dington's practical instructions on this head agreed with Buys-Ballot's well-known rule: Face the wind, extend, north of the equator your right arm, south of it your left; the extended arm in each case points towards the centre. Upon its validity the life or death of multitudes of 'freighting souls' within 'good ships' depends.

One of the most appalling maritime catastrophes on record took place through sheer ignorance of the law of storms. Part of Rodney's fleet, consisting of nine men-of-war (six of them French prizes) with ninety-two merchantmen under convoy, was overtaken by a tempest in the Atlantic, September 14, 1782. They lay to *on the wrong tack*, and all perished, with the exceptions of the 'Canada' of 74 guns, and a few of the merchant ships. Three thousand lives were lost.*

The 'track' or path traversed by the centre of a storm marks the line of its maximum destructiveness. The first steering maxim in hurricane navigation is, then, to keep at a safe distance from it. But this is less easy than it would appear to be from the simplicity of the precept we have just quoted. Many perturbing influences tend to impair the symmetry of storms. They are in general elongated in the direction of their course, and the winds composing them are sometimes notably deflected from their normal directions. Buys-Ballot's law, though in the main trustworthy, has thus its 'failing cases;' and obedience to it at sea should always be tempered by discretion.

The term 'cyclone' was invented by Piddington in 1848 to embody and perpetuate the discovery of the circularity of storms. Its applicability has, however, of late been almost unanimously disputed by professed meteorologists. The theories to which they have committed themselves require that the course of the winds in tempests should be spiral, not circular; those chiefly exposed to their ravages, however, persist in believing it to be more nearly circular than spiral. The law in its old form still obtains the adhesion of seamen; and that their preference is not altogether groundless is shown by the adventures of the 'Charles Heddle' in the Mauritius hurricane of February 1845. Five times in as many days this luckless brig made the complete tour of the storm at an average distance of forty-two miles from its centre, *which she never reached*, scudding the entire time under bare poles with a furious gale aft. The 'Earl Dalhousie' had very

* Reye, 'Wirbelstürme,' p. 208.

nearly the same experience in the tempest of May 16, 1863; and it has doubtless been repeated in numberless instances left unrecorded for lack of survivors to tell the tale.

The question as to the real nature of the incurvation of winds in a cyclone involved in these involuntary experiments is of extreme interest, both speculative and practical, and is just now being debated with especial eagerness. We will endeavour to place our readers in possession of the circumstances which lend to it its significance. Two theories explanatory of storms, each of them advocated with great ability, are in the field. The new theory maintains the validity of the old law, the old theory demands its virtual abrogation. Ought it to be surrendered? We shall be better able to determine when we have looked a little more closely into the peculiarities of atmospheric commotions.

The scale, not the plan, of the different species of storm varies. Tornadoes, waterspouts, hurricanes, cyclones, typhoons, are all fundamentally the same kind of disturbance. But the disparity between them in point of size is enormous. Many cyclones are one, even two, thousand miles across; many tornadoes measure less than half as many inches. Structurally, however, they are identical. General conclusions regarding the nature and origin of storms must hence apply to all or none. We cannot invoke one cause of rotation in tornadoes and another in typhoons. We cannot get a hurricane to travel by mechanism that will not work if directed to the simoom. Our hypotheses, if they be true, must be universally available.

The core of every storm is formed by a barometric minimum. The mercury drops persistently until a circular (or slightly oval) middle space is reached, and rises steadily after it has passed. The entire fall has been known to exceed three inches. The reading of the barometer at the centre of the Kedjeree hurricane, in 1833, is credibly stated to have been 26·3 inches; it stood, that is to say, nearly half an inch below its mean height at the Lick Observatory, in California. So that the column of air imprisoned within the whirling spires off the mouth of the Hooghly actually weighed less at the sea level than the still superincumbent atmospheric strata at an elevation of over four thousand feet. It is this rarefied column which constitutes the 'heart of peace' of a cyclone. Within its charmed circle the winds lie shackled. The calm dividing the 'counter gales' may sometimes, near the margin, be interrupted by fitful gusts; at the centre it is often breathless and absolute. On board the 'Églé'

a lighted candle was kept on deck during the lull of the hurricane which devastated Mozambique, April 1, 1858. During this interval of treacherous stillness, which has been known to last as long as six hours, the clouds disperse, the sun very frequently (in tropical storms) shines out, the air becomes suddenly hot and dry. Birds in multitudes, in search of shelter from the furious surrounding blasts, throng this halcyon spot. The 'Fleurs Castle,' traversing the central calm, about twelve miles wide, of a typhoon in the China Sea, October 1, 1881, was literally swarmed over by feathered refugees.* This, of course, can only happen when land is near.

In Victor Hugo's typical storm the gale is 'terrible,' the calm 'horrible.'

'Subitement,' he relates in 'Les Travailleurs de la Mer,' 'une grande clarté se fit; la pluie discontinua, les nuées se désagrégèrent. Une sorte de haute fenêtre crépusculaire s'ouvrit au zénith, et les éclairs s'éteignirent. C'est à cet instant-là qu'au plus noir de la nuée apparaît, on ne sait pourquoi, pour espionner l'effarement universel, ce cercle de leur bleu que les vieux marins espagnols appellent l'œil de la tempête, *el ojo del tempestad*. On put croire à la fin; c'était le recommencement. La tempête allait reprendre avec une nouvelle troupe d'ouragans.'

The pause of a storm has for seamen peculiar terrors. While the wind, vehement though it be, holds, there is some possibility of manœuvring a ship; when it drops, she becomes at once unmanageable, for she is in general far indeed from finding herself in smooth water. The lawless and, as it were, reckless violence of the waves contrasts then hideously with the stillness of the air. A 'tremendous, cross, confused, outrageous sea, raised in pyramidal heaps by the wind from 'every point of the compass,' † often alone suffices to dismast any vessel exposed to it, and so leaves her an unscourged prey to the 'shift of wind' which springs upon her, with a roar like a wild beast's, from the opposite quarter to that of the blast previously encountered. Not without reason, then, did Piddington warn the mariner that he was to 'look upon 'the centre of a hurricane as a privateer or a pirate, or an enemy of superior force, and make his calculations for avoiding its neighbourhood. He must not forget that if 'he has *his* course and drift, the storm has also a course of *its* own.' ‡

* 'Bulletin of International Meteorology,' Washington, February 1883, p. 17.

† Thom's 'Nature and Course of Storms,' p. 15.

‡ Horn Book of Storms, p. 10.

One of the most terrific accompaniments of a storm is the succession of sounds during its progress. While as yet only premonitory symptoms of its approach are visible, when the sun is pale at noon and blood-red in setting, the stars dance with a sickly shimmer by night, and the clouds are suffused with a lurid glow by day, a peculiar moaning noise is heard as if of 'winds rushing through a hollow vault.'* It has been compared to the 'calling of the sea,' often, along English coasts, the earliest sign of a coming storm, and is believed to be the actual roar of the tempest, borne by the reflective action of clouds to vast distances. The immediate intensity of the din thus heralded can be imagined. Men are struck virtually dumb, the attempt to speak producing a sensation as if all the breath were driven from the body by a violent blow. They are virtually deaf as well, save to the outcry of the elements. 'Sails are blown out of the bolt ropes, and masts carried away without being heard,' while the shrill clamour of the wind, 'representing numberless voices raised to the highest pitch of screaming,' is varied by bellowings, hootings, and tremendous booming explosions resembling discharges of heavy artillery. The audible effects during the central lull are still more remarkable. In the hurricane which dismasted the 'Exmouth,' May 3, 1840, the calm set in at 11.30 A.M. with an ominous silence, the quicksilver dropping meantime out of sight in the tube of the barometer. At 12.20 P.M. 'the sun made its appearance for a few minutes, and then disappeared, followed by an awfully hollow and distant rumbling noise. In a few minutes we received a most terrific gust from the south-south-east, laying the ship completely on her beam-ends.'† The passage of the centre has at other times been attended throughout by a deafening thunderous roar, without any electrical discharges to account for it, its dreadful final crescendo announcing the onrush of the reserve battalions of the storm.

Tempests expand, as a rule, in travelling towards the poles. A disturbance leaving the tropics with a diameter of three hundred miles will cover, perhaps, fifteen hundred by the time it reaches latitude 50°. Our cyclones might thus be called distended hurricanes, though comparatively few of them have, in point of fact, started from near the equator. Most have traversed only the northern branch of the para-

* Piddington's 'Sailor's Horn Book,' 1848, p. 159.

† Thom's 'Nature of Storms,' p. 95.

to the full extent of blue sky and sunshine, it is virtually always present in the inchoate form of a 'clear.' There can, then, be no doubt that in the calm space of the typical storms of the tropics, the air is descending; and if it be descending at the core, it is difficult, if not impossible, to believe that it is mounting in the spires. We can have no hesitation in extending the same inference to high-latitude storms, in which the central blue patch is sometimes, though very rarely, seen. Violent if partial downrushes, too, have in certain cases been wellnigh *tangible*. The fishermen of Eyemouth, for instance, described the wind in the great storm of October 14, 1881, 'as blowing straight down from the sky with an impetuosity so vehement and overmastering that the sea for some extent was beaten down flat into a stretch of seething foam, in which many boats sank as if driven down beneath the foam by the wind.'*

So far the evidence is in favour of the 'descending eddy theory' of M. Faye, against which, however, the lifting powers of tornadoes have been not ineffectively alleged. That this kind of disturbance is *propagated* downward is, indeed, too obvious to be denied; yet it is asserted by the 'aspirationists' to possess at the same time an ascensional character. The formation of the cloudy sheath, however, affords positive proof that the whirling air it enwraps is at a considerably lower temperature than the surrounding medium, and this cold air, giving rise to the icy blasts occasionally felt at the heart of a tornado, can only come from above. There is absolutely no possibility of its being derived from any other direction. From above, then, the aerial provender of tornadoes is supplied. We may even exclaim with an ingenious Venetian of the last century,† who, girding at the learned fancy that the fossil shells met with on mountains had been carried thither by waterspouts, expressed marvellously sane ideas as to the nature of these phenomena: 'Good heavens! does not the very shape of the vortex prove that the material filling the tube finds ingress in its upper part? Above, it is wide like the mouth of a trumpet; towards the sea it grows narrow, and falls away.' Hundreds of such objects were carefully studied by this same Costantini, with the result of showing, whenever the vaporous tube was sufficiently transparent to permit observation, the water hollowed out 'like a basin' beneath the enclosed descending

* Nature, vol. xxv. p. 157.

† Costantini, 'Il Vortice Aereo,' 1761, p. 14.

spires, while the tumultuous escape of the air they brought down raised a kind of 'aqueous dust' all round the base. Le Gentil, too, considered the waterspouts seen by him in the Pacific in 1716 as 'cloud channels,' encompassing whirlwinds formed by a downward current causing an excavation of the water beneath, an ebullition around.* Recent observations—although with some discordances relative to the depression of the water surface within—are to the same general effect, and an instantaneous photograph of a tornado which traversed Dakota—'the blizzard State'—August 28, 1884,† shows perfectly the encircling cloud of dust and light objects corresponding to the 'ebullition' of the sea at the foot of a waterspout.

It is difficult to see how it can be maintained that tornadoes are in any true sense fed from below; for there should in this case be a powerful indraught towards them from all sides. But the encompassing atmosphere is, on the contrary, either absolutely calm or disturbed only by ordinary breezes. And this brings us to the controverted subject of the incurvature of storm winds. M. Faye's theory requires that they should blow (apart from perturbing influences) in circles; while, in the opposite view, the forces acting to produce rotation depend for their efficacy upon the presence of movement inward in spirals. Testimony, as usual, appears at first sight conflicting. Two points are, however, clear: first, that cyclonic gyrations are sensibly circular at a short distance above the surface of the earth; secondly, that they are equally so in the immediate neighbourhood of the central calm. Indeed, the abrupt or even instantaneous drop of the gale just when it has reached the acme of its fury shows demonstratively that the lull is enclosed by a *ring of wind*. Nevertheless, in the outer parts of perhaps every large storm there are partial interruptions of this symmetry, generally in the direction of an inclining inward of the air currents. This incurvature, as a rule, is found in the rear of tropical cyclones, and may readily be explained by the rushing in of the air in the *wake* of the progressing vortex. As it *screws* its way down and onward, displacing enormous atmospheric masses, deformations of its external circularity must necessarily take place, while the resulting complicated currents most likely effectually mask the escape outward of the air compelled to descend in the spires of the

* Costantini, *loc. cit.* p. 26.

† Reproduced in 'Comptes Rendus,' t. xcix. p. 1001.

whirlwind. Friction at the earth's surface, too, plays a very important part in producing centripetal movements in storms; so that, on the whole, we may perhaps wonder rather that their original shape is not more, than that it is so much, encroached upon.

The assimilation, then, of cyclones to the descending eddies of watercourses may be welcomed as an important advance towards the truth on a subject of some moment. It has at least the merit of rendering vividly intelligible phenomena previously involved in the obscurity which 'hand-to-mouth' theories never fail to bring in their train. Storms by 'aspiration' are, in our opinion, pure fictions of the scientific imagination. They can scarcely be got to rotate; they absolutely refuse to travel; they are incapable of segmentation, or of being coupled together as twin disturbances; they are, in short, at the fundamental disadvantage of possessing no real existence. Nor would their theoretical existence have lasted until now, were it not for the 'corrections' from time to time administered to the scheme of thought by which they have been sustained. When these temporary props fail, and the inevitable collapse ensues, the only cause for surprise will be that so flimsy a fabric remained erect so long.

ART. III.—1. *The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems.* By A. London: 1849.

2. *Empedocles on Etna, and other Poems.* By A. London, 1852.

3. *Poems* [partly reprinted from *Poems by A.*]. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. London: 1853.

4. *Poems: Second Series.* By MATTHEW ARNOLD. London: 1855.

5. *Merope: a Tragedy.* By MATTHEW ARNOLD. London: 1858.

6. *New Poems.* By MATTHEW ARNOLD. London: 1867.

7. *Poems.* By MATTHEW ARNOLD. 2 vols. London: 1869.

8. *Poems.* By MATTHEW ARNOLD. 3 vols. London: 1885.

ARNOLD the theologian and critic addressed a wider circle of readers than Arnold the poet. Yet his verse contains all that constitutes the permanent worth of his critical or theological writings, purified from the mannerisms and

blemishes which mar the otherwise perfect beauty of his prose. A large section of his poetry consists almost entirely of criticism, whether social, moral, and religious—as in so many of his semi-didactic meditative compositions, or literary and æsthetic—as in his brilliant estimates of Byron, Heine, Goethe, Wordsworth, and in his exposition of the essential differences between the artistic spheres of musicians, painters, and poets. Whether his criticism assumed the form of prose or verse, he is rarely deserted by his innate faculty of felicitous diction, by his imaginative insight and interpretative instinct, by his sensitive delicacy of refinement, by his intellectual alertness, power of association, and promptitude to seize the best points of view. It is, however, in his verse that these gifts find their finest expression, because there the effect is heightened by a subdued emotional fervour. For the display of his ironic humour his poetry affords no scope; but with this exception all the valuable elements of his prose writings are reproduced, while the half-cynical levity in the presence of venerable shrines, and the light banter, which some applaud for its pungency and others deprecate for its flippancy, are wholly absent. Nor is it only the mental gifts of the man that are best studied in his poetry. His inner character is there most truly mirrored. There we learn, what his prose sometimes teaches us to forget, that apparent levity is as little inconsistent with real earnestness as bluster is an irrefragable proof of intrepidity. There we find unplumbed springs of pathos and unsuspected currents of wistful affection which well up to the surface in his elegiac verse, and, breaking the superficial film of his serenity, afford us a glimpse into the hidden depths of his studiously veiled personality. His grave and mournful poetry never verges upon mockery; he is reverent to faiths which he cannot share; he views the world of folly and sorrow with melancholy tenderness; he utters no harsh, bitter, or uncharitable word. The disguise assumed in ‘Literature and Dogma’ slips off him in ‘Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse.’ Yet it may be objected—if this be so, if Arnold revealed his best intellectual gifts and the most human and loveable side of his character in his verse, how comes it that the lovers of his poetry are comparatively so few while the civilised world has applauded the keen thrusts of his incisive prose? The explanation is not far to seek, and it will be one object of the following pages to find the answer. For the present it will be enough to point to the total absence of

enthusiasm for any one great master truth, the persistent melancholy of the tone, the apathetic indifference of the philosophy, the irresolution and impotence of the practical teaching. On the other hand, it must be throughout remembered that Arnold served his generation not only as a poet, but as a prose-writer and an educational reformer. Though both the latter fields lie outside our present scope, it would be manifestly unfair to judge him solely by his verse. As a prose-writer his compositions are in thought too closely and intimately connected with his verse to be completely severed from it, but the former will only be discussed so far as it throws light upon his poetry. As a school inspector he corrected the dreaminess of his poetry by a life of practical activity, distinguished for devotion to the harassing details of his immediate work, and for zeal in applying the comparative method to the study of educational principles.

Arnold's verse is, as we have said, a more truthful mirror of Arnold's mind and character than his prose. But it also commands attention by its intrinsic poetic worth. As the best material for a study of Arnold's mind, it is examined with most advantage by reference to the dates of the different compositions. Another arrangement than that of chronology will be adopted for the criticism of the literary value which the poetry in itself possesses, and the two different aspects will be contemplated, as far as possible, apart.

Examined as a reflection of Arnold's mind and character, and taken as a whole, the poems appear a sandheap of shifting judgements, of trembling opinions, of crumbling creeds. They strike the ear like a medley of conflicting cries which cannot be reduced from dissonance to harmony. This indefiniteness of utterance seems to be the expression of an instability of mood which goes far to explain the chilling reception of his first two volumes, and partially accounts for the comparative neglect of the main body of his poetry. Yet a chronological study of the various pieces may disclose definite stages of mental development, reduce perplexity to some degree of order, and supply the motive to the distracting sounds of his uniformly mournful muse. Though Arnold was throughout life a critic first and a poet afterwards, three distinct epochs of intellectual progress seem to stand out with some degree of prominence. In the first he expresses the unrest, the bewilderment, the perplexity of a doubting age; in the second he has adopted paganism as his own model of artistic composition and his moral rule of life; in the third

his æsthetic and moral stoicism is leavened by that Hebrew element which he affected to despise and strove prematurely to suppress.

In his first three volumes Arnold expresses with unequalled power and completeness the languor and self-disdain, the dissatisfaction and weariness of the age, the yearning for a creed, and the craving for peace which drove men like Sterling, F. H. Newman, Clough, and Froude to attempt the ascent of the Mount of Vision by new paths instead of the ancient beaten ways. His poetry cannot pretend to guide the tendencies of his day, or even to embody the results of its confused struggle; but it gathers up and reflects with minute fidelity the forces that were at work. His estimate of the age and its products is sardonic. He can no longer mistake the dead past for the living present. Fevered life beat in men's pulses, and urged them on from change to change with no fixed goal, no settled purpose, aiming at something they dimly felt, unable to rest satisfied with what was already achieved. The new age mocked their hopes with the unreality of a mirage; to their closer gaze the new birth that had been proclaimed faded into the misty shape of an unsubstantial phantom. Arnold's predecessors, upon whose destructive labours he and his contemporaries had entered, had pointed to a land of promise which lay beyond the wilderness of their pilgrimage, and to a more glorious temple destined to arise from the ruins of the building they had destroyed. But the most enterprising pioneers of discovery had not yet discerned the bounds of the trackless desert which still continued to rise on the limitless horizon of the one, and the other remained a ruined heap of stones which afforded shelter to no man, and from which no architect had yet begun to build. Modern thought was incoherent, tangled, confused. Those who should have been its kings sate dumb, but their silence was not the serenity of contentment; it was rather the stony apathy of passive endurance, the mute acquiescence of minds that had abandoned the struggle in despair. Old faiths were dead, and the morning of that more fortunate age when the world should be once more spiritual and joyous had not yet broken through the mists. Arnold saw the sundered blocks of the ancient life float by him like icebergs in a rolling sea, and the new order was not reconstituted from the scattered fragments of the old. To use a phrase of Harrington's which his father was fond of quoting, he was 'living in the days of the Gothic empire,' but into his own kingdom he had

not yet entered. It was an age of hurry, change, alarm, surprise, without shelter to ripen thought or leisure to store genial wisdom.

‘Like children bathing on the shore,
Buried a wave beneath,
The second wave succeeds before
We have had time to breathe.’

He feels himself ‘a wanderer between two worlds, one ‘dead, the other powerless to be born.’ Life became more exacting in proportion as it ceased to be great; his limbs are paralysed, his senses stupefied, his spirits benumbed by its thousand nothings; his very soul is choked by its petty penetrating dust. Within him there is that which compels him to speak, without him that which stifles his utterance. He is himself Empedocles looking back regretfully upon the past.

‘Then we could still enjoy, then neither thought
Nor outward things were clos’d and dead to us,
But we receiv’d the shock of mighty thoughts
On simple minds with a pure natural joy.’

Now all is changed. Like Empedocles again, he has become

‘Thought’s slave, and dead to every natural joy.’

Once the stream of life flowed along a single channel, in a broad, unbroken majestic whole, straight for the Polar star. Now, dammed by beds of sand, chopped into eddies of blind uncertainty, choked by obstructing islands of matted drift, thwarted this way and that by conflicting currents, the stream has forgotten its once bright speed, and flows sullenly along, a baffled, circuitous wanderer.

These are the feelings to which Arnold gave expression in his early poetry. The almost unvarying theme of his lyric verse is the divorce of the soul from the intellect, and the perplexity which the separation produces. Hope and buoyancy are banished. He can only attain the premature tranquillity which he sought by assuming an attitude of apathetic indifference. His poetry is dreary from the monotonous tone of despair. The two early volumes, and especially the first, are not merely melancholy, for if this were all, there would be nothing noteworthy. Melpomene is generally the favourite muse of youth. Tears come before laughter; and though children have a keen sense of the ludicrous, the comedy of life is more congenial to the poco-

curantism of men than to the reverent enthusiasm of boyhood. Wordsworth has said truly enough :—

‘In youth we love the darksome lawn,
Brushed by the owlet’s wing ;
The twilight is preferred to dawn,
And autumn to the spring.’

But the persistent sadness of Arnold’s early poetry is very different from the passing shadows of boyish melancholy. It is hopeless, callous to the issues of contemporary thought, to present and future alike indifferent. It breathes the settled atmosphere of blank dejection and morbid languor. He feels no humanitarian fervour, for the future is impenetrably dark ; no glow of patriotism, since Attica, not England, is his country. Profoundly discontented as he was with present conditions, it might be supposed that the French Revolution of 1848 would have attracted his sympathies ; but his musings on life prompt him to patience rather than to effort. He is hemmed in and overshadowed by the high impassable mountains of Necessity. If ever the fire of youthful turbulence flamed through his veins, his verse retains none of its heat and passion. Colour and scent have faded from his lyrics ; his poems of sentiment betray little feeling. Even in a love poem he cannot repress a sigh. He is never exuberant, never enthusiastic. In a word, he is never young. How curiously old, to take a simple instance, is the touch which he introduces in the last lines of this exquisitely fresh picture !

‘Paint that lilac kerchief, bound
Her soft face, her hair around ;
Tied under the archest chin
Mischief ever ambush’d in. ’
Let the fluttering fringes streak
All her pale, sweet-rounded cheek.
Ere the parting hour go by,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory !’

All his founts of joy seem frozen at their very source in the bleak winter of his surroundings. He saw no escape from the alternative of being either a slave or a madman. Modern life in its general aspect presented itself to his mind as a high-walled prison, glowing with the brazen heat of the fierce sun ; and, confined within its narrow bounds, he saw men languidly give their lives to some unmeaning task-work, till death released them, as birth had found them, blind, unfreed, unblest. From this prison some few escaped, and launched forth upon the wide ocean of life ; but these were struck by the tempest, and, in the intermittent glare of

lightning flashes, were seen for a moment before they disappeared in the deepening gloom—wrecks driving through the waves—

‘And the pale Master on his spar-strewn deck,
With anguish’d face and flying hair,
Grasping the rudder hard,
Still bent to make some port, he knows not where,
Still standing for some false impossible shore.’

Nothing great is born of mere regrets, and the persistent lamentation upon the present world would be unmanly if the accompanying self-restraint were less rigorously maintained. Doubtless Arnold expressed a true, and not an affected, feeling of weariness; nor are we surprised at the sentiment, for he thought nothing of the world and much of himself. The limitations which he discovered without were really within; but his self-esteem encouraged him to seek them anywhere except in his own breast. And it is this contracted experience that makes his personal philosophy more interesting than valuable; he tells us little or nothing that by the width of its applicability will justify the meditations on life with which his volumes are crowded. Whatever teaching is there contained can only sadden his readers. It could not make them wiser. ‘Empedocles on Etna’ is not only the largest, but autobiographically the most important, poem in these early volumes. In his speech to Pausanias Empedocles strives to nerve his friend to show a braver front to life, to find energy and heart within himself. Man’s wisdom is not to expect much happiness, but to take life as it is, and to make the best of it.

‘I say, “Fear not! Life still
Leaves human effort scope!
But since life teems with ill,
Nurse no extravagant hope.

Because thou must not dream, thou need’st not then despair.”’

Empedocles strikes the chord of self-government with a firm hand; but when he strives to awaken its music to cheer his own solitude, it snaps in two. Left to practise his own precepts, his philosophy tastes as ashes in his mouth. Alone, he yields to that very despondency against which he had eloquently invoked the manly sobriety of Pausanias. The physician illustrates in his own case the inefficacy of the medicine he prescribes. Weary of life, or rather of himself, this counsellor of fortitude in others finds that for his own smart the only anodyne is death. The conclusion of the poem suggests that Arnold knew his own creed to be worthless as

a universal solvent, and the suggestion receives a general confirmation from the frosty coldness of his didactic poetry. His words do not burn themselves in on the brain with the heat of the summer solstice of conviction, but ring on the ear with the metallic hollowness of rhetoric, the wintry sententiousness of a man who strives to make his heart follow the guidance of his intellect. Teaching thus impotent and profitless was the best that Arnold had to offer; yet its transparent unsatisfactoriness naturally proved repellent to anxious questioners who were mocked with futile answers.

Apart from the coldness of his poetry, apart from the prevailing tone of melancholy, and the total absence of enthusiasm, apart also from the great inequality both in substance and mechanical execution which characterises the different compositions and which seemed to render the poet's future wholly uncertain, the irresolution and infirmity of the teaching would alone suffice to explain the chilling reception of the first two volumes. No predominant interest can be traced. The poet is informed by no great master truth. It is impossible to feel in living touch with the personality of a man who brings us nothing but haggard, hard negations. Wordsworth held that the office of the poet was 'to console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier, to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think and feel, and therefore to become more active and securely victorious.' If Wordsworth was right—and it is difficult to say that he is wrong—Arnold fell lamentably short of the ideal. While he disturbs our peace by his persistent melancholy, he offers nothing to brace our energies, clear our mental vision, revive our sinking courage. He shuns the present, but does not lean upon the future, and refuses to trust wholly to the past. A man who has lost his way can never be a guide.

Arnold's third volume (1853) is a great advance upon its two anonymous predecessors. In strength of substance, manliness of tone, healthiness of feeling, the 'Poems,' to which his name was for the first time appended, were superior to any of his previous efforts. He had shown in the early volumes his love of form and his keen sense of its absence from English literature. Out of this feeling is now developed a theory of art, if not of life. Devotion to classic form may be powerless to create that infectious certainty, that direct energy, that passionate fervour, which are the living breath of great poets. But any belief is better than none, and here the æsthetic theory was the com-

plement of a moral creed. In the preface to the poems of 1853 Arnold insists that poets must seek their inspiration in the past, for action is the only theme of poetry, and it is in the past alone that action is found. Art is objective, and when this is forgotten, as it is by modern poets, all work is hopelessly vitiated. The choice of a good subject is indispensable, for without a worthy theme success is unattainable. Arnold carries his adoration of the antique to the verge of fanaticism. He establishes the rules of classic composition as the Median laws of poetry for all times and all conditions; he exults over their principles with the one-sided zeal of the archaeologist, ignores the differences between the ancient Hellas and modern England, takes the classics for his masters, and, in deference to their decisions, excludes 'Empedocles on Etna' from his republished poems.

The æsthetic problem which Arnold solved by taking refuge in ancient Greece is only a different mode of stating the moral difficulty by which he was confronted. Among conditions which afforded him no guidance in conduct or in composition, what was the best model to follow in art and in life? His moral prop is identical with his artistic prop. To insist upon calm, patience, apathy, endurance, acceptance of fate, submission to the omnipotence of adamant laws, is to state the æsthetic principles of classicism from their moral side. With Arnold, as with the Stoics, his philosophy was the offspring of the union of the religious consciousness of the East with the intellectual culture of the West. With him, as with them, it was bred from despair in the presence of waning faiths. Like them, he sought in passionlessness a refuge from the turmoil of the world; like them, his conception of a personal God is shadowy, even if it exists at all; like them, he concerns himself more with the problems of the present life than the mysteries of the hereafter. Like them, he often leans towards materialism, though consistently with the practice of his teachers he concerns himself rather with ethical than with physical questions. In his views of life, of death, of necessity, of fate, of equanimity, of the relations of man with nature, he was in sympathy with the pagan world, not with the modern conditions of existence. His moral feelings as well as his intellectual instincts inclined him towards the classical school; but the impulse of his æsthetic paganism came from his ethical principles rather than his artistic theories. Neither his religious philosophy nor his æsthetic criticism rested on an assured

basis of conviction; both were exaggerated in expression as their real hold on his mind relaxed, until the one became cynical and the other paradoxical.

Arnold's moral Stoicism was, as we believe, the parent of his devotion to the rigid principles of classic art. From his father he had inherited his moral ardour and sterling honesty, the lofty didactic impulse which breathes an earnest, serious air through all his teaching, and the fine historical sense which in 'Sohrab and Rustum' delineated with vivid force the distinctive lineaments of the earth's surface, or penetrated, as in 'Obermann once more,' with keen insight into the moral causes which sapped the strength of the Roman empire. But Dr. Arnold's most fatal error in dealing with the young was his insistence upon the duty of moral thoughtfulness, and the self-scrutinising habit was formed in the son before he was strong enough to support the weary burden of himself. In the 'Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse,' he has told us how the change from faith to doubt began which ended in the temporary extinction of his religious consciousness before the absorbing passion of intellectual culture. He asks himself what spirit has guided him 'to the Carthusians' 'world-famed home'—

'For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
And purged its faith, and trimmed its fire,
Show'd me the high white star of Truth,
There bade me gaze, and there aspire;
Even now their whispers pierce the gloom;
What dost thou in this living tomb?'

His poetry leaves little or no clue to the names of those who were his guides at the outset of his mental career. But it tells us who were the thinkers on whom his mind rested with most confidence after he had started on his journey. His mental props in the 'bad age' in which he found his lot was cast were two of the great poets of ancient Greece—Homer, 'the clearest-souled of men,' and Sophocles, 'the even-balanced;' Epictetus, 'the halting slave' of Epaphroditus, who taught Arrian at Nicopolis; Marcus Aurelius, 'the imperial sage, purest of men;' Emerson, whose 'oracular voice' the world refused to hear; Goethe, 'the physician of the iron age,' and Wordsworth. The influence of Homer was rather artistic than ethical; but the other six writers were his masters in his philosophy of calm resignation and self-culture. Sophocles was the preacher of quiet submission to the will of the gods.

Epictetus taught that the will is the only possession which a man can really call his own, and that external to it nothing can be called either bad or good. Marcus Aurelius meditated upon that implicit obedience to the legislative faculty within the breast of man by which alone true equanimity can be secured. Emerson preached that the only revelation is that prompting which every individual receives, and that absolute conformity to inward impulse is the most perfect liberty, and makes men not only godlike, but gods. And though Goethe and Wordsworth travelled by widely diverging roads, the point which both reached was the same. The isolation of self-culture which in the Sage of Weimar was the conscious object of intellectual pride was in Wordsworth the inoffensive egotism of one who found self-cultivation to be the first and most important field for his energies.

A Stoic by circumstance and by training, Arnold accepted the materialism, though not in its grossest form, on which his ethical philosophy was based. Physical problems exercised his mind but slightly; yet a vague pantheism, always latent, and sometimes, as in the last stanzas of 'Heine's 'Grave,' confessed, pervades his poetry. Arnold is indeed inconsistent with himself, as though he was still struggling with the results of an early training. He has altogether abandoned, if he ever held, the proud mediæval view of the relations of man to nature which George Herbert expressed in the well-known lines—

‘Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.’

His attitude is rather that of a pupil at the feet of a teacher, a disciple hanging on the lips of a master. Nature is his model, his guide, his consoler.

‘Ye heavens, whose pure dark regions have no sign
Of languor, though so calm, and, though so great,
Are yet untroubled and unpassionate;
Who, though so noble, share in the world's toil,
And, though so task'd, keep pure from dust and soil!
I will not say that your mild deeps retain
A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain
Who have long'd deeply once, and long'd in vain—
But I will rather say that you remain
A world above man's head, to let him see
How boundless might his soul's horizon be,
How vast, yet of what clear transparency!
How it were good to abide there, and breathe free;
How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still!’

He does not even cling to the belief that the moral being of man is higher than nature's strength, or say with Sir Thomas Browne, 'There is surely a divinity within us—something that was before the elements, and owes no homage to the sun.' For a moment he is impressed with the belief that the struggles and the aspirations and the progressive desires of men raise them above the inanimate creation. He makes Nature herself ask the question.

"Ah, child!" she cries, "that strife divine,
Whence was it, for it is not mine?"

But the feeling is only transitory. Although in many respects a child of Wordsworth, he does not share his parent's confidence that while all things around him pass and change, man alone abideth for ever. He is rather impressed by a sense of human mutability in the presence of the permanence of nature.

'Race after race, man after man,
Have thought that my secret was theirs,
Have dreamed that I lived but for them,
That they were my glory and joy:
They are dust, they are changed, they are gone!
I remain.'

His most consistent attitude is that of a pantheist believing in a God, immanent in nature but impersonal, a Spirit in whom we exist, the calm Soul of all things, who alone is all things in one.

It is suggested, though it is impossible to prove, that Arnold's theory of the art of poetic composition was framed to support his moral theory of life. On any other supposition it is difficult to explain the inconsistency between his principles and his practice. If his criticism expresses his true and deliberate opinion, the contradiction which his own poetry gives to his æsthetic rules is inexplicable. Both his theories of art and of life were born of his passion of the brain, of his mental struggles, his intellectual impatience, his moral despair. Upon both he insisted with increased extravagance long after they had ceased to afford him true support. Who in 1853 would have ventured to predict that Matthew Arnold, the living embodiment of the classic spirit, would desert the 'disinterested objectivity' of Greek art for continued self-scrutiny and subjective introspection, would descend from the serene heights of his self-contained, impassive Stoicism to busy himself with the current questions of modern life—would throw aside his fatalistic passionlessness to assume the task of reconciling faith and reason,

science and theology? The progress of this change is the interesting spectacle in Arnold's later developement. The Hebrew spirit disputed the absolute sway of Hellenism, the religious consciousness strove with the intellectual culture, and conquered its right to a balance of power.

The full history of the change can only be read in his prose works; but it left its mark on the principles and the practice of his poetic composition. He ceased to write poetry, or wrote it in defiance of his own rules. Arnold's theory of art was, like his theory of life, one-sided and insufficient. To disinter the bones of Greek legends from the sepulchre of ages and to clothe them with their own flesh and blood is not necessarily an imitative work. If scholar and poet combine, as they did in Arnold, the result is the creative effort of a living reproduction. Though the materials are classic, and therefore secondhand, the poet's treatment of them is original. Yet no strength of imagination can turn the world's sympathies back to the alien shores of ancient Greece, and so long as Arnold remained true to his æsthetic theory, the circle of his readers was necessarily limited in its range. No one knew better than Arnold himself that to seek subjects exclusively in the past is to evade the conditions under which alone great poetry is possible. Verse inspired by bygone days can never earn the praise of adequacy. Poetry is only adequate when it expresses the grandest views that are possible concerning man and his destiny, respecting his relations with the world above him and around him. Poetry so written employs the best material of the age; it gives us noble reflections of the noblest features of its day, and so doing rears for itself a monument imperishable as time. Anything but this must be condemned as inadequate, and in practice Arnold recognises the deficiency of his theory. But the further he receded from his artistic rules, the more extravagantly did he defend their principles. And it is this defence of a theory of art, constructed, as we believe, in the first instance because the Attic pagan world suited Arnold's instincts, aspirations, and training better than the modern Christian view of life, that imparts such crotchety viewiness to the bulk of his prose criticism. He is perpetually defending positions which he feels are paradoxical.

Nor was he better satisfied with his moral prop. As his theory of the art of poetic composition ignored the conditions of modern society, so his theory of life starved the heart to feed the intellect. He was too tenderhearted for

his creed. He felt that in the human breast there ought to reign an inward peace which no turmoil can disturb. But he craves something more than stern self-suppression, more even than the gentler ideal which Marcus Aurelius, who grew a better man as he became a worse Stoic, conceived of his hard philosophy. Arnold cannot close his eyes and ears to human suffering; he is saddened at the thought of the vast armies of the homeless and unfed; he shudders to think how keen and crowded the country grows. He cannot live like the stars of heaven undistracted by the sights they see, unaffrighted by the vast silence of their surroundings. It was impossible for him, though he might study self-culture at the feet of the Sage of Weimar, to become nothing but a reasoning self-sufficient creature, self-poised, self-centred—an intellectual all-in-all. He had neither the refined selfishness nor the cold temperament, nor, it must be added, the wide and luminous view, which enabled Goethe to attain the serene heights of philosophic calm. The sensuous side of his nature always stirred strongly within him, and it attracted him to nature's solitudes, drew him towards scholar-gipsies, anchorites like the Carthusians, recluses like Sénancour. It suggested to him the doubt whether the Tree of Knowledge is indeed the Tree of Life, whether there may not be an excess of over-culture, whether the contact with Mother Earth will not give new vigour to the intellectual athlete. Yet he knows that calm is not 'life's crown,' and he cannot reconcile his conception of human duty with an exclusive isolation, or withhold his interest from the problems of contemporary life. The Vizier to the sick King of Bokhara, with his hard, unsympathetic, practical common-sense, can banish sorrow for the unalterable. But Arnold himself rather resembles the kindly Oriental potentate, who in the plenitude of power cannot shut his eyes to the injustice of the world, or cease to lament his impotence to lessen by a single drop the great ocean of sin and sorrow. The tenderness of his nature revolts from the isolated selfishness of his creed, and the emphasis which he continually lays on this aspect of isolation shows how such a prospect chilled him to the bone. It is the feeling which he has embalmed in four of his most familiar lines—

' Yes; in the sea of life enial'd,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone*.'

The marble coldness of his assumed impassiveness is often

flushed with emotional colour. In these transient flashes he forgets that he is a man of culture and of philosophic calm; and it is in these momentary outbursts which break down the barriers of his proud self-consciousness that he has written the lines which have most readily passed into the familiar currency of speech. The temporary glow seems to prove that Arnold, except in a set composition like 'Sohrab and Rustum,' never wholly extinguished the flame of Hebrew fire which irradiated his father with an 'ardour divine,' and still made him shine as a beacon of hope to the son, though many years had passed since the head master of Rugby had trodden

'In the summer morning, the road
Of death, at a call unforeseen
Sudden.'

His poetry after 1854, with the exception of 'Merope,' which he wrote rather as Professor of Poetry than as a poet, shows that artistically and morally the exclusive domination of the Hellenic spirit was overthrown. He had ceased merely to endure and acquiesce in the present. He began to hope of the future. In the lines 'In Memory of the 'Author of "Obermann"'' he had lamented that fate drove him forth among the crowded haunts of men, leaving half of himself behind in the solitude of the anchorite's retreat. But the rough contact with the rude world which he disdained proved a wise though stern physician. As though to correct his former lamentations, he reserves for 'Obermann once more,' written twenty years later, his most explicit utterances of hope. Musing on the changes of time he sits among the hills that rise above the Castle of Chillon at the Vevey end of the Lake of Geneva, where S  nancour's mountain-chalet had once stood in the midst of solitudes which now were populated. As night ran gently down over hill and wood, the shade of Obermann stood before him on the grass, and thus addressed the wayworn man who in his youth had called the shy recluse his master :—

'Oh, thou who, ere thy flying span
Was past of cheerful youth,
Did'st seek the solitary man
And learn his cheerless truth—

'Despair not thou as I despair'd,
Nor be cold gloom thy prison!
Forward the gracious hours have fared,
And see! the sun is risen.

‘He melts the icebergs of the past,
 A green, new earth appears,
 Millions, whose life in ice lay fast,
 Have thoughts, and smiles, and tears.
 ‘What though there still need effort, strife?
 Though much be still unwon?
 Yet warm it mounts, the hour of life!
 Death’s frozen hour is done!’

It is not suggested that Arnold ever attained the complete repose which he sought, still less that he approximated to the principles of orthodox Christianity. His note is still the Eternal Pain of his own Philomela. But so far as his peculiar temperament permitted, his search was rewarded, if not by peace, at least by hope. What he found it would be difficult to discover from his verse. Self-knowledge is still the summary of his creed. There is no revelation from without. But

‘Once read thy own breast right,
 And thou hast done with fears:
 Man gets no other light,
 Search he a thousand years.’

And such self-knowledge leads to self-dependence, and self-dependence to equanimity.

‘Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
 Who finds himself loses his misery!’

Yet beyond all doubt the direction in which he turned in such a poem as ‘Dover Beach,’ one of his later compositions, promised richer fruit than the cold soil which he had so assiduously cultivated. The affections of the heart reveal more of the possibilities of the future than the dogmas or the doubts of the intellect.

‘Ah, love, let us be true
 To one another! for the world, which seems
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
 And we are here as on a darkling plain
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.’

Arnold’s search for truth is eager, sincere, indefatigable. He seeks to attain a knowledge of what perfection is by turning upon all matters, however sacred or venerable, if only they claim belief or call for action, a current of fresh, free thought. He pursues his ideal on every side of his nature, striving to see things as they are, and refusing to

view them through the medium of traditional thought and feeling. He tolerates no fixed mental habits, allows no immoveable notions. He aims at a complete moral and intellectual deliverance which shall enable him to possess his own soul. Did he ever attain his object? So far as his verse is concerned, the answer must be in the negative. It is the poetry of a man whose sorrow is lifelong. In it we see reflected a mind ardently bent on the culture of all that was best and purest in itself, strenuously set to pursue the true and right. Why, then, did he fail to attain to any perception of truth which, whether orthodox or not, completely satisfied his mind? Some persons might reply that the object, the manner, and the method of the search sufficiently answer the question. But we have no intention of embarking upon the vexed seas of theological controversy. Our question relates solely to Arnold's mental and moral disposition. How far, in fact, might discontent be predicated as the necessary result of his character? The comparative failure cannot be attributed to moral defects. His loftiness of purpose is apparent from the first; the pure atmosphere which he breathes imparts an Olympian dignity even to his earliest efforts. He never mistook voluptuousness for beauty, and thus seems to have escaped a stage through which most youthful poets have passed. But though his mind was keen to seek, it was weak to find. He wanted the width of grasp which alone comprehends the breadth of genial wisdom. His chief intellectual defect—and it is a fault which not only detracts from the value of his criticism both of life and art, but mars the beauty of some of his poetry—is an incapacity to grasp large wholes in their general aspect. It is this limitation, rather than any special degree of materialism in his surroundings, which prevents him from attaining that composed strength and ardour of conviction, without which he could not write the highest poetry. His criticism, for instance, is powerful in its details, rather than in its leading ideas; it contains truths, but not the whole truth, and the theories which it supports are almost always one-sided. Instead of including in his view of poetry both mechanism and feeling, he exalts the mechanical element above the soul. So too in moral questions he neglects the heart to pamper the intellect. So, lastly, his poems, though delicately and purely finished, are weak in conception; they are deficient in organic completeness. He might, as it would seem, have attained the narrow, unhesitating satisfaction of the fanatic, if he was thus excluded from the broader wisdom of more

comprehensive minds. Yet from this sphere of contentment he was debarred, not only by keenness of vision, but by his liberal fairness and width of sympathies. It is impossible to conceive two beings more different than Heine, the child of the Revolution, stained with every moral fault that did not unfit him to be 'a brilliant leader of the war of the liberation of humanity,' and Eugénie de Guérin, a Catholic of the Catholics, of whose nature love and religion were the mainsprings, and who gained an imperishable name in literature through the rare qualities of her soul. Yet into these two opposite characters he has thrown himself with sympathetic large-mindedness.

Both the strength and the weakness of his intellect thus combined to deny him the glow of conviction. He was the martyr of his own candour. Neither in æsthetics nor morals could he surrender his allegiance unreservedly to the past or to the present. He had none of the negative capacity of Tennyson, who continued to faintly trust in the larger hope. Neither could he adopt the practical advice of Browning, to shun 'the exhausted air-bell of the critic,' and cleave to that form of worship with which he was most familiar. He was unable to rejoice in the triumphs of modern thought, for scientific discoveries, whether of geology, chemistry, or physiology, exercised over him no potent charm. Yet he refused to withdraw altogether from the activities of the world, to forget with Morris—

'. . . six counties overhung with smoke,
Forget the snorting steam and piston-stroke,
Forget the spreading of the hideous town,—'

and dream his life away in some cool sequestered Tempe of the ancient or the mediæval world. He had broken too completely with the older creed to feel that enthusiasm for faith which nerved Clough to continue his search for the light that somewhere was yet shining. But, on the other hand, he was totally without sympathy with the aggressive paganism of Swinburne, who, in the insolence of his iconoclastic zeal, exults at the prospect of the passing away of the kingdom of the Galilean. The illusion of Shelley's ardent faith in the future of a regenerated world melts before his 'sad lucidity of soul;' and he shrinks with the shudder of scholarly refinement and of intellectual exclusiveness from contact with that democracy whose advent Whitman salutes with his 'barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.' Yet at the same time he is too intellectual to glow with the fervent rapture of faith which was the secret of Wordsworth's

meditative calm, and he is too limited in his experience and his perceptions to attain to Goethe's wide view of life. Thus it seemed inevitable that he should bear with him as long as he lived—

' . . . the old unquiet breast
That neither deadens into rest,
Nor ever feels the fiery glow
That whirls the spirit from itself away,
But fluctuates to and fro,
Never by passion quite possess'd,
And never quite benumb'd by the world.'

It is as the representative of the highest type of agnosticism, as an embodiment of the honesty, narrowness, and discontent of modern doubt, that Arnold's mind and character arrest attention. His poetry, read between the lines, is a vividly written page from the mental history of the past half-century. It is the diary of the inner life-experiences of an open doubter who has pursued culture at the expense of faith, but who is no propagandist of scepticism, and looks back with tender sadness on the shrines where once he worshipped. This dominant feeling of his mind is expressed in one of the most beautiful and pathetic of his elegiac poems, 'Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse.' No life can be conceived more calculated to encourage this train of thought than that of the austere Carthusian brotherhood in the famous monastery whose site St. Bruno chose with such consummate skill. All the surroundings speak of complete severance from the outer world: the steep winding ascent along a path literally scooped in the sides of limestone cliffs, which, fringed with ragged pines, seem to meet several hundred feet above, and almost exclude the sky; the sudden opening out, as the defile ends on the green plateau where the Chartreuse itself is reached; the intense oppressive silence of the courts and corridors; the austere bareness of the tomblike cells; the grave solemnity of the midnight service with its cowed and ghostly figures bowed in the stern struggle of penitential prayer. To this spot Arnold is drawn by no disloyalty to his modern teachers, yet he asks himself the question—

' And what am I, that I am here ? '

and the answer follows—

' Forgive me, masters of the mind !
At whose behest I long ago
So much unlearn't, so much resign'd—
I come not here to be your foe !
I seek these anchorites, not in ruth,
To curse and to deny your truth ;

'Not as their friend, or child, I speak!
But as, on some far northern strand,
Thinking of his own gods, a Greek
In pity and mournful awe might stand
Before some fallen Runic stone—
For both were faiths, and both are gone.

'Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.
Their faith, my tears, the world deride—
I come to shed them at their side.'

The comparative neglect of Arnold's poetry cannot be attributed to the self-scrutiny and the introspection with which it is charged. In proportion as the present world takes little thought beyond the body, it likes to be talked to about the soul. Reduced to its ultimate cause, the failure of Arnold as a poet is due to the fact that he has nothing definite to say, and that what he does say lacks the warmth of conviction. He has parted from the older faith, but he has no new Gospel to substitute. He has not made up his mind. Even his classic fervour is, in its most extreme form, the expression of his moral difficulties rather than of his artistic principles. Without enthusiasm for the future, without respect for the present, half-hearted in his devotion to the past, his poetry is cold and unimpassioned, and his teaching indefinite and indistinct. He has cut himself too completely adrift from the spiritual things of the invisible world to be the spokesman of those who still struggle with hesitations and difficulties. He is too reverential to the faith which he has left, too mistrustful of that which is to succeed, to be the prophet of the iconoclast. And this absence of any one overmastering impulse is to be traced to the peculiar constitution of his mind, to his own limitations and endowments, and not to any excessive proportion of materialism in the conditions of his day. As a thinker Arnold was lucid rather than deep, piercing rather than capacious. Intellectually too keen for a twilight atmosphere where faith cannot be discriminated from doubt, too honest to profess belief which he did not feel, too eager in his search for truth to spare the most venerable traditions from enquiry, too narrow in his perceptions to grasp the large views of genial wisdom, too open-minded for fanaticism, too sympathetic for philosophic calm, too active to be a dreamer, too definite for mysticism, he seemed inevitably destined to wander between two worlds—a citizen of neither.

The study of Arnold's mind as revealed in his poetry prepares the way for an appreciation of the value of the poetry itself. His verse divides itself into two broad divisions: one objective, consisting of narrative and dramatic poems dealing with external subjects, historical actions, romantic or classical legends; the other subjective, including lyric and elegiac poems of personal reflection and sentiment. In rather more than half his poetical compositions he contradicts his own principles of art. And it is difficult to explain this inconsistency except on the suggested supposition that his extravagant classicism was the offspring, not of his critical faculties, but of his moral perplexities. Yet though these broad divisions of Arnold's poetry may be appealed to in confirmation and illustration of the preceding study of his mind, for critical purposes it will be most convenient to adopt a more detailed arrangement into lyric, dramatic, elegiac, and narrative, to examine each group in this order, and to conclude with some observations of a general character.

The matter of Arnold's lyric poetry has been discussed at length in the preceding pages. It only remains to criticise the form of its expression. Large portions consist of prose cut into lines of uneven length, deceiving the eye with the outward semblance of verse, but cheating the ear of the promised melody. Its intellectual qualities, its acute self-scrutiny, its deep psychological meditation, ensure it an independent value which is wholly irrespective of its poetical claims. Yet judged as lyric poetry, it is so elaborately charged with material, so studiously burdened with meaning, so economically packed with thought, that it has lost every trace of the easy spontaneity, the headlong speed, the tyrannous impulse which are essentially associated with this class of verse composition. Arnold analyses himself as Man rather than as a man—as humanity, not as an individual; and this representative character gives to his outpourings the cold dignity of impersonality which robs it of its last trace of involuntariness. Even in his most personal lyrics, he seems to keep his fingers on his pulse; and there is a pride in his self-consciousness which resents sympathy as an insult. There is strength, but it is the strength of culture and of self-restraint, not the force of passion or of tenderness. The true lyric cry never bursts from the intellect alone. Arnold is too composed in his mental melancholy to surrender himself to that abandonment of sadness which impelled Shelley to relieve the intensity of his pent-up misery

with the 'Lines written in Dejection at Naples;' and, on the other hand, he never reaches that rapture of faith which inspired Wordsworth's fervent 'Ode to Immortality.' His equanimity neither conquers nor is conquered by melancholy; it knows neither the elation of victory, nor the despair of defeat. And there is often a coldness in his manner, transcending the self-restraint of firm resolve and approaching the self-congratulation of keen-witted egotism, which unpleasantly suggests the external touch of the intellectual observer instead of the inward pain of suffering endurance.

Much of his lyric poetry is merely criticism, and often little more than prose criticism. When he deals with literary subjects, his love of art warms him into the glow of enthusiasm, as in the fine 'Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoon,' or the exquisite passage from the 'Youth of Nature,' which affords one of the best specimens of the lyrical blank verse that he may be said to have invented.

'For, oh! is it you, is it you,
Moonlight, and shadow, and lake,
And mountains, that fill us with joy,
Or the poet who sings you so well?
Is it you, O beauty, O grace,
O charm, O romance, that we feel,
Or the voice which reveals what you are?
Are ye, like daylight and sun,
Shared and rejoiced in by all?
Or are ye immersed in the mass
Of matter, and hard to extract,
Or sunk at the core of the world
Too deep for the most to discern?
Like stars in the deep of the sky
Which arise on the glass of the sage
But are lost when their watcher is gone.'

The whole of the reply of Nature would well repay quotation; but all who are likely to read these pages will probably be familiar with a passage which closes with lines that we have elsewhere quoted. In the sphere of social, moral, or religious criticism Arnold's inspiration uniformly deserts him. The positive teaching which is contained in this portion of his lyric poetry is not in itself valuable; although his maxims are pronounced with the solemnity of a lawgiver, they seem to be enunciated to convince himself rather than to guide others.

As a teacher he rarely rises above rhetoric; his verse proceeds step by step in the effort of persuasion, but it does not grow closer or more concentrated in feeling. His self-consciousness leads him to forget his poetic sensibility, and

continually reminds him that he is a passionless Stoic. Hence, in dealing with these subjects, he repeatedly drops into prose, relieved by such powerful and finely sustained metaphors as that already quoted from 'A Summer Night,' in which he condenses the tragedy of modern life. It is only in the rare moments when, forgetting the conscious artist and the didactic moralist, he allows his verse to become the natural medium of his utterances, the simple transcript of his contemplative or meditative moods, that he rises into poetry.

His metrical gifts are not great. His short songs are deficient in fluency as well as prosaic in manner. Blank verse and graver movements are best suited to his serious purpose. His experiments seem to be almost a confession that lyric poetry is an uncongenial element. He appears to seek in the mechanical structure of his verse some compensation for the want of spontaneity and passion. Yet his lyrical blank verse, as we have shown, is sometimes of extraordinary beauty, and his Greek studies enabled him to imitate with success the free unfettered movements of the classic choruses. On the other hand, some of his unrhymed rhythmic novelties appear to be so harsh and unmelodious as to betray a defective ear. The effect of such lines as these from 'Merope'—

'Thou confessest the prize
In the rushing, thundering, mad,
Cloud-enveloped, obscure,
Unapplauded, unsung
Race of calamity, mine?'—

is not inaptly represented by the Bishop of Derry as the sound of a stick drawn by a city *gamin* sharply across the area railings.

A poet so intensely subjective, so absorbed in self-scrutiny and introspection, is rarely able to throw himself into the minds of other men, and in dramatic poetry Arnold achieves no great success. Yet, intellectually and autobiographically, 'Empedocles on Etna' is a striking poem. In Empedocles, Pausanias, and Callicles, Arnold depicts three types of the Hellenic mind, the philosophical, the practical and credulous, and the artistic. But it is with the first that he is mainly concerned. Although the form of the poem necessarily prevents the direct intrusion of the poet's personality, yet the choice of the subject is plainly dictated by the problems which were exercising his own mind. Written after Arnold had abandoned his inherited creeds, and before he had

definitely promulgated his theory that the ancient world affords the best models both of art and morals, 'Empedocles' was excluded from his collected poems when the poet was at the height of his Hellenic enthusiasm. Possibly Arnold's rejection of the poem as a faulty subject may be critically just, for the exhibition of conquest is indisputably a more fitting theme for poets than the representation of defeat. Yet the real weakness of the poem consists less in the failure to relieve discontent by hope, incident, or resistance, than in the sudden change which Empedocles exhibits from fortitude to despondency. And for this reason it is difficult to suppose that the omission of the poem was wholly due to the alleged cause. Underneath the assigned artistic ground for its exclusion seems to lie the feeling that the catastrophe of the drama expressly contradicts the poet's own philosophy, and explicitly denies the adequacy of the moral theory, which, as we have endeavoured to show, was the true parent of his æsthetic principles. The greater part of Arnold's lyric poetry breathes the same sentiment of mental despondency which is dramatically expressed in 'Empedocles on Etna,' and falls within the same condemnation; but unlike the hero of his drama, the poet himself, while yielding to intellectual melancholy, maintained the moral struggle with unflinching resolution. As an Essay on Life the poem is profoundly unsatisfactory, nor is the central figure sufficiently broad and massive to attain to the true classic dignity. On the other hand, the faults of the conception and the hollowness of the philosophy are more than redeemed by the exquisite beauty of such lyrics as these:—

'What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flower'd broom?

'What sweet-breathing presence
Out-perfumes the thyme?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime?—

'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, the Nine.
—The leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

'They are lost in the hollows!
They stream up again!
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train?—

'They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by their road;
Then on to Olympus,
Their endless abode!

'—Whose praise do they mention?
Of what is it told?—
What will be for ever;
What was from of old.

'First hymn they the Father
Of all things; and then,
The rest of immortals,
* The action of men.

'The day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm,
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm.'

'Merope' is a drama and not merely a dramatic poem; but it

is rather an experiment in tragic composition than a tragedy. The central point of the play is one of those recognitions which always arrested the attention of a Greek audience. Merope believes her son Ægyptus to have been murdered, and determines to avenge his death. Axe in hand she approaches the couch where the supposed murderer is lying. Just as the fatal blow is about to fall she recognises in the sleeping victim her living son.

‘Merope’ forcibly illustrates the narrowness of view which mars the value of Arnold’s criticism. He seized, with that instinctive acuteness which always characterises the details of his brilliant *aperçus littéraires*, upon the salient fact that English dramatists are prone to neglect clearness of outline, symmetry of form, propriety of detail and expression. But his inability to grasp whole truths led him to suppose that an alien literature which had originated in forgotten ceremonies and obsolete sacrificial observances, which depended for its life on a dead religion, on faded traditions, and extinct ideas, could supplant the native literature in which England had expressed her own national spirit. No one would deny that the classic drama pays more heed to justness of proportion and unity of impression than the so-called romantic school. But it might be argued with equal force that the Greek dramatists had not arrived at a conception of the full capacities of their art, and that they sacrificed variety to clearness, richness to simplicity, because of the exigencies of their rudimentary scenic representations. Greek actors were necessarily obliged to forego all that rapid interchange of voice and gesture and that minute and varied by-play which help the modern stage to reproduce human life with such fidelity. So, too, the Greek dramatist is above all things and essentially a narrator. The naked presentation of incidents, each of which in itself was profoundly significant because man was little more than an instrument in the iron hands of overruling Destiny, was the main object which he set before himself. But the range of the romantic school is far more varied and more complex. Nor need we search beyond this complicated subject-matter to discover the true cause of the relative want of symmetry which is conspicuous on the modern stage. The nineteenth-century drama cannot be reduced within the rigid lines of the Greek tragedians except by restricting its liberty, limiting its range, and adopting artificial conventions. ‘Merope’ was not, however, written merely to exemplify the artistic beauty of symmetrical form and unity of impression. It is

an attempt to establish his theory that the organic and living growth of the English drama ought to be replaced by the dead forms of the classic stage.

But apart from the narrow critical principles which 'Merope' was written to illustrate, there are defects in the choice and the treatment of the subject which bring out Arnold's deficiency in large conceptions. From the moment that Merope recognises her son the interest evaporates, and the subsequent story of Polyphontes fails to arrest attention. We cannot but think that a Greek tragedian would have allowed Merope to strike the fatal blow; he would have made the mother kill her own son, and delayed the recognition till it was too late. There is no tragedy in a happy ending, and the melodramatic touch of the escape is out of keeping with the severity of the Greek drama. Nor is Arnold true to the character of his heroine when he makes her hesitate respecting the assassination of Polyphontes. An Electra, burning to avenge the death of a husband and tortured by fears for a son's life, would have waded knee-deep in blood without a thought of pity. So, too, the treatment of the character of Polyphontes is essentially modern, and therefore wholly unsatisfactory. Greek tragedians knew too well the limitations of their stage to ask moral conundrums; they would not have attempted to depict the conflict of good and evil within the breast of Polyphontes. But Arnold, judging by modern canons of taste, felt that the fate of a person of mixed character commands more sympathy than that of a man who is wholly bad. He therefore endeavoured to shade off the good and bad elements into one another so as to show his hero to be compounded of the high-minded patriot and the self-seeking usurper. The rigid forms of the Greek drama frustrated his design; the elements refuse to blend; Polyphontes is painted with mathematical exactitude, one side white, the other black; and the impossibility of developing character in a classic tragedy might have convinced Arnold of the inadequacy of his artistic theories.

Arnold's strength is far better displayed in short narrative poems. Tennyson excels in the same class of composition, but the two poets are not exactly rivals in the same field. Arnold's narrative poetry has an abstract Wordsworthian tinge; less gorgeous, highly tinted, and picturesque than that of the present Poet Laureate, it is purer, clearer, and more statuesque. The one uses rich colours; the other paints with cool washes.

Arnold chooses his stories both from romantic and classic

sources, and his treatment, though always measured, necessarily varies with his subject. To the more ornate class belong 'The Church of Brou,' 'Myserinus,' 'The Sick King of Bokhara,' 'The Forsaken Merman,' and 'Tristram and Iseult;' to the simpler and more purely classic style of treatment belong 'Balder Dead' and 'Sohrab and Rustum.' In the first he is a painter, in the second a sculptor. The figures which he carves from the marble of his classic quarries are austere cold; but the brighter hues of the East, or of the middle ages, or of fairyland lend some richness of colouring to the severe purity of his style.

The most important of the romantic poems is 'Tristram and Iseult;' yet many will prefer the genial wisdom of 'The Sick King of Bokhara,' or the exquisite pathos of 'The Forsaken Merman.' The latter is, in our opinion, the most perfect of his narrative poems. The words are so felicitously chosen, the metre is so skilfully handled, that sound and meaning are wedded in perfect harmony. The piece, like 'The Sick King of Bokhara,' is complete in itself; it is too short to be defective in conception, while the free rein which Arnold gives to the tenderness of his nature here supplies the force and swiftness of movement in which he so often fails. It enshrines that feeling of separation to the pathos of which Arnold was peculiarly sensitive, and the grief of the forsaken Merman and his children is depicted with touching grace. The following lines are familiar, but they will bear quotation:—

'Call her once before you go.
 Call once yet,
 In a voice that she will know :
 Margaret ! Margaret !
 Children's voices should be dear
 (Call once more) to a mother's ear ;
 Children's voices, wild with pain.
 Surely she will come again.
 Call her once and come away.
 This way, this way.
 "Mother dear, we cannot stay."
 The wild white horses foam and fret.
 Margaret ! Margaret !
 'Come, dear children, come away down.
 Call no more.
 One last look at the white-wall'd town,
 And the little grey church on the windy shore,
 Then come down.
 She will not come though you call all day.
 Come away, come away.'

The same feeling which inspired 'The Forsaken Mermaid

is expressed in 'Tristram and Iseult.' Tristram and Iseult of Ireland tread the dark road of death together hand in hand. She who is left behind bears the full burden of the pain of separation, and it is on the picture of the joyless calm of the widowed Iseult of Brittany that Arnold expends all his strength. But here the touching beauty of the picture is marred by the irrelevancy of its details and the weakness of its composition. The poem is more beautiful in its parts than as a whole. The connecting links are so slender that the construction falls to pieces. The unnecessary introduction of the story of Merlin mars the unity of impression; scene-painting predominates over the figures of the actors; and the interchange of the dramatic and narrative elements strikes us as a defect of form which might have been easily overcome. Nor again does the exquisite picture of the children compensate for a departure from the original form of the legend which alienates our sympathy from Tristram. With far truer instinct the older chronicler relates that Tristram even on his marriage night was faithful to his love, and that Ysode les Blanchés Mains remained a pure virgin.

The subject of 'Balder Dead' is too remote to arrest sympathy, and 'Sohrab and Rustum' is the finest specimen of Arnold's Homeric manner. It is indeed a marvellously close reproduction of the classic style. The simple flow of the narrative, the reticence from personal reflection, the skilful repetition of sonorous names remind the student at every turn of the poet's ancient model. The subject is one of those terrible situations which require delicate and refined handling. It strikes a note so high that it is with difficulty sustained. In the solemnising presence of a venerable cathedral we resent the disturbance of our solitude by the intrusive gabble of a verger. So also such an incident as the death of a son at the hands of a father suggests thoughts to the mind which make the poet's presentation of the scene, if it is not in faultless taste, appear officious. From this danger Arnold's refined instincts preserve him. There is not a word too much, but from first to last the story is told with true Homeric simplicity. The poet knows that he has something to say, and is not afraid to be homely, while the even stately roll of the noble blank verse is the fitting embodiment of the strong and masculine tone of feeling. The environment of the poem with the wide steppes and plains of Central Asia and the wild free-ranging life of the Tartar hordes is skilfully conveyed with the force of graphic sug-

gestion. Little fault can be found with the language. Yet surely the simile used to describe the feelings of Rustum as he eyes Sohrab coming towards him from the Tartar tents is out of keeping.

‘As some rich woman, on a winter’s morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb blacken’d fingers makes her fire—
At cock-crow, on a starlit winter’s morn,
When the frost flowers the whiten’d window panes—
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be; so Rustum ey’d
The unknown adventurous youth.’

The idea of the half-starved seamstress is so entirely modern that it strikes a jarring note. Another point, which is at least open to dispute, is the relevancy of the concluding portion of the poem. The description of the Oxus is in itself one of the most beautiful passages that Arnold ever wrote; yet we doubt whether the suggestion that the great river flows quietly onwards, undisturbed by the love and hate of men, is not in false taste, and whether the poem would not have ended more appropriately with—

‘So on the bloody sand Sohrab lay dead.’

But this introduction of nature as the solace to overwrought feeling is eminently characteristic of the poet. The description of the Oxus resembles the vision which closes ‘Empedocles on Etna,’ or the spectacle of the untroubled heavens which in ‘A Summer Night’ consoles the poet for the hard alternatives of modern life. Thus the passage illustrates his peculiar attitude towards Nature, upon which something remains to be said. Both the harmony of the metaphor of the drudge, and the relevancy of the conclusion, are questions of taste upon which it is impossible to dogmatise. Even if both are, as we think, out of keeping with the general structure of the poem, they do not seriously detract from its general merits. But the grave defect of ‘Sohrab and Rustum’ remains to be mentioned. It is a fine picture after the Homeric manner; but it has the academic coldness of a reproduction, and the general effect is tame because Arnold does not attempt to give us a stirring battle-piece of his own. With what fire and spirit Scott would have treated the theme! And it must be confessed that the poem does not contain that amplitude of matter which is the excuse and the compensation for the measured movement of the ancient school.

Both the poems which we have called classic are written

in an heroic blank verse that is always melodious and is rarely disfigured by weak endings. Such a passage as the burning of the ship in 'Balder Dead' is a fine specimen of Arnold's mastery of the metre. But the fault of his blank verse is its monotony of cadence. Arnold sacrifices variety to the rigid metrical principles of his masters. Like them he refused to divide his lines in the middle—with the inevitable result that his movements are fettered.

Elegiac poetry is most congenial to Arnold's mind. In grief for the loss of friends he was not hampered by those artistic rules to which he clung with paradoxical tenacity but without the grip of sincere conviction. In this mood his best poetry is written; in it he is himself; and of recent years in it alone he sang. To this class belong 'The Scholar Gipsy,' 'Thyrsis,' 'A Southern Night,' 'Obermann once more,' 'Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse,' 'Heine's Grave,' 'Memorial Verses,' 'Rugby Chapel,' 'Requiescat,' 'Westminster Abbey,' 'Geist's Grave,' and 'Poor Mathias.' In these poems Arnold finds full and legitimate scope for the tenderness which is one of the strongest of his poetic gifts, and for the deep sense of the pathos of separation which gives its charm to 'The Forsaken Merman' or 'Tristram and Iseult.' In them we find an intensity of feeling which elsewhere we seek in vain. In them he gives free rein to his heart, and no longer starves it by a laborious search for premature tranquillity or for academic correctness.

It may seem extravagant to rank 'Thyrsis' with the four great poems in which English poets have enshrined the memory of departed friends. But though it is less elaborate and ornate than 'Lycidas' or 'In Memoriam,' and less aflame with fiery scorn than 'Adonais,' it is more spontaneous and more tenderly regretful than any of its rivals, and leaves a deeper impression of the personal loss which the poet has sustained. Both 'Thyrsis' and 'The Scholar Gipsy' are too well known to bear the large quotations that would be necessary to establish their claim to rank among great memorial poems. As a specimen of his simple elegiac poetry, we quote the whole of 'Requiescat,' familiar though it is to students of Arnold's verse.

'Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew!
In quiet she reposes;
Ah, would that I did too!
'Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee;
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

'Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.
'Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath;
To night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death.'

Objection may be taken—and, in our opinion, rightly taken—to the fourth line of the first stanza, because it intrudes a new element into the poem. But with this possible exception nothing can be simpler in its language or more quietly direct than the treatment. No analysis of character and no moralising are required to produce the impression. The pathetic effect is given by the plainest presentation of the situation. ‘Requiescat,’ as the pure expression of a single feeling, illustrates Arnold’s Homeric style of elegiac poetry. More elaborate and more reflective is ‘A Southern Night;’ yet in the modern manner it is almost equally perfect. It contains a beautiful picture which supplies the keynote to the whole poem, and which we shall venture to extract. His brother died at Gibraltar on his voyage home from India, and Arnold recalls the scene.

‘Slow to a stop, at morning grey,
I see the smoke-crown’d vessel come;
Slow round her paddles dies away
The seething foam.

‘A boat is lowered from her side;
Ah, gently place him on the bench!
That spirit—if all have not yet died—
A breath might quench.

‘Is this the eye, the footstep fast,
The mien of youth we used to see?
Poor, gallant boy!—for such thou wast,
And art, to me.

‘The limbs their wonted tasks refuse;
The eyes are glazed; thou canst not speak;
And whiter than thy white burnous
That wasted cheek.

‘Enough! the boat, with quiet shock,
Unto its haven coming nigh,
Touches, and on Gibraltar’s rock
Lands thee to die.’

If we except the best of his elegiac compositions, none of Arnold’s verse reaches the highest class of poetry. His achievements will not, in our opinion, raise him above the rank of minor poets. He is, in fact, a nineteenth-century Gray. He is less remarkable for what he says than for his manner of saying it, and he is never so completely a child of nature as to forget the form in which he clothes his thoughts. Yet in the austere earnestness of his tone and in the breadth of his simple style, he is essentially an imaginative, rather than a fanciful, poet. Dissatisfied with the mere adornment of ideas, he calls up images which more incline to vastness

and sublimity than to filigree and definiteness. He esteems the solid worth of a single stone above the number and variety of the sparkling jewels into which it may be cut. He is not rapid, exuberant, or profuse, but stately, measured, self-restrained. His aim is unity of impression, sustained power, simplicity of effect.

Though Arnold is not a born poet, and writes rather for recreation than from impulse, he claims a high place among learned and artistic versifiers. His poetry possesses a decided, definite, and distinctive charm which never palls upon the appetite. It is not rich, generous, full-bodied, strengthening; but it is never cloying, and always pure, clean-tasted, and refreshing. Much of his early verse is vitiated by the affected quietism of his moral creed, or the professorial coldness of his æsthetic theories. His most affecting and imperishable lines are those which he wrote when the social preacher or the conscious artist was temporarily forgotten in the tender-hearted, affectionate man. Apart from these outbursts of true feeling, the general merits of his poetry must be, in the main, described by negatives, or, in other words, by the conspicuous absence of the most salient faults of other writers. It is essentially the poetry of a refined, high-bred gentleman.

Arnold never assumes the airs and affectations which are the vulgarities of poets. His artistic finish is, in fact, the graceful ease of a taste which is naturally pure, but it has also been sedulously cultivated. He never attempts to hide the barrenness of his thought by the luxuriance of his rhymes, or veils his nakedness in the involutions of studied obscurity. He never affects a false intensity of expression, or strains unnaturally after far-fetched epithets, and consequently his lines show no trace of spasmodic weakness. His muse is transparently honest; he nowhere pretends to express more than he feels, or strives at more than he can fully accomplish. Too dignified to be pretentious, too proud to be assuming, he neither apes profundity nor seeks to create an impression by startling phrases. He says what he has to say clearly and decisively, without any false show of word-daubing, never haunted by the fear that paralyses smaller men, and against which Sainte-Beuve cautioned Baudelaire—the fear ‘*d’être trop commun*.’ He is careful to subordinate his details to the whole; with praiseworthy self-restraint he keeps his picturesque passages within bounds, and, even when he describes a garden, allots no inordinate space to the colouring of his flowers. It would be difficult in all his

poetry to find a single ornament which has been pinned on merely as a spangle. He never paints for painting's sake, but uses similes and metaphors to help forward the central idea of his poem. His work is characterised by self-control and reticence, and his strong, decided, telling strokes bring out the exact point which most materially assists the development of his thought or of his narrative. An admirable illustration of his thorough self-discipline, braced and elevated by the study of Hellenic models, is seen in the introduction of the comparison of the two eagles to illustrate Rustum's ignorance of the desolation which his own hand had wrought by the death of his son. We refer our readers to the passage in 'Sohrab and Rustum,' and ask them to observe how Arnold's abstention from word-painting fixes the mind upon the one point that the comparison is designed to illustrate. The same restraint is visible in his use of language. He is always careful in his diction; he does not bewilder with the false gaudiness of perpetual metaphor, or dazzle with the unnatural sparkle of constant antithesis. Every epithet has its meaning, and many are so felicitously chosen that they are in their application condensed pictures. Merits such as these, though in the main of a negative character, are yet great. If Arnold lacks fire and spirit, he rarely halts or stumbles. Seeing how near he came to making himself a poet, he may be excused for the belief that poets need not be born. Yet the emphasis which he laid upon form and method was extravagant, and, as a basis of criticism, one-sided. The glowing stream of verse that pours forth from men who are aflame with some overmastering impulse forms its own channels, fusing thought and expression into one mould. But mere mechanics are not poets, and elaborate construction, though it may be less wearisome, is infinitely more hopeless than brilliant bursts of ill-assorted imagery.

Arnold's classical poetry has given us such embodiments of the Hellenic style as English literature had never before possessed. Behind the pagan lore and Hebrew elevation of 'Lycidas' or 'Samson Agonistes' speaks the voice of Milton, and it is the immanence of his strong soul that gives to both their depth of harmony. So, too, through the classic paintings of 'Hyperion' or 'Ulysses,' glows the youthful exuberance of Keats, or the warm richness of Tennyson's picturesque mind. But Arnold, without Milton's strength, Keats's gorgeous imagination, or Tennyson's pictorial fire, has succeeded—where they have relatively failed—in embodying

the pure classic spirit in a statuesque form, almost entirely uncoloured by modern feeling. But he achieved this imitative success by the felicity of his artistic taste, and not by the ardour of his poetic soul. It is not as the skilful reproducer of classic methods, nor yet as the reflector of a confused, complex, and sceptical era, still less as the teacher of an indistinct ethical philosophy, that Arnold makes his strongest claim to be considered a poet; rather it is as the wistful memorialist of the pangs of loss and separation, and as the direct transcriber of the restfulness which belongs to the gentler moods of Nature. Weary of the struggle with himself, and of the contemplation of great currents of life, he turns his jaded eyes towards some human friend or on the inanimate world, and in their society seeks repose. For the English people he professed contempt; for English scenery he had conceived a passionate love, which inspired him to write passages of descriptive verse in a manner peculiarly his own, and with a power which, in the special and limited field of its exercise, is unrivalled. In his elegiac verse he allows free play to the two strongest feelings of which he was capable, and it is the union of both in the same compositions which constitutes the affecting truth and simple charm of this class of his poetry. Here he is most nearly a great poet, because he is most simply himself.

In Arnold's descriptive poetry Wordsworth was his master, but the pupil is entirely independent of the teacher. Wordsworth directed Arnold to the source where he found the truest anodyne for his intellectual pain. Worn out by the anxieties of human life, he flies to Nature for calm and quiet, and he finds them there. It was the combination of delight in Nature and disappointment in Man that first attracted him to Sénancour. His 'Wish' is only a poetical expansion of a prose passage from 'Obermann.' Arnold asks that when the winnowing wings of approaching death are clearing the mist that broods over the borders of the undiscovered future, he shall not be pestered by all that makes the angel's coming hideous.

'Bring none of these! but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more before my dying eyes,

'Bathed in the sacred dews of morn,
The wide aerial landscape spread,
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead.'

So too wishes Obermann:—

‘Si j’arrive à la vieillesse, si un jour, plein de pensées encore, mais renonçant à parler aux hommes, j’ai auprès de moi un ami pour recevoir mes adieux à la terre, qu’on place ma chaise sur l’herbe courte et que de tranquilles marguerites soient là devant moi, sous le soleil, sous le ciel immense, afin qu’en laissant la vie qui passe, je retrouve quelque chose de l’illusion infinie.’

It is this sense of the soothing power of Nature which is always predominant in Arnold’s mind. The attitude which he assumes to her is widely different from that of Wordsworth, and the gifts which she bestows on her worshippers are dissimilar. Wordsworth, seeking an interpretation of the mysteries by which he was surrounded, regards Nature through the medium of his own thoughts, and in describing her he gives us a new creation evolved from the influences of the inanimate world upon his own thoughts. He asks us to put ourselves in his place, to view the universe with his eyes, to behold it, not as it is, but as he sees it. To Arnold, on the other hand, Nature teaches no lessons, unlocks no mysteries of life. He does not seek her solitudes to learn the interpretation of oracles. She gives him the boon which he asks, and that boon is tranquillity, not knowledge. She cools the fever of his thoughts, distracts his mind from its saddening anxieties, and ministers relief rather than peace. To Arnold she offers a febrifuge, to Wordsworth a draught of intoxicating joy. And as Arnold’s attitude is simpler than that of Wordsworth, so is his method of description. He exacts no labour from his reader to follow the course of his imaginative thought, but comes into direct contact with Nature; sees things as they are, and with his eye undistracted from its object transcribes the scene before him. He makes us share his picture, and so subtly suggests the rest which he himself enjoys that we become partners of his repose, and feel the cool breath of the same fresh free air upon our faces. Wordsworth, ever eager to decipher the riddles of human life in the hieroglyphics of Nature, elevates and invigorates minds which are capable of making the necessary initial effort. Arnold sinks like a tired child upon the lap of Nature, and, reposing on her bosom, imparts to others his own restfulness. Many quotations might be made to illustrate the simplicity, the directness, and the repose of his descriptive passages. We will conclude our imperfect study of one of the most charming of our minor poets with four quotations as specimens of Arnold’s treatment of Nature. The first is taken from ‘The Scholar Gipsy:’—

‘For most, I know, thou lov’st retired ground.
 Thee, at the ferry, Oxford riders blithe,
 Returning home on summer nights, have met
 Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithle,
 Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
 As the slow punt chops round:
 And leaning backwards in a pensive dream,
 And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers
 Pluck’d in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,
 And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream:
 And then they land, and thou art seen no more.’

Our second quotation is made from ‘Thyrsis;’ and here the same characteristics of precision and directness reappear, combined with a simplicity which those who compare the description with Tennyson’s picture of the garden in ‘Maud’ will scarcely fail to appreciate:—

‘So some tempestuous morn in early June,
 When the year’s primal burst of bloom is o’er,
 Before the roses and the longest day—
 When garden-walks, and all the grassy floor,
 With blossoms, red and white, of fallen May,
 And chestnut-flowers are strewn—
 So have I heard the cuckoo’s parting cry,
 From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
 Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze.
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I.

‘Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
 Soon will the high Midsummer poms come on,
 Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
 Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
 Sweet William with its homely cottage smell,
 And stocks in fragrant blow;
 Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
 And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
 And groups under the dreaming garden trees,
 And the full moon, and the white evening star.

‘He hearkens not! light cometh, he is flown?
 What matters it? Next year he will return,
 And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,
 With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
 And bluebells trembling by the forest ways,
 And scent of hay new-mown.’

Or compare this beautiful stanza from the same poem with the gorgeously imaginative picture which the same scenery inspired in Shelley’s ‘Alastor:’—

‘Where is the girl, who, by the boatman’s door,
 Above the locks, above the boating throng,
 Unmoor’d our skiff, when, through the Wytham flats,
 Red loosestrife and blond meadowsweet among,
 And darting swallows, and light water-gnats,
 We track’d the shy Thames shore?’

Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell
 Of our boat passing heav'd the river-grass,
 Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass?—
 They all are gone, and thou art gone as well.'

The last quotation is taken from 'Lines written in Kensington Gardens,' and it is chosen out of many similar passages because it breathes the subtle air of that rest which Arnold sought and found in the society of Nature, even in the midst of a great city.

'In this lone open glade I lie
 Screen'd by deep boughs on either hand;
 And at its head, to stay the eye,
 Those black-crown'd, red-boled pine trees stand.

'Birds here make song, each bird has his,
 Across the girdling city's hum.
 How green under the boughs it is!
 How thick the tremulous sheep-cries come!

'Sometimes a child will cross the glade
 To take his nurse his broken toy;
 Sometimes a thrush flit overhead
 Deep in her unknown day's employ.

'Here at my feet what wonders pass,
 What endless active life is here!
 What blowing daisies, fragrant grass!
 An air-stirr'd forest, fresh and clear.'

ART. IV.—*Annals of the House of Percy from the Conquest to the Opening of the Nineteenth Century.* BY EDWARD BARRINGTON DE FONBLANQUE. Two volumes. 4to. Printed for private circulation only. 1887.

THE Canton of Perci in Lower Normandy, and the Château de Perci near Villedieu in the Department of La Manche, were held eight or nine hundred years ago by the descendants of a companion of Rollo the Northman, and from them sprang William, Count de Caux and de Poitiers, who is regarded as the founder of one of the most illustrious families of the British nobility. It does not appear that he accompanied the Conqueror in his invasion; possibly he had settled in England in the days of Harold; but it is known that he married a Saxon lady of rank, and he undoubtedly received very large grants of land immediately after the Conquest, including Whitby (where he founded the great Abbey), eighty-six lordships in the North Riding of Yorkshire, thirty-two lordships in Lincolnshire, and other lands

in Essex and Hampshire. Such was the origin in England of this princely house, which was destined to play a considerable part in the stormy mediæval history of England.

‘The ancient Percies were, from the necessities of their position as well as the character of the age, more distinguished for moral and physical vigour and energy than for political genius. Men of action, rather than of thought or words, they were all brave soldiers, most of them skilful commanders; but throughout the twenty generations from the Conquest down to the reign of the second Charles, it is doubtful whether a reputation for high statesmanship can be claimed for more than two members of the house. There are, however, few families that can present so great a number of picturesque types of their times, or who so long and uninterruptedly enjoyed the attachment and the confidence of the English people and so greatly influenced their destinies. William Als Gernons, the Norman who made himself a home in the wilds of bleak Yorkshire, married “for conscience’ sake” the Saxon maiden whose lands he had conquered, defied the authority of Crown and Church when they conflicted with his interests or his whims, and in his old age made his peace by donning “scollop shell” and sandal shoon,” dying a brave crusader within sight of the Holy City; his turbulent and warlike sons and grandsons, the earliest champions of feudal rights against the royal power; Richard de Percy, foremost among the sturdy barons who extorted the charter of English liberties from King John, and defied the pretensions of the Pope of Rome; the martial and chivalrous Lords of Alnwick, “sober in peace” and cruel in battail;” the first Earl of Northumberland towering above his brilliant contemporaries, haughty, daring, and generous, rising to the highest pinnacle of subject-greatness, and dying sword in hand, an outlaw and a rebel; his splendid soldier sons, Hotspur and Ralph, and his politic and accomplished brother, Worcester, general, admiral, diplomatist, courtier, and statesman; the second earl and his four sons, all of whom fell on the battle-field in defence of the House of Lancaster; Henry the Magnificent, and, in sad contrast with him, his suffering son, the Unthrifty; “Simple Tom,” dying so calmly on the scaffold in defence of his faith, and “Cruel Henry,” sacrificed in the cause of the Scottish queen; the Wizard Earl, finding a solace for his long captivity in scientific studies, and his high-minded son, the Lord Admiral of England;—where shall we find such another line of representative men?

‘The Percies had, as a rule, formed high and wealthy alliances, choosing their wives from among the daughters of royal houses or of the most noble of the ruling families of England, and in most instances acquiring large possessions and additional dignities by these marriages. Thrice in the course of eight centuries there was a break in the male line of descent. Of the first Percy heiress, the Lady Agnes, we know little more than that when she conferred her hand upon the brother of the Queen of England, she stipulated to retain for herself and her heirs the name of her baronial ancestors, instead of assuming her husband’s princely title; and that, pious, graceful, and charitable, she

presided in regal state over her magnificent household—"our court"—as she calls it. After the lapse of five centuries a daughter once more inherited the honours of the ancient house, and the wildest flights of romantic fiction could hardly be more startling than the incidents in the early girlhood of the Percy heiress, who, in her sixteenth year, married "the proud Duke" of Somerset, having then already been twice widowed without having become a wife.'

Such are the annals of the race which Mr. de Fonblanque relates in the magnificent volumes now before us, volumes not unworthy of the liberality of the Duke of Northumberland, which have been compiled and edited with great research and ability by this author. We have on more than one occasion had to remark, in reviewing the splendid records of the great families of Scotland, for which we are indebted to the indefatigable zeal of Sir William Fraser—works not accessible to the public and known chiefly through the pages of this Journal—that the great families of England had not shown the munificence of their Northern kinsmen in throwing open their muniment rooms, and printing in a suitable form the annals of their forefathers. The 'Douglas Book,' the 'Chiefs of Grant,' the 'Buccleuch,' the 'Lennox,' and several other similar monographs, are of matchless value and interest to the public and domestic history of the nation. But this is the first time (as far as we know) that the example has been followed by an English peer. The researches of the Historical Manuscripts Commission have thrown considerable light on the treasures that lie buried in the castles and country houses of England; but they have not been printed in a suitable or becoming form. That work must be left to the generosity of their owners, and the Duke of Northumberland has discharged this duty to his ancestors with ungrudging liberality. The House of Percy has a great place in history, but it does not appear to be rich in family documents or records. Alnwick does not contribute much of importance to this book. Mr. de Fonblanque has been obliged to draw his materials from other sources, and it is impossible to overrate the industry with which he has collected all that relates to the Percy family, from existing histories, from manuscript records in the Cottonian Library and the Rolls of Parliament, and from the Calendars of State Papers published under the authority of the Master of the Rolls. His work is in fact a history, more especially of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and if it is unavoidably deficient in domestic and personal details, derived from private sources, it is the more rich in those scenes and

characters which tradition and poetry have associated with our earliest recollections. Every English child, who has read a play of Shakespeare, knows the story of the glory and the guilt of

‘Northumberland, the ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne.’

We owe our Hotspur to the same immortal drama, and the ‘wild music’ of the ballad of ‘Chevy Chase’ has made a household word of the Lord Percy who fought the Douglas on the field of Otterbourne and perished himself on the field of Shrewsbury.

The male line of the Percies has been more than once broken in the course of seven or eight centuries, and the family honours diverted. William de Perci, who died in 1168, left no sons and two daughters, Maud and Agnes, co-heiresses. Maud married an Earl of Warwick, but died childless, bequeathing her share of the family possessions to Richard de Percy, the youngest son of her sister. The story of Agnes is more curious.

‘Some years after her marriage with William de Albini, Adeliza, once known as the Fair Maid of Brabant, and second wife of Henry the First, sent into France, for her half-brother, Jocelyn de Louvain, “to share her prosperity and happiness,” and also, as would appear, to improve his fortune by an advantageous alliance.

‘Agnes de Perci was the lady whom Adeliza selected for a sister-in-law, but her father was too proud of his race to allow all traces of it to be lost even by absorption in the princely House of Brabant, and he accordingly attached an important condition to the marriage of his heiress.

‘We read in an ancient MS. that:—“This Jocelyn . . . wedded this dame Agnes Percy upon condition that he shold be called Jocelyn Percy, or els that he shold bare the armes of the Lord Percy, and he toke the counsell of his syster and he chose rather to be called Jocelyn Percy than to forsake his owne armes (which be feld ore, a lion rampant, azure) for so shold he have no right title to his father’s inheritance, and so of right the Lord Percy shold be Duke of Brabant, tho they be not so indeed.”

‘The date of the marriage is not on record, but may be approximately fixed by the charter under which Adeliza’s munificent wedding gift, the Honour of Petworth, was conferred on her brother. This document was confirmed by Duke Henry of Normandy, while acting as regent in England in 1150–51, and Queen Adeliza, herself a witness to the marriage, died towards the end of the latter year, when the heiress was barely sixteen years of age.

‘In addition to Petworth, Jocelyn de Percy held, in his own right, lands representing five and a half knights’ fees in Yorkshire. All that we can learn of him is that he lived in great splendour, and made

large donations to the religious houses, endowed by the Percies, as well as to the Abbeys of Lewes and Reading. He died before 1189.

'The Lady Agnes survived her husband for nearly a quarter of a century, dying at a very advanced age in 1205. She was buried upon her saint-day, a fact attested upon her tombstone in Whitby Abbey by this quaint inscription:—

' " Agnes Agnetis festo tumulatur, et istis
Idem sexus, idem nomen, et una dies."

'With her ended the elder branch of the Norman Percies, and a new line commenced, which for nearly five centuries played an important and conspicuous part in the history of England.'

It will be remarked, however, that this alliance has left traces in the Percy family which have survived to our own time. The name of Joscelyn was introduced. The title of Louvaine, which was borne by the present Duke of Northumberland until the Beverley branch of the family succeeded to his dukedom, was derived from this 'Jocelyn de Louvain,' and the lion of Brabant (or, a lion rampant azure) still stands as one of the supporters of the Percy coat of arms.

The Percies, it has been said, were men of the sword, not of the council or of the pen. Accordingly it was in the stormy fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and not in later times, that they rose to the height of their power and performed their most brilliant achievements. In the wars with France, in perpetual border conflicts with Scotland, in the civil wars of the Roses, and in the conspiracies and commotions of later years, their blood was poured out like water. The first earl, the father of Hotspur, fell at Bramham Moor in 1407; his son and his brother had already fallen at Shrewsbury. The second earl was killed at St. Albans; the third earl at Towton Fields, and his three brothers there, or soon afterwards. The fourth earl was murdered at Cockledge in 1489. And when the field of battle was changed into the scaffold of the Tudors, Thomas, brother of the sixth earl, was beheaded at Tyburn in 1537; the seventh earl shared his fate at York in 1572; and the eighth earl was killed in the Tower in 1585. Through this strange necrology—it might almost be called a martyrology—Mr. de Fonblanque takes his readers. In those early and agitated times the House of Percy, like most of the great nobles of the age, were seldom faithful to any cause or to their allegiance to kings contending for an unsettled succession of the crown; they fought and died more for the greatness of their house than for the party or the sovereign whom they served. Perhaps this is the reason for the fact that although they stood in the first

rank as warriors and men at arms, they never rose to the highest political rank in the service of the Crown, and have added few, if any, names of weight to the statesmen and ministers of Britain.

‘In the individual lives of successive generations of Percies, from the Conquest down to this period, we may trace the growth and development of a system to which—opposed as it is to every principle of modern political life, and in spite of the vices inherent in a purely military aristocracy—England in past ages owed much of her greatness and prosperity; a system which not only fostered a manly national spirit, but, by acting as a barrier against the arbitrary power of the Crown, served to secure popular liberties.

‘In the wars of King Stephen the Norman Percies had represented the early stages of feudalism; under King John a Percy was among the foremost champions of its progress, and a prominent figure in its final triumph. The lords of Alnwick, ready as they ever were to fight the foreign enemies of the king, were jealous guardians of baronial rights against royal encroachment. In the person of the first Earl of Northumberland feudalism had obtained the zenith of its power; his fall marked the earliest stage of its decline.

‘The devastating wars of the Roses, and the persistent policy of the Tudors to vest all authority in the Crown, sapped and gradually destroyed the power of the great nobles of England, and with it the system which they represented; but the first fatal blow inflicted on feudalism was dealt by the sword which struck down the Earl of Northumberland on Bramham Moor.’

The second Earl of Northumberland, the grandson of that nobleman and the son of Hotspur, was carried by his widowed mother to the court of King Robert of Scotland on his father's overthrow. There he was brought up at the University of St. Andrews as the intimate friend and companion of the king's eldest surviving son, afterwards James I. On their way to France the prince was captured and detained by Henry IV., but Northumberland escaped, returned to St. Andrews, and completed his studies there. On the accession of Henry V. the earl lost no time in making an appeal for the reversal of the attainder, and it is a remarkable example of the policy and temper of the young king, that the sentence incurred by the treasons and rebellions of Percy's father and grandfather was immediately reversed, and the young nobleman was restored to his rank in Parliament and to a portion of his estates. He was not ungrateful. He remained firmly attached to the House of Lancaster, and perished in their cause at the battle of St. Albans. All his sons adhered to the falling cause of Henry VI., and four of them (including the third earl) were slain at Towton or at Hedgeley Moor.

The next Henry Percy, fourth earl, was, however, restored by Edward IV. and became a Yorkist, but he was a cautious politician, and although he had supported Richard III. in some of his most reprehensible acts, he stood aloof on the field of Bosworth, where he commanded a part of the army, and hastened after the battle to make his peace with Henry VII. But his fate was a singular one. The people of the northern counties were attached to the memory of Richard III., and their hostility to the government was inflamed by Henry's insatiable love of money which had obtained from a subservient parliament a vote of 75,000*l.* to be raised by a tenth on the yearly produce of lands and on personal property. Northumberland at first supported the popular resistance to the tax, and represented to the king that 'now there was a houze (huge) somme requyred' of them which neyther they were hable to satisfy so grete 'a demand, nor yet would once consent to pay one penny' of the said somme requyred.' The king sent back a curt and peremptory answer and demanded the exaction of the tax. The malcontents, headed by one John a' Chambre, met the earl at a lodge in his park at Topcliffe. A riot ensued, incited by Chambre 'laying to his doors that he was the 'chiefe author and principal cause of this tax and tribute,' and thereupon the earl and his household servants were 'furiously murdered and killed,' or, as some said, 'beheaded' at Thirsk under a great elm tree.' Skelton, the poet-laureate, composed an elegy in his honour, and his funeral, by order of the king, was conducted with great magnificence.

The accession of the House of Tudor put an end to the civil wars of the fifteenth century, in which the Percies had played so great a part. But the ever-increasing arbitrary powers of the sovereigns, and the conflicts of religion in the following century, proved scarcely less fatal to the earls of Northumberland than the wars of the Roses had been to their forefathers. Henry Algernon, the fifth earl, surnamed the 'Young Lion' and the 'Magnificent,' succeeded his father in his twelfth year, and was brought up at court, to which he remained continually attached, and, from his love of splendour and pageantry, he made a conspicuous figure in the ceremonies. But this did not protect him from the rapacity of Henry VII.; a fine of 10,000*l.* was levied on him by the Star Chamber for the mysterious 'abduction' of an heiress, half of which was paid, and the other half remitted by Henry VIII. on his accession to the throne.

The well-known '*Northumberland Household Book*,' compiled in 1770 by the Bishop of Dromore from the family records, has preserved to us an interesting account of the magnitude and cost of a great nobleman's establishment in the first years of the sixteenth century, on a scale but little inferior to that of the king's court. The enormous number of domestics, dependants, and horses—the supply of food for many tables—the number of residences, chiefly, however, unfurnished—the dresses of ceremony, are curiously contrasted with the rude habits of lords and ladies who breakfasted on a bottle of beer at six in the morning, and ate off pewter without forks. And after all the earl's revenues were assessed by Wolsey at only 2,920*l.* a year—a sum equal to about 20,000*l.* of our money. There was a vast deal of ceremony, but not an atom of comfort. Of the eighty rooms at Leconfield, four sufficed for all the purposes of family life, and the furniture consisted of plain deal tables upon tressels, and wooden forms or benches. Hume has contrasted the primitive and barbarous manners of our ancestors with the magnificent and elegant lives at that very time of the court of the Medicis and the nobles of Rome and Venice. But on state occasions there was a great display. The Earl of Northumberland took the field and the command of the army in France in 1513, at the head of some five hundred of his own tenants and retainers.

'The earl's retinue consisted of forty-five attendants, including a treasurer of war, a herald, a pursuivant, and a chamberlain, with yeomen of the tent, wardrobe, and kitchen. He embarked for his own use, or that of his esquires, &c., twenty-three riding horses, besides several more "to give to the Lord of Burgundy, or the Duke of Bretonne," and twenty sumpter horses for transport of his baggage. Seven of these were employed for the carriage of his plate, harness, bedstuffs, apparel, wine, and kitchen utensils; each chief captain was allowed one, and the remaining number were used for drawing the chariots and carts in which the provisions, tents, and "all manner of stuff" of five hundred men were conveyed.

'The list of the earl's clothing occupies several closely written pages, and comprises doublets and riding coats of velvet and satin, embroidered in gold and silver; no less than twenty pairs of hose, twenty-five pairs of boots, shoes, and slippers, and twenty-one pairs of garters. He carried with him fourteen hats and bonnets of different colours, a nightgown lined with fur, and sixteen scarlet night-bonnets, besides thirty-five yards of "purple cloth of gold and tinsel uncut." His armour consists of several suits of "Milan cotes of mail sett round with gilte nailes." His principal coursers have black leather saddles covered with black velvet and trimmed with silk, and his led horses red leather saddles. There was also "harness for nine coursers, and a change for

"every day, and another for meating of prynces which be the kynge's " friends, yet one richer than another." Portable camp furniture was already invented, for we find among his effects "a coffre with two " lyddes to serve for an altar," and four folding tables and chairs. Sixty ostrich feathers were among his personal baggage, for use of the captains and gentlemen of his retinue, as well as clothing for his pursuivant and herald, eight yards of green damask cloth for "a cote for "*Esperuunce*," and eleven yards of red cloth for gowns for his three chaplains. The footmen were provided with "long arrows like " standards to bere in their hands when they ryn with my lorde." The plate chest included "two silver saltes and twelve spoons, a washing " basin, four candlesticks, and a standing cup for my lord's comfits " and condiments." There were also two table cloths and twelve napkins of linen.'

The French campaign was short and brilliant, but far less important to Henry VIII. than the victory of Flodden, in which Sir William Percy, the earl's younger brother, had distinguished himself.

But neither splendour nor victory could save the Percies from the jealousy of Wolsey, and we next hear that the Earl of Northumberland was committed to the Fleet and examined before the Star Chamber, from which, more fortunate than his brother-in-law, Buckingham, he escaped with his head on his shoulders, and retired to the North, where he died in the fiftieth year of his age. Wolsey at once assumed the direction of the family. He ordered Lord Percy not to attend his father's funeral, and the great earl had to be buried by a contribution from St. Mary's Abbey, York, for 'neither beeves, muttons, nor salt fish was 'left at my Lord's death, and *only twenty marks in money*, 'which is spent long since, with much more for which 'pledges have been given.'

No portion of Mr. de Fonblanque's work is of more touching and romantic interest than the ninth chapter, which he devotes to a sketch of the life of the sixth Earl of Northumberland, Henry Percy, surnamed 'The Unthrifty.' Born in 1502, this young nobleman succeeded his father in 1527, in his twenty-fifth year. But he was no stranger to the court of Henry VIII. and the stately household of Cardinal Wolsey. He had received his early training under the eyes of the cardinal, who exercised something more than a parental authority over him. 'He makes our princes pages,' says Shakespeare, for it was the custom of the time for the sons of great nobles to be made not only the pupils, but the personal attendants, of Church dignitaries, and Wolsey's insatiable vanity sought to be waited on by Percies and

Howards, Nevilles and Cliffords, whose fathers not only solicited but paid for their admission into the retinue of the great churchman. Wolsey was

‘Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men who sought him sweet as summer.’

To young Percy he seems to have been a stern master. At an early age the young earl repaired to court, and flirted with the ladies of the queen’s bedchamber, where he fell in love with one of the fairest of them, Anne, the younger daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, then said to be in her seventeenth year,* but far more versed in the dalliance of courts than her enamoured suitor; and it is probable that she returned his affection, for Lord Herbert says that ‘he had obtained her good will to marriage.’ That was the extent of their engagement, if so it could be called. A letter from the earl to Mr. Secretary Cromwell, written seven days before the execution of the queen, exists in the Cotton manuscripts, which should remove all doubt on the subject. It is in the following terms:—

* This is Mr. de Fonblanque’s statement of the age of Anne Boleyn, but it is evidently erroneous. It rests on the assumption that Anne was born in 1507, which has been adopted by several eminent historians on the authority of a marginal note in Camden’s ‘History of Elizabeth,’ but this date is, we think, successfully refuted by Mr. Friedmann in his work *Anne Boleyn* (Appendix A). We observe with some surprise that the author of the article on Anne Boleyn in the ‘Dictionary of National Biography’ adheres to the same error as to the date of her birth, which he places in 1507. She was recalled by her father from France in 1522, and if born in 1507, she would have been only fifteen at that time, and seventeen at the time of her intimacy with Lord Percy, which must have taken place in 1524 or soon afterwards. Mr. de Fonblanque is not as explicit in his dates as could be wished, and he does not assign any date to the Percy incident; but it is highly improbable that a girl of fifteen or sixteen should have attracted the king’s notice, which she had evidently done at that time, since he prevented the marriage with Percy. A portrait of Anne exists at Basle, painted by Holbein, which bears the inscription *IR 1530—atatis 27*. We conclude with Mr. Friedmann that she was born in 1503, a year after Percy himself, and that the courtship took place between 1524 and 1526. The first evidence of the intended divorce from Catharine dates from the spring of 1527. The marriage of Anne to the king was secretly solemnised on or about January 25, 1533, and it was said that the king’s passion for her had lasted for the six preceding years. The portrait of Queen Anne Boleyn by Holbein, in the Windsor collection of drawings by that master, represents a woman of about thirty years of age.

‘Maister Secretary,—This shall be to signifie to you that I perceave by Sir Reginald Carneby that ther is a supposed Pre contract between the Queen and me. Wherfor I was not only examined upon my othe before the Archbishops of Canterburie and York, but also receaved the blessed Sacrament upon the sayme, before the Duke of Norfolk and other of the Kynges highness Council learned in the spiritual law; assuring you Mr. Secretary, by the said othe and blessed badge, which affore I receaved and hereafter entend to receave, that the same may be to my damnation if ever there were any contract or promise of marriage betweane her and me. At Newingtone Greane the xiii daye of May in the 28th year of the reyne of our Sovereigne Lord, King Henry the VIII. (1536). Yours assured,

‘NORTHUMBERLAND.’

For in fact this youthful passion was rudely nipped in the bud by the cardinal himself, acting under the order of the king. An authentic account of what passed on this occasion has been published in Nott’s ‘Life of Wyatt,’ and also by Cavendish, but the scene is so graphic, and its connexion with subsequent events so important, that we reproduce it here. It proves that the king was at the time well aware of what had passed, and had already cast his eyes on Anne.

‘So that when the Cardinall returned from the Court to his house at Westminster, being in the Gallerye, and not forgetting the King’s commaundement, called the sayd Lo: Percy unto him, and before us his servants then attendinge, sayde unto him: “I marueile not a little (quoth he) of thy folly, that thou wouldest thus *attempt to assure thyself* with a foolishe gyrl yonder in the Court, Anne Bullen. Doest thou not consider the estate that God hath called thee unto in this world; for after thy father’s death thou art most like to inherite and enioye one of the noblest Earledomes in this kingdome, and therefore it had been most meete and conuenient for thee to haue had thy father’s consent in this case; and to haue acquainted the King’s Ma^{tie} therewith requiring his Princely fauore, and in all such matters submitting thy proceedings unto His Highenesse, who would not onely thankfully haue so provided for the purpose, that he would haue advanced thee much more nobly and have matched thee according to thy degree and honor; and so by thy wyse behaviour (thou) mightest haue growne into his highe fauoure to thy greate advancement: But now see what you haue done! Through your wilfulnesse you have not onely offended your father, but also your louinge Souereign Lorde, and *matched yourself* with such a one as neyther the King nor your father will consent unto. And hereof I put thee out of doubt that I will send for thy father, who at his coming shall eyther *breake this unadvised bargayne*, or else disinherit thee for euer. The King’s Ma^{tie} will also complayne on thee to thy father and require no less than I haue saide, because he intended to preffer Anne Bullen to another, wherein the King had alreadye trauilled and being almost at a poynt with one for her;

though shee knewe it not, yet hath the King like a Politique Prince conveyed the matter in such sort that she will bee I doubt not upon his Grace's mention gladd and agreeable to the same ! ”

“ Sir ” quoth the Lo. Percy (weepinge), “ I knewe not the King's pleasure, and am sorry for it; I considered I am of good yeares, and thought meselfe able to provide me a convenient wife as my fancie shoold please me, not doubting but that my Lorde and father would haue bene right well content. Though shee but a simple maide and a knight to her father, yet is she descended of right noble bloud and parentage; for her mother is nighe of the Norfolks bloud, and her father descended of the Earle of Ormonde, being one of the Earle's heires generall. Why then, sir, should I be anything scrupulous to match with her in regard to her estate and descent equall with myne, euen when I shall bee in most dignitie? Therefore I most humbly beseech your Grace's fauore herein, and also to entreate the King's Matie on my behalfe for his Princely fauore in this matter, *which I can not forsake.* ”

“ There is a simple manliness and honesty in this address which might have touched a heart more hard and stern than the Cardinal's, but the king coveted the lady, and what to him was the honest love of a boy against the amorous caprice of his royal master ?

“ So ! sirs (quoth the Cardinal to us), yee may see what wisdome is in this willfull boyes heade ! I thought that when thou heardest the King's pleasure and intendement herein, thou wouldest haue relented and put thyself and thy voluptuous act wholly to the King's will and pleasure, and by him to haue beene ordered as His Grace should haue thought good ! ”

“ Syr (quoth the Lo. Percy), so I would, but in this matter *I have gone soe farre before soe many worthy wittnesses that I knowe not how to discharge meselfe and my conscience.* ”

“ Whye (quoth the Cardinal) thinkest thou that the King and I knowe not what we haue to doe in as weightie a matter as this? Yes, I warrant thee. But I see no submission to thee to that purpose. ”

“ Forsooth, my Lord (quoth my Lo. Percy), if it please your Grace, I will submitte meself wholly to the King and your Grace in this matter, my conscience being discharged of the weightie burden thereof. ”

“ Well, then (quoth my Lord Cardinal), I will send for your Father out of the North, and he and wee shall take such order; and in the meane season I chardge thee that thou resort no more into her company as thou wilt aby the King's indignation. ”

“ And soe he rose up and went into his chamber. ”

Nor was this all. The young lover was sent to his father in the North, and lectured by him with great severity on account of this ‘ lewd fact,’ and even threatened with the loss of his inheritance. This was followed by the earl's peremptory command to his son that he should immediately marry Lady Mary Talbot, a daughter of the Earl of Shrews-

bury, which proved a most unhappy alliance to both parties.* The passion of the young earl for Anne Boleyn was never extinguished in his heart. In spite of his feeble health he threw himself into military expeditions on the Borders, of which he was the warden, crushed apparently by disappointed love and by the arrogance of Wolsey. As for Anne, 'my Lord Percy was commanded to avoyd her company, 'soe was she discharged of the Court and sent home to her 'father for a season, whereat she smoked.' Even after his accession to the earldom in his twenty-fifth year, Wolsey continued to treat him with the utmost rigour, and even threatened to take the administration of his estates out of his own hands. He was persecuted for his father's debts, and the cost of the personal subsistence of the young couple was reduced to 13s. 4d. a week. The correspondence of the earl with his friend and kinsman Thomas Arundel (published by Cavendish) shows to what an abject condition he was reduced. His own servants betrayed him to the cardinal. He was even compelled to surrender to the pleasure of 'my 'Lord's Grace such Boks as was in the Chapell of my lat 'Lord and ffather (wos soll Ihs pardon).' As late as March 1528 he was rudely required to send up some prisoners for execution, and the cardinal declared that 'he had not 'answered to mine expectation.'

But the time was at hand when the power and the arrogance of Wolsey were to end. Already on his return from France in the autumn of 1527 he had reason to perceive that an influence stronger than his own prevailed with the king. The first attempt to obtain the consent of Catharine to a divorce had failed. The legatine court had been prorogued. Wolsey's fall was at hand, and on October 17, 1529, he was deprived of the Great Seal, and a new government was formed under the Duke of Norfolk, the uncle of Anne. The cardinal was allowed to retire to Esher, and subsequently to his diocese of York, where he continued to intrigue with the German and French ambassadors against

* Mr. Friedmann calls him 'Sir Henry Percy,' but in all the documents of the time he is styled Lord Percy. He also says that Percy had been betrothed to Lady Mary Talbot in 1523 or 1524, and that he begged his betrothal might be cancelled. But, in fact, the command of his father that he should immediately marry Lady Mary was subsequent to the affair with Anne Boleyn, and the marriage took place accordingly. If Lord Percy had already been betrothed to Lady Mary Talbot at an earlier age, it is not conceivable that he should have paid his addresses to Anne Boleyn.

‘the infamous woman,’ still hoping to recover power. But she was too strong for him. His intrigues were discovered. Then came the end: and by a singular turn of fortune it was to the Earl of Northumberland, trained in Wolsey’s household, baffled in his affections by Wolsey, and persecuted by his arbitrary power, that orders were sent to arrest the great cardinal and send him to the Tower. The scene, which Mr. de Fonblanque has chiefly taken from Cavendish, is one of the most striking passages in the ‘Annals of the House of Percy.’

‘Wolsey had risen from dinner when he was informed by a servant that Northumberland was in the hall; whereat he marvelled and would not believe him, but commanded a gentleman to bring him the truth, who going down the staires, sawe the Erle of Northumberland and returned and sayde it was very hee. “Then,” quoth the Cardinal, “I am sorry we have dyned, for I feare our officers be not provided with any more of good fish to make him some honorable cheere; let the table stand,” quoth he, and with that he rose up, and going down staires he encountered the Erle coming up with all his traine and as sone as the Cardinal espied the Erle he put off his cap and saide, “My lorde, ye be most heartily welcome,” and so embraced each other . . . Then my Lord led the Erle to the fire saying, “My Lord, ye shall go unto my bedchamber, where is a good fire made for you, and then ye may shift your apparel until your chamber be made ready. Therefore let your male (malle) be brought up and, or ever I go, I pray you give me leave to take these gentlemen your servants by the hands.” And when he had taken them by the hands he returned to the Earl and said, “Ah, my Lord, I perceive well that ye have observed my old precepts and instructions which I gave you when you were abiding with me in your youth, which was to cherish your father’s old servants, whereof I see here present with you a great number. Surely, my Lord, you do therein very well and nobly, and like a wise gentleman. For these be they that will not only serve and love you, but they will also live and die with you, and glad to see you prosper in honor, the which I beseech God to send you with long life.” This said, he took the Earl by the hand and led him into his bedchamber, and they being all alone (save only I that kept the doer, being gentleman usher) these two Lords standing at a window by the chimney in my Lord’s bedchamber, the Earl trembling, said with a very faint and soft voice unto my Lord, laying his hand upon his arm: “My Lord, I arrest you of high treason,” with which the Cardinal, being marvelously astonied, standing still both a good space without speaking.’

‘The historical painter could hardly desire a more dramatic subject for his pencil than this scene. As the northern noble reluctantly laid his hand upon the sleeve of the Prince of the Church, and in subdued and gentle accents announced the royal mandate, what a crowd of memories must have flashed across their brains! Eight years had barely passed since Lord Percy had stood humbly before the haughty cardinal, who, in harsh and imperious words, dispelled the boy’s young

dream of a happy future; and now their parts were reversed, and he who had long played the tyrant stood pale and "astonied" before his victim. Did Wolsey then wince under the crushing weight of that Divine retribution, in the name of which he had so often invoked vengeance on his enemies? And might we not find excuses for the earl if, in such an hour, he had displayed a sense of gratified triumph towards one who had ever been to him a hard and cruel taskmaster, who had wounded him in his love and in his pride; who had poisoned his domestic life and embittered his public life, impaired his fortune and assailed his reputation? Yet, to the earl's honour be it said, he showed only feelings of sorrow and pity for his old aggressor, and acquitted himself of his unwelcome duty with a delicacy and generosity which stand in grateful contrast to the demeanour assumed towards the fallen statesman by many others who had far less cause for resentment. The first shock past, Wolsey desired to see the authority for his arrest; this the earl declined to exhibit, as it contained secret instructions from the king.

"Well then," quoth my lord, "I will not obey your arrest, for there hath been between some of your predecessors and mine great contention and debate given upon an ancient grudge which may succeed in you with like inconvenience as it hath done heretofore; therefore, unless I see your authority and commission, I will not obey;" and he proceeded to argue that, as a member of the See Apostolic, he was not subject to any temporal authority. To this the earl replied:

"When I was sworn Warden of the Marches you yourself told me that I might with my staff arrest all men under the degree of the king; and now I am stronger, for I have a commission so to do."

The Cardinal hereupon appealed to Sir Walter Walsh, and, on his confirming the earl's contention, the ruling passion in Wolsey's mind once more and for the last time asserted itself. Resistance was futile, but he might cast a final indignity upon a member of the order which he had persistently humbled and affronted. He accordingly repudiated the authority of the peer, but submitted to be arrested by the king's gentleman-in-waiting, saying, "The worst in the King's Privie Chamber is sufficient to arrest the greatest peer of the realm by the King's commandment."

The Earl continued to treat his prisoner with respect and consideration, allowing his favourite servants to attend upon him, and in all matters consulting his convenience. Apprehending commotion on the part of the numerous household, he thought it inexpedient to admit these to take a public farewell of their Lord; but on Wolsey's urging the point he gave way. The arrest had taken place on Friday, the 4th November, and on the Sunday following the Cardinal was sent under an escort commanded by the Earl's faithful retainer, Sir Roger Lassells, to be delivered to the Earl of Shrewsbury at Sheffield Park. Seized with illness while there, nearly three weeks elapsed before he could proceed upon his journey, but he did not live to reach its termination. Arrived at Leicester, he was borne to the abbey, where the dying statesman humbly craved a final resting-place:

“ O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity ! ”

It is significant that three months later the Earl of Northumberland received the Garter from the king. His great enemy was no more. But it is painful to know that he was compelled to take a part in the subsequent proceedings against the queen. In one of his frequent quarrels with his wife the earl had so far forgotten himself as to tell the countess that she was not his true wife, he having been betrothed to Anne Boleyn, and that in consequence of this pre-contract any subsequent marriage was illegal—a statement which, as we have seen, he afterwards solemnly denied. But it was used against the queen ; she herself laid the charge before Henry, and demanded a strict enquiry into the fact, which was wholly unfounded. By a refinement of cruelty, when the queen was brought to trial before a limited number of peers selected by the king, Northumberland, her former lover, was one of them. It is recorded that when Anne rose to defend herself she distinguished among her judges the Earl of Northumberland, who sat with ill-disguised agitation, and at length, on the plea of indisposition, abruptly quitted the apartment before the final verdict was pronounced.

The ‘unthrifty’ earl, or, as he might more properly be called, the ‘luckless’ earl, did not long survive the queen. He died in 1537, in his thirty-fifth year; but the last months of his life were rendered miserable by the great rising of the North and the Pilgrimage of Grace, in which his brother Sir Thomas Percy was so deeply implicated that he perished on the scaffold. We find nothing to justify the opprobrious epithets which Mr. Friedmann has applied to this unfortunate nobleman, whom he calls ‘a foolish, wayward, violent young man.’ He appears, on the contrary, to have been timid and somewhat weak in character, infirm in body, embittered by unmerited humiliations, and only too submissive to the Court, which he endeavoured, as Warden of the Marches, to serve with fidelity. He entirely disapproved of the participation of his brothers in the rebellion, for which they were attainted. The son of Sir Thomas Percy was his nephew and heir. Mr. Froude states, as an instance of Henry’s clemency, that this young gentleman inherited the earldom of Northumberland. But the fact is that the title remained in abeyance, and the family estates in the possession of the Crown, during the remainder of the reign of Henry VIII.

and during that of Edward VI. Even his hereditary title was taken from him. The earldom of Northumberland was conferred on John Dudley in 1551, and it was not till after his execution in 1553 that the attainder of the Percies was reversed by Queen Mary, and the title reverted to the natural heir twenty years after his father's death.

The lives and the fate of the two sons of Sir Thomas Percy, who became, in succession, the seventh and eighth Earls of Northumberland, were deplorable. Born of a Catholic father who had suffered for the faith, restored by a Catholic queen, fervently attached to the old Church, zealous in the cause of Mary Queen of Scots, and engaged in the Catholic rebellions of the North, they were not likely to meet with any mercy at the hands of Elizabeth. Accordingly, Thomas was beheaded at York in 1572; and his brother, who succeeded him, was found shot in his cell in the Tower in 1585. Poor Thomas Percy had at least the glory of martyrdom for his faith. The Scottish queen presented to him a reliquary, containing what purported to be a thorn from the Crown of Thorns, which she had brought with her from France. He wore it round his neck on the day of his execution, and this relic, after passing through several hands, is now preserved at Stonyhurst College in a golden casket bearing this inscription:—

‘Hæc spina de Corona Domini fuit primo Mariæ Reginae Scotiæ Martyris, et ab eâ fuit data Comiti Northumbriæ Martyri, qui in morte misit illam filiæ suæ Elisabethæ, quæ dedit Societati.’

The chapters in which Mr. de Foublanque relates these events are of the utmost historical interest, and throw light on some of the darkest passages of the reign of Elizabeth.

Henry Percy, ninth earl, warned by the misfortunes of his predecessors, was brought up a Protestant. Some of the details of his early life are curious, and here the manuscript correspondence existing at Alnwick comes into play. He was a strenuous supporter of the succession of the Scottish king, and one of the first noblemen to receive James on his crossing the border. But he was the friend of Raleigh, for whom he interceded with a fervour that excited suspicion. He was regarded as an enemy by Cecil. He desired to obtain for the Roman Catholics a more liberal treatment, which was refused; and he abhorred the promiscuous distribution of honours which marked James's accession. On these grounds he withdrew from the Court. A more serious event soon put the seal on his unpopularity.

Another Thomas Percy, one of the two sons of Edward Percy of Beverley, and a distant cousin of the earl, was one of the principal conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot. Though bred a Protestant, he had become an enthusiastic convert to the Church of Rome; yet for ten years he had been in the confidential employment of the earl as constable of Alnwick Castle, and his chief agent in the North. This circumstance, and the fact that the earl had a considerable Catholic following, did naturally cast considerable suspicion on Northumberland, and we cannot agree with Mr. de Fonblanque that no such suspicion could be seriously entertained.

This Thomas Percy came to London from the North on November 1, bringing with him the earl's rents to the amount of 3,000*l.*, which he had determined to spend in furtherance of the plot. He dined with the earl at Syon House on November 4, the fact of his presence in London having transpired. Northumberland was then in possession of the warning letter to Lord Monteagle, but appears not to have suspected or warned his kinsman. He left Syon House to join the band of conspirators. The house through which the operations were carried on had been hired in Percy's name; Percy hired the vaults below the House of Lords; and even after the discovery of the plot Percy and Catesby resolved to sell their lives dearly, fought it out, and were killed by the same shot. We cannot wonder that when the earl's near kinsman and chief agent had perished in so desperate a manner, it should have been determined 'to place the earl under restraint.' He was accordingly sent to the palace of the archbishop at Croydon. Northumberland protested, both to the council and the king, against the suspicion of guilty knowledge of the plot, and that in the most solemn terms. But, on November 27, he was committed to the Tower as a preliminary to his trial in the Star Chamber. The indictment charged him with derogating from the king's authority; having sought to aid Thomas Percy to escape; and having written improper letters while under restraint. He was not charged with a guilty knowledge of the plot or of complicity in it, of which there was no evidence at all. The charges were all maintained, and the earl sentenced to pay a fine to the king of 30,000*l.*, to be deprived of all his offices, and to be returned to the Tower of London, there to remain during his Majesty's pleasure. There, indeed, he did remain for sixteen years, and the rest of his life was spent in melancholy attempts to obtain some remission of this monstrous sentence, by which he was in

fact punished for the crime of his kinsman. In 1622 King James resolved to celebrate his fifty-seventh birthday by an act of clemency. Buckingham appeared at the Tower with the king's command for the liberation of Southampton, Oxford, and Northumberland, but Northumberland was ordered to dwell within thirty miles of Petworth. The Lord of Doncaster went to fetch him to his house under a salute of guns from the batteries, with a coach and six horses, at which 'the wardens of the Tower make great 'moan that they have lost a benefactor;' for during his confinement he had lived splendidly, and devoted himself, not without success, to the pursuits of science and literature. The last ten years of his life were spent at Petworth in dignified retirement—he died there in 1632.

Algernon, the tenth earl, was born before the catastrophe which consigned his father to the Tower. His childhood was spent within its walls. Thence he was sent to Cambridge, and afterwards made the grand tour to cultivate foreign languages and improve his taste. To the astonishment of the Court he insisted on marrying Lady Anne Cecil, the granddaughter of his father's bitterest enemy, although Raleigh had said that 'the blood of Percy would not mix with the 'blood of Cecil if you poured them into a dish.'* In politics he joined the party of Wentworth, Hyde, and Digby, opposed to Buckingham; but on the death of that favourite he acquired the confidence and favour of Charles, who gave him the garter and made him Admiral of the Fleet. In this capacity the Earl displayed considerable administrative ability; indeed, no other member of his family has ever rendered greater services than he did in the civil service of the Crown. Of naval services, the country being at peace, there was no question, and his duties afloat were confined to a defence of the narrow seas from incursions of Dutch fishermen. But Northumberland was a strenuous reformer; he brought to light with an unsparing hand the defects in the construction and equipment of the king's ships, and he denounced in an able report the decayed condition of the fleet, the incapacity of officers and crews, the jobbery and corruption of the victuallers and pursers, and the system of the appointment by Court favour of captains ignorant of naval affairs. The Commissioners of the Navy strenuously opposed the reforms proposed by the admiral, and a long

* The marriage was a happy one, but Lady Northumberland died of smallpox in 1636, leaving four daughters and no son and heir.

contest ensued, in which Northumberland declared that the command 'as it is now managed is not an employment fit for 'any person of honour.' It is to the credit of Charles I. that, jealous of the honour of the navy, he took the strong measure of abolishing the Commissioners of the Admiralty altogether, and declared in Council in 1638 that he made the Earl of Northumberland Lord High Admiral of England until such time as his second son, the Duke of York (then of tender years), should be of age to assume and exercise that high office. Unhappily the state of the earl's health, several domestic afflictions, and the occurrence of the Scottish war, did not allow him to accomplish the reforms he had projected. And still darker and more difficult days were at hand. At the outset of the Scottish war, Northumberland was appointed Lord General, but he was unable to take any active part in that inglorious campaign, though he endeavoured to effect a complete reorganisation of the military service, which was deplorable. In the Cabinet, in which he sat with Laud, Strafford, and Cottington, he played a wise and honourable part, having long since warned his friend Wentworth that 'it would be wiser 'to make concessions than rashly to enter into war without 'knowing how to maintain or indeed to begin it;' and at the sitting of the Council (in 1610) when the king took the fatal step of dissolving the newly elected Parliament, the Earls of Northumberland and Holland were the only two dissentient ministers. It is probable that he abstained from voting on the bill for the attainder of Strafford, and he certainly supported his sister, Lady Carlisle,* in her efforts to induce the king to withhold his assent from the bill. He supported the Militia Bill, which virtually transferred the control of the army from the king to the Parliament, to the extreme indignation of the queen; and when the king refused to appoint the Earl of Warwick to the command of the fleet, Northumberland, in his capacity of Lord High Admiral, obeyed

* The two sisters of the earl, Dorothy Lady Leicester, and Lucy Lady Carlisle, were women of great mark and beauty, who played an important part in the events of the time. Lady Carlisle, especially, was an eager politician, who kept up intimate relations both with the queen and with Pym. The queen indiscreetly revealed to this lady the intended *coup d'état* of the seizure of the five members, and it was Lady Carlisle who warned the leaders of the popular party of the danger that awaited them, and enabled them to escape it. The correspondence of these ladies adds materially to the value and interest of this book.

the order addressed to him by the Parliament, and made the appointment. This strong measure led the king to revoke the earl's commission as Lord High Admiral, in terms of severe reprobation, and Northumberland's active political career in the service of the Crown came to an end.

The conduct of Northumberland during the ensuing contest belongs to the history of the Civil War. His opinions were liberal, and he deplored the infatuation of the king, but his loyalty was unshaken. Mr. de Fonblanque says:—

‘From the opening scenes of this solemn drama which was now enacting, down to the period of the king's trial, the Earl of Northumberland persistently acted the part of peacemaker between the contending factions. While other peers who had at one time espoused the popular cause, now either placed themselves at the head of armies to enforce their arguments with the sword, or transferred their doubtful allegiance to the king, only once more to abandon him when his cause became desperate, he devoted all his energies to endeavouring to bring about such a compromise as should at once satisfy the susceptibilities of the king, and afford a lasting guarantee for national liberties.’

Accordingly he acted as one of the commissioners sent to treat at Oxford, and he was one of the representatives of the Parliamentary party in the negotiation at Uxbridge. Yet in 1647 Northumberland had charge of the royal children, and in August of that year the king, who was then at Hampton Court, dined with his children at Syon, ‘in whom,’ says Clarendon,* ‘he took great delight.’ This probably means that he saw them there for the last time.

In 1642 the earl married his second wife, Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the second Earl of Suffolk, who brought him Northumberland House at Charing Cross, then called Northampton House, by her settlements. It was to this lady that Sir John Suckling addressed the charming verses, beginning—

‘Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,’ &c.

On the execution of the king Northumberland retired to Petworth, where he lived in retirement, and although on the Restoration Charles II. made him Lord High Constable of England at the coronation, the earl found himself ‘too old for the gallantries of a young Court,’ and he expired in his retreat in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

It seemed as if the last heir of this proud but ill-fated race, whose losses and sufferings on the field of battle, on

* Clarendon, History, vol. v. p. 470.

it was conferred upon his son, who held it for only a few months. By a settlement of lands in the duke's power the Petworth estates were transferred to the family of Sir Charles Wyndham. Lord Beauchamp, the duchess's grandson and sole male heir, died prematurely of smallpox at Bologna, and again the title and inheritance of the Percies devolved on a second Lady Elizabeth Percy. She bestowed her hand on Sir Hugh Smithson, in whose favour the earldom of Northumberland was again revived, and in 1766 a dukedom was conferred upon this gentleman by George III. No dukedom had been conferred upon a British subject for more than half a century, and the motives which induced George III. to 'open a door,' as he expressed it, were the political services which Lord Northumberland had rendered him in a negotiation with Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt, supported by the influence of Lord Bute. Mr. de Fonblanque gives us an interesting account of this transaction, and adds (which is curious) that it was the dukedom of Brabant, not of Northumberland, which had been solicited by the aspiring peer.

We shall not pursue the narrative of the lives of the Dukes of Northumberland of the more recent creation, though Mr. de Fonblanque has enlivened it with details of interest. These noblemen have maintained with dignity and munificence—and we may add with independence—the proud traditions of the race which they represent. The second Duke of Northumberland was a friend of Mr. Fox and a strong Whig. He was strenuously opposed to the principles and policy of Mr. Pitt, but he invariably declined the responsibilities of office. His successors filled with distinction some ceremonial offices under the Crown as viceroys and special ambassadors.

On the death of the fourth duke without children the title passed to his cousin George, Earl of Beverley, who succeeded at a very advanced age, and was followed shortly afterwards by his son, who now fills that honourable position. It is no doubt to his liberality and to Mr. de Fonblanque's industry that we are indebted for these sumptuous volumes, which are at present reserved for private circulation. They reflect the highest credit on all who are concerned in the production of so important a monograph; and we would suggest that in a simpler form they would be read with interest by the public, and might be regarded as a valuable contribution not only to family but to national history.

ART. V.—*The Correspondence of M. Tullius Cicero*: arranged according to its chronological order, with a revision of the text, &c. By ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL, M.A., D.L. Qu. Univ., LL.D. Edin., Fellow of Trinity College and Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Dublin. Vol. I., second edition, 1885; vol. II., 1886: London and Dublin.

IN proposing to edit and interpret the whole correspondence of Cicero, arranged in chronological order, Professor Tyrrell has undertaken one of the most interesting and important tasks which any scholar could set before himself. In the two volumes which he has finished, he has done as good service to Latin literature as any British scholar since the publication of Munro's 'Lucretius.' The great service rendered by Munro was, that by the excellence of his edition he gave a new impulse to the study of a work which had been long unduly neglected as a continuous whole. The revived interest in 'Lucretius,' among English scholars at least, dates from the appearance of his edition. Professor Tyrrell found the 'Correspondence of Cicero,' regarded as a continuous and consecutive whole, almost in the same neglected condition. The only editions in which the letters could be read in chronological order were those of Schütz and of Billerbeck, which appeared early in the century, and which are consequently much behind the latest improvements in criticism and interpretation. A good edition of the letters to Atticus, which form a kind of whole in themselves, was brought out by Boot in 1870; and Mr. Tyrrell has been able to profit by and to improve upon it in numerous passages, requiring both restoration and commentary. But for that complete knowledge of the life and times of Cicero which we get from his whole collected correspondence, the letters to Atticus form only a part, though the most valuable part, of our materials. They are best appreciated when read as part of the greater whole of that many-sided revelation of himself, and criticism of his contemporaries, contained in the mass of his correspondence which has survived. The Teubner and Tauchnitz editions of the classics contain carefully revised texts of the letters to Atticus and of those to the other correspondents of Cicero. But the latter are not arranged in chronological order, but are presented as they were first given to the world, on the principle of putting those which are

addressed to the same person in immediate juxtaposition. It is true that the exact order of all the letters has not yet been, and perhaps never can be, definitely ascertained; but that is no reason why as near an approximation to it as our present knowledge admits of should not be made. Letters such as those of the younger Pliny, or of Seneca, or the metrical epistles of Horace, may be read, like the papers in the 'Spectator' or the 'Rambler,' with very little sense of loss, quite irrespective of any chronological arrangement. But the letters of Cicero are not general reflections on, or illustrative pictures of life, applicable to all times, but a continuous record of the vicissitudes in his own fortunes and in the fortunes of the Republic, and of the changes in his own state of mind and feeling, during a most eventful time. To be read profitably they must be read continuously and in close connexion with the circumstances which elicited them.

Several selections from the letters have been made both in England and Germany for the use of schools and of more advanced students. Some of the former, made chiefly on the ground of literary style, convey an inadequate sense of the biographical and historical interest of the subject. An edition of the first book of the 'Letters to Atticus' by Mr. Pretor is so good, that many teachers must regret that the editor has not extended his work, so as to tell the whole story of that crisis in Cicero's fortunes which is contained in the earlier books of these letters. The larger selections have been compiled with the special object of presenting in chronological order the more important incidents in the different stages of Cicero's career during the last twenty years of his life, coincident with the last twenty years of the existence of the Roman Republic. Among the best of these selections are those of Süpfle and of Mr. Watson, the last of which is published by the Clarendon Press. A large number of those who have studied the 'Letters' during the last twenty years in England have probably done so in this latter edition. As a text-book on the history of the last age of the Republic, intended for the schools at Oxford, the selection has been judiciously made and carefully illustrated; the difficulties of the text and the historical allusions are so well and fully explained that no moderately good scholar need be impeded in the rapid perusal of his author for the purposes of examination. But a comparison of Mr. Tyrrell's recension of the text and commentary with that of Mr. Watson's first edition shows that a considerable advance both in criticism and interpretation has been made in the interval by

the contributions of various scholars to classical journals both at home and abroad. But altogether, apart from this advance, it is impossible to read the two works together without feeling how unsatisfactory it is to read a great continuous literary work in selections. Cicero's letters suffer from being read in selections more than many a speech, treatise, or history would do. They are all so full of life and individuality, that in many parts of his correspondence we feel that we cannot spare one of them. There is, for instance, a dramatic unity and interest in that part of Cicero's life recorded in the 'Letters to Atticus' from I. 12 to the end of Book II., thirty-four letters in all. Of these thirty-four letters we find only seven in Mr. Watson's, and about the same number in Süpfle's selection. We lose by these omissions the gradual development of the 'Fabula Clodiana'—the irony of the situation arising from Cicero's unconsciousness that his own fortunes are so intimately connected with a scandal which he at first treated so lightly; we miss much in his own relations and feelings towards the chief actors in the greater drama which ended in the fall of the Republic, much also which makes us more familiar with his own tastes, pursuits, and character. When we read the whole story continuously in Mr. Tyrrell's edition, we feel that we would just as soon read an interesting modern novel as this part of Cicero's correspondence in extracts. Over and above the historical and biographical, the literary and ethical interest of the collected letters, there are episodes in them in which we follow the fortunes and the moods of an individual with the curiosity with which we follow the development of the story and the evolution of character in a work of contemporary fiction.

Mr. Tyrrell, like the late Mr. Munro, was fortunate in finding within the fully occupied province of classical studies a field which, though not absolutely virgin soil, had not been cultivated completely by any recent scholar. They were fortunate not only in the novelty of their undertaking, but in the richness of the fields which they appropriated. Mr. Munro's edition of Lucretius made one of the greatest of Roman writers and one of the greatest poets of all times accessible to many who probably never would have ascended those 'avia Pieridum loca' without his guidance. And this is much the most important service which great scholars can render to the world. There is no doubt a certain attraction to experts in the art of verbal emendation in correcting and interpreting obscure passages in obscure authors, just as there is an attraction to the Alpine climber in mastering the

difficulties of some new ascent which no one else has made. But, except for the pleasure of the exercise, and perhaps the training it affords for more profitable undertakings, the work itself seems hardly worth doing. It is really of no importance to literature how a corrupt passage in Silius Italicus or Valerius Flaccus is emended, or whether it is left altogether alone. But the work which Mr. Tyrrell has undertaken to edit, while affording the amplest scope for the ingenuity and scholarship of a critical editor and commentator, is in itself second in importance to no work in Latin prose literature.

For our own time at least the Letters of Cicero have a more living interest than either his speeches or his dialogues and treatises. The educating and stimulating influence of his oratory was probably more active in the last century than it ever has been, or is ever likely to be, in the present day. The day has gone by when men trained themselves for public life or success at the bar by translating or learning his speeches by heart. It requires historic imagination as well as literary appreciation fully to enjoy them. The influence of his ethical and philosophical treatises was also much greater on the moralists and divines of last century than it is on any class of writers and thinkers in the present day. Though the ultimate speculative questions remain much the same for all times, yet the methods of speculative enquiry in the present day have diverged far from those either of the last century or of the age of Cicero. The common sense and moral purity of Cicero's ethical doctrines have been so much in accordance with the best sentiment of the modern world, and they have had in the past so large a share in forming that sentiment, that they produce the impression of being commonplace.

But, after all, the supreme interest which Cicero still has for the world is not the interest of a thinker or an orator, or even of a great master of style, but the interest of his personality. It is the vivid presence of that personality in his speeches, its more subdued presence in his treatises, that keeps them both alive. But through the whole body of his correspondence this personality is present with a vividness which is felt in the words of scarcely any other writer—certainly not of any who from the part he played in history, from the variety of his gifts, the sensitiveness of his feelings, the largeness of his sympathies, has so many points of contact with civilised human nature.

Even in point of style the letters have a natural charm

which no other work in Latin prose possesses. The effort of the present day to attain to greater simplicity in writing, to speak of things by their familiar names, to get rid of a traditional literary diction, is all in a direction opposite to that great rhetorical effort which produced the stately, elaborate, more academic style of Cicero's speeches and treatises. But one has only to go to the Letters, and especially to the Letters to Atticus, to find that Cicero was a master of a more natural and familiar style in which he habitually spoke and wrote. And as the mode of expression in the conversations reported by Boswell seems to our modern taste happier and more forcible than the style of 'Rasselas' and the 'Rambler,' so the style of the Letters of Cicero has a fresher charm than that of the speeches and discourses. On literary, therefore, as well as on historical grounds, the Letters are, if not the greatest, certainly the most interesting inheritance he has left to the world. There have been as great or greater orators among the Greeks and perhaps among modern nations; a few perhaps as great artists in style, though no one can lay an equal claim to be almost the creator and certainly the perfecter of a prose style which dominated the literary world for sixteen centuries and transmitted its force into the prose literature of three among the cultivated nations of modern Europe. There have been many greater thinkers, though few as popular writers on politics, morals, and speculative philosophy; but in the faculty and art of letter-writing he has no equal. He is the Homer of this kind of composition. By the spirit and charm which he threw into his casual correspondence he may be said to have created a new literary medium by means of which he has transmitted the passing current of events, public and private, political and personal, still bright and living to readers separated from it by nearly two thousand years.

Quintilian, in his brief and rapid survey of Greek and Roman literature, claims one province, that of poetical satire, entirely for his own countrymen. He might with equal justice have claimed the familiar epistle. The Greeks had indeed some collections of epistles—the interest of which was not personal, but almost solely philosophical—of which those attributed to Plato are extant specimens; and Quintilian himself, in the comparison which he draws between Demosthenes and Cicero, asserts the immense superiority of the Roman writer in his epistles. If those he attributes to Demosthenes are the same as those which we still

possess, they are almost certainly not genuine, and they are rather State papers than private letters. But as the dialogue was a form of literary art which had its origin in the leisure and the lively social intercourse of the Greek communities, and in the speculative curiosity and dramatic genius of the race, so the art of letter-writing, if it did not owe its existence to, yet received its fullest development from, the circumstances of the governing and cultivated classes in Rome, the frequent and prolonged absences from the centre of affairs of those engaged on the service of the State in distant provinces, and the difficulty of receiving personal and political news through any other medium. It was also a mode of communicating their thoughts, feelings, and experience, which peculiarly suited the practical aptitudes and critical tendencies of the Romans. That which was at first practised from necessity came to be cultivated as a means of literary pleasure. So far back as the siege of Corinth, Spurius Mummius wrote humorous letters in verse to his friends in Rome; and the fragments of Lucilius show that he, too, frequently adopted the epistolary form in his satires. The earliest among them seems to have been sent to his friend Scipio as a letter of congratulation on the capture of Numantia. The poetical epistle received its permanent admission into the domain of literary art owing to its employment by Horace as the medium of his ethical and literary criticism, and by Ovid as the vehicle of the imaginary sorrows of his legendary heroines, and of his own very real sorrows when an exile on the shores of the Euxine. Under the Empire the form was employed by Persius and Juvenal in some of their satires. Seneca has employed the prose epistle as well as the more formal discourse as the vehicle of his moral teaching. The Letters of the younger Pliny are the only extant collection of letters in prose which can at all vie with those of Cicero in literary value. They have a great value as affording a contemporary picture of the age in which they were written. But they altogether want the spontaneousness, the *naïveté*, the vividness of feeling, the vital relation to great affairs and a great crisis in the history of the world, the unconscious revelation of personal character, which give to the correspondence of Cicero a unique value. They are as much studied, carefully arranged pictures and representative sketches of the time as the epigrams of Martial; and, though they are in many ways more pleasing, they are not nearly so brilliant or entertaining.

Not only did the circumstances of the cultivated and influential classes of Rome make the practice of letter-writing a necessity, but the vivacity of the Italian temperament and genius, the keen interest of the race in the actual world, in the affairs of the State, in their own lives and the lives of their friends, made the writing and receiving of letters a great source of pleasure. Letter-writing was the most natural outlet which the literary genius of Italy found for itself in prose, as the style of Terence, of Catullus in his shorter poems, of Horace in his satires and epistles, of Martial in many of his epigrams, was the most natural outlet which it found in verse. That genius shows little of the dramatic faculty in which the genius of Greece is pre-eminent. But the great writers of Rome have, in perhaps an unequalled degree, the power of impressing their own character on all that they write, and making whatever interested themselves interesting to others.

We note in many of Cicero's letters the extreme eagerness with which he looks forward to, or acknowledges, the receipt of the letters of his various correspondents, the interest he takes in the news contained in them, the pleasure which he takes in their wit and literary charm. The fact that so many of his letters to so great a variety of correspondents have been recovered and preserved is sufficient evidence of the extreme importance attached in his day both to the writing and the receiving of letters. Mr. Tyrrell, if we remember rightly, does not decide the question as to how the letters were preserved and recovered. Did the writer keep copies of them, even of the most trivial, long before he had any intention of giving them to the world? Or were they preserved by the recipients, and afterwards recovered from them or their heirs? Either view shows that letter-writing entered much more into the recognised interests of life than in the present day, when the facilities of communication and the dependence of every one on the newspaper both for news and criticism on current events have made it almost a lost art. The time when the art was most cultivated in England was the last and the beginning of the present century, when the conditions of life—social, political, and literary—were more analogous to those of Roman life in the Ciceronian age than at any other period of our history.

Of all periods of Roman history, the age of Cicero, in its material, political, and social characteristics, was most favourable for the developement of the art. There was just

that degree of facility and of difficulty in communicating with distant parts of the Empire, which, while stimulating the interchange of letters between absent friends, made it worth while to make them as interesting as possible. The number and variety of Cicero's correspondents attest the universality of the accomplishment among the educated and influential class at Rome, and as the members of that class still enjoyed, in the words of Tacitus, 'liberty and equality' among themselves, there was nothing to check the frankness of their intercourse with one another. The electricity pervading the atmosphere of political and social life during the last twenty years of his life could not fail to communicate itself to the letters written during that period, and to give them a special interest both for the time and, in so far as they have been preserved, for all after-times. And Cicero, from the keenness of his political feeling, the part he himself played in affairs, the extent of his acquaintance and intimate relations with the leaders in action of both parties, the vicissitudes in his own career so intimately dependent on the course of politics and on those relations, as well as from the liveliness of his imagination and the sensitiveness of his emotional nature (the '*agilitas mollitiaque naturæ*,' which he attributes to his brother Quintus, and which was the source both of his own greatness and of his own weakness), the largeness of his sympathies and his craving for sympathy, from his natural power and trained faculty of expression, his wit, his sense, the vivacity of his impressions, his insight into and power of sketching character, his indefatigable energy and keen interest in everything that should interest an intellectual being, was formed both by circumstances and nature to be the fittest medium through which all that political and social electricity, all that varied and energetic life should be transmitted to after-times.

The value of a correspondence depends nearly as much on the character, intelligence, and position of the recipients as on the ability of the writer. Cicero's tact and knowledge of men enabled him to adapt his tone to the character and position of his correspondents, to his own relations with them, and to the trust or distrust which he felt in them. It cannot be denied that in some cases, as in the letters devoted to the maintenance of those '*ambitosæ fucosæque amicitia*'—of which he writes, 'those showy and fashionable friendships which brought him *éclat* in the eyes of the world, but 'no real satisfaction'—his tact seems nearly indistinguishable from insincerity. The compliments which he pays to or

receives from Appius Claudius, Crassus, even Antony, go beyond those limits in dissimulation which the amenities of social life perhaps make permissible between personal and political antagonists. To some members of the great families, such as the proconsul Lentulus, to whose exertions on his behalf he owed his return from banishment, he writes with dignified courtesy and apparently frank sincerity; but he is evidently not so much at his ease with them as he is with those who belonged to the same cultivated untitled class to which he himself belonged by birth.

Mr. Tyrrell, in his introduction, mentions the fact that, subsequent to the extant collection, some much larger volumes were in existence, and that these contained four books of letters to Pompey and three of letters to Cæsar. The present collection contains only one letter to Pompey and three to Cæsar, which are not nearly of so much interest as the many notices of both in the letters to Atticus. Among the 'Epistolæ ad Familiares' those which are written with most ease and most charm are addressed to men of culture, literary or legal, and to younger men just entering upon their political career. Like Horace, most of whose epistles are addressed to younger men, Cicero liked to keep himself *en rapport* with the rising generation of clever and promising men, and he allowed them to write to him with the familiarity of equals. In consideration of their wit and lively conversation he condones in them irregularities which no one could denounce with more fervid indignation in a Clodius or an Antony. Cicero's liking for Cælius, Curio, and Dolabella may be ascribed to the same sympathetic social nature, the same love of good and witty talk, the same strong vitality and affinity with the high spirits of youth, which made Johnson, when well on towards his sixtieth year, enjoy 'a frisk' with Langton and Beauclerk, and made him look with amused tolerance on the bacchanalian excesses of Boswell. But a much more estimable character among his younger friends and correspondents is the lawyer Trebatius, who, though otherwise undistinguished, has left his name and some likeness of himself on literature, owing to his good fortune in having enjoyed the friendship of Cicero in his early manhood and of Horace when he was still a hale veteran. The traits of him which we discern in the first satire of the second book of Horace, who professes to consult him as a legal authority on the question whether it was safe to continue the practice of writing satire, are all in accord with the kindly and witty

banter which Cicero addresses to him when serving with Cæsar in Gaul. It is in the letters to Trebatius, and to men still less known, such as Pætus, Volumnius, Padius Gallus, that we are most charmed by the social vivacity, the humour and urbanity of Cicero. We appreciate the serious element in his nature, the depth of feeling which was stirred in him by public calamities and private sorrows, in his correspondence with Servius Sulpicius, with Marius, with Matius, and one or two others. The variety in his correspondents and the variety of tone in which he addresses them enable us to realise the richness of his endowments, the strength and constancy of serious feeling in him, and the buoyancy of nature, which prevented him from sinking under the blows which fell on the republic or under his own bereavement. The power of this buoyancy of nature is seen, however, not only in the humour with which he can jest on his own conversion to the theory and practice of 'good living' by association with Hirtius and other friends of Cæsar, but in a way more in consonance with the part which he aspired to play in the State, and which he persuaded himself he once had played, in the letters written in the last years of his life to the conspirators D. Brutus, Cassius, Trebonius, M. Brutus (if the two books addressed to him are genuine—a question which Mr. Tyrrell leaves still undecided), and to the commanders of the armies in Spain and Gaul, Asinius Pollio, Munatius Plancus, and Lepidus, in which correspondence Cicero acts as the organ of the Senate and the guiding spirit of the republican cause.

Another side of Cicero's nature, perhaps the most attractive, appears in his letters to members of his family and to his confidential secretary and freedman, to whose care and devotion to his patron we owe the recovery and preservation of his correspondence. These letters show that in strength of family affection, and in considerate regard for those dependent on him, Cicero did not fall below the best types of modern character. The evidence of this his most private correspondence shows us, indeed, that he was much happier as a father than as a husband. The letters to Terentia, even during the years of his exile, though affectionate, lead to the inference that in character, intellect, and temper she was not at all in sympathy with him. There is no serious subject about which he consults her, except money matters, which along with her religious observances occupied a great deal of her attention. Of his daughter Tullia he writes as not only the dearest object of his affections, but

as like himself in all his intellectual tastes. There is a curious parallel in their family relations, as in the great calamity which befell them, between Cicero and a man who, though in all the serious elements of character immeasurably his inferior, yet in the vivacity of his emotional nature, in his craving for sympathy, and in his want of self-control, both in feeling and in the expression of feeling, is not unlike him—the poet Ovid. The letters of Cicero during his exile remind us of the ‘*Tristia*’ and the ‘*Letters from Pontus*.’ And there is this further coincidence in the relations of the two men, that they were much more in sympathy with, had much more pleasure and pride in, their daughters than in their wives. Several of the intimate family letters are addressed both to Terentia and Tullia, and some of them are written by Cicero and his son jointly to them. To these we find such headings affixed as ‘*Tullius Terentiæ suæ, et pater suavissimæ filiæ, Cicero matri et sorori, S. D. Plur.*’ The letters to his brother Quintus extend to three books, and are as important as any for the political history of the times. They also give a most favourable impression of Cicero’s frankness, his affectionateness, his generous confidence in and willingness to think the best of those whom he loved, and his jealous solicitude for their honour. Quintus Cicero proved himself to be a man of considerable military capacity and of considerable literary activity, but it does not require much reading between the lines of Cicero’s letters to him and about him to see that he was neither an amiable nor a trustworthy man. The ‘*agilitas mollitiæque naturæ*’ which they both shared took in him the form of touchiness and ill temper, and was not conjoined with the loyalty and sense of honour of the older brother. The letters to Tiro show us also a most attractive side of Cicero’s nature, that friendly consideration and genuine affection for a dependant, and that power of associating with him on terms of easy and yet dignified familiarity, which is one among the many human graces in the large-hearted nature of Scott.

But among all his correspondents it is to Atticus that he writes with most absolute freedom about everything that interested, amused, or troubled him. We are sorry to see that Mr. Tyrrell, with whose judgements on the men of the time we generally agree, expresses an unfavourable opinion of Atticus. He says of him that ‘he is not a pleasing personage,’ and suggests that he was probably a secret partner of his uncle, ‘the odious Cæcilius,’ whose fortune, made, as many other fortunes were made in those days,

by usury, he inherited, and who, Mr. Tyrrell thinks, may have 'played Jorkins to the Spensloe of his influential 'nephew.' He remarks that 'he escaped to a great extent 'from adverse criticism.' But this is a very inadequate way of speaking of the regard and esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries. The life of him, written by Cornelius Nepos, is a proof not only of the impression he left on the mind of his biographer, but of the affection felt for him by a man of strong character and intellect, his son-in-law, M. Vipsanius Agrippa,* who was not likely to have allied himself with anyone to whom any baseness could be imputed. The only definite charge Mr. Tyrrell brings against him is that he took no active part in politics—in other words, that he never became a candidate for the public offices which procured admission to the Senate. This might have been a just ground of reproach to a member of a senatorian family. But it was only exceptionally ambitious members of the equestrian order who entered on the career of public office, and this they did at considerable disadvantage. Atticus, like the majority of his class, was largely engaged in money transactions, partly in Rome and partly in the provinces, as a banker who lent money to individuals and to municipalities; and although he was keen and careful about his investments, he was most liberal in supplying the necessities of his numerous friends. We should like him better if he had not been so willing to be friends with everybody; and the one thing which is, perhaps, unforgivable in his conduct is that he was able, after the death of Cicero, to maintain even the appearance of amicable relations with Antony and Fulvia. No one would claim for him the gift of a strong or heroic nature. He was one of those who, in Mr. Carlyle's phrase, wish too much to 'be at ease, not in 'Zion' only, but in 'Domdaniel.' He was constitutionally timid, and Cicero knew that infirmity of his friend, as he knew his own weaknesses;† but, probably, he was not more timid than many excellent men of business and men of letters in our own day; and he met his death with cheerful fortitude. He was by profession a disciple of Epicurus: a

* Cf. Corn. Nepos, Vita Att. xxii.: 'Cum quidem Agrippa eum flens atque osculans oraret atque obsecraret, ne id quod natura cogeret ipse quoque sibi acceleraret.'

† Cf. Epist. ad Famil. xvi. 23, 2: 'Etsi Atticus noster, quia quondam me commoveri *παυκοῖς* intellexit, idem semper putat nec videt quibus præsidiis philosophiæ sæptus sim; et hercle, quod timidus ipse est, *θαρρυβοποιεῖ*.

quiet, friendly, cultivated civilian, much occupied in business of various kinds, much interested in literature, much interested in the affairs of his friends. It would be as reasonable to impute it as a grave fault to a man like David Hume that he never became a member of Parliament, as to think the worse of Atticus because he never became a tribune of the people, a quæstor, or a curule ædile.

This vindication of Atticus is necessary for a right appreciation of the character of Cicero himself. Any reflection on him affects the opinion we form either of the intelligence or the worth of the man who was his lifelong and most intimate friend. Atticus was, from his position, character, political sympathies, intellectual interests, and his circumstances, the best possible recipient of all Cicero's news, thoughts, and feelings. There was the most perfect confidence between them, unbroken through all their long intimacy, from the time when they were young men and studied together at Athens till the death of Cicero. So it has happened that, more than any other letters, the letters to Atticus possess that strange interest and fascination attaching to one or two remarkable books given to the world under the name of 'Confessions.' Atticus, again, was frequently absent from Rome for long periods, and, though not taking an active part in politics, was a dispassionate, but not uninterested, spectator and critic of the game. Cicero often expresses a high opinion of his political judgement. He was on terms of intimacy, though not of close alliance, with the leading men of all parties, and through his position as an important member of the great moneyed class, on whose good services all candidates for office had often to depend, was able to exercise considerable influence. His political sympathies were entirely in harmony with Cicero's, especially as regards the real identity of interest between his own order and the senatorian government. And as Cicero was always strongly moved by personal influences, it is possible that the change in his political attitude which begins with his consulship, when Atticus took a leading part in rallying the men of equestrian rank to the cause of order, may be due to the initiative of Atticus, who was constantly with him immediately before, during, and subsequent to his year of office. Besides the bonds of intimate personal friendship and political sympathy there was a close family connexion between them, the sister of Atticus, Pomponia, being married to Cicero's brother, Quintus; and the attempt to mediate in the domestic dissensions of that ill-assorted and high-

tempered pair made the confidential relations of the two friends with each other still closer. Atticus, too, was a man of good taste in art and much knowledge of books. He employed a large number of well-educated slaves in copying manuscripts, which was both a liberal and a lucrative use to make of them. He had a large acquaintance among men of letters, especially learned Greeks. For all these reasons Cicero found not only a great charm in his companionship, but great assistance in the gratification of his own tastes. Atticus procured for him works of art and books, and by the services of his slaves assisted him in the equipment and the adornment of his library. He was the critic to whom Cicero first submitted all his writings. He was, besides, an eminently good man of business, and Cicero, like many men of genius, was an eminently negligent one. Cicero was as free as the most cultivated man of modern times from any coarsely luxurious or vulgarly ostentatious tastes; but he had some which were very costly, especially a taste for villas in the most beautiful parts of Italy, which he loved to adorn with expensive works of art, and for houses in Rome suitable to his senatorial dignity. Though his money difficulties for the most part sat lightly upon him, yet the advice as well as the more solid assistance of Atticus formed a further bond of attachment between them. Then, again, Cicero's own nature, so intensely dependent on sympathy, made such a correspondent almost a necessity to him. He had an almost womanly need for a confidant, an adviser, a confessor. In the time of his chief influence during the years immediately subsequent to his consulship, he complains to him that his new fashionable friendships give him no satisfaction, and that he finds rest only in the bosom of his family 'cum 'filiola et mellito Cicerone,' 'with my dear child Tullia 'and my darling boy,' as he writes, with that fond use of diminutives and terms of endearment in which the Latin of Plautus, Catullus, and Cicero (in his familiar writings), like the modern Italian, so largely indulges. He longs for the return of Atticus, as 'the one man with whom he can jest or 'sigh freely, the one man who really loves him, and who is at 'the same time a man of sense, and one in whose presence 'he need keep up no false appearances nor have any reserve.'

The two volumes already edited by Mr. Tyrrell contain 182 letters, written between the years 68 B.C., when Cicero was thirty-eight years of age, and 52 B.C., when he was fifty-four. They are all interesting from the light which they throw on the political history of the times, on the character

and action of Cicero's leading contemporaries, on his own mind, tastes, feelings, and fortunes. But the part of the correspondence which has the greatest historical, biographical, and literary interest is that between the years 61 B.C. and 59 B.C. It includes the fatal year which future historians fixed as the date of the beginning of the great revolutionary movement, which only ended with the battle of Actium,---

‘*Motum ex Metello consule civicum,*’—

the eventful year of Julius Cæsar's first consulship, the development of the whole drama of which Clodius was the protagonist, and of which the banishment of Cicero was the catastrophe, from the first slight notice, at the end of a letter to Atticus, of the event so pregnant with future consequences : ‘I fancy that you have heard that P. Clodius, the son of Appius, was found in the house of Cæsar, dressed as a woman, during the offering of sacrifice at the public religious ceremony,’—through all the discussions on the subject in the Senate in which Cicero's vigorous invective and ready sarcasm played an important and, to himself, a damaging part, through the scandal of the trial and acquittal of Clodius, his successful though unconstitutional efforts to be adopted into a plebeian family with the view of being appointed tribune, and his appointment to that office, which gave him the means of his vindictive retaliation. It is perhaps to be regretted that Cicero did not give some of the time which he devoted to popularising the later Greek philosophy to the composition of a history of his own times from the death of Sulla till the outbreak of the war between Cæsar and Pompey. No one could have been less fitted to be the Thucydides of his age, but he could have made the men who play their part in the age living beings for all after-times. His speeches show his power of telling a story, and of giving dramatic presentation of character. His letters do this even more. They give in the raciest and fewest words the immediate impressions of men and events, which have a greater air of truth than the more elaborate representations set out with all the studied adornment of his oratory. He has almost a Carlylean gift of hitting off a character by some extemporised nickname, or grotesque caricature of some outward peculiarity. It is a pity that he did not finish and leave to future times those *ἀνέκδοτα*, those ‘secret memoirs,’ which Atticus alone was to see, and which he proposed to write when he withdrew from public life in the year 59, and retained, as he said, ‘no other interest

' in politics except a hatred of the radicals, and even that with
' no real animosity against them, but merely a sense of literary
' pleasure in giving expression to the feeling.' *

It is in this early part of his correspondence that we find the most interesting sketches of character and portraits of men of more or less eminence. Pompey, who had just returned from the East, was then much the most important figure on the stage of public affairs. Cicero, who had written to him that he hoped to play the Lælius to his Scipio, soon expresses his dissatisfaction with his public policy, or rather the absence of any policy, and with his own personal relations with the 'great Bashaw,' as he calls him; and he writes about him with an insight quickened by a sense of pique. 'He professes to treat me with the greatest consideration and regard, and compliments me openly; but he makes it perfectly clear that he is secretly jealous of me. He has no courtesy or frankness, no distinction, honour, courage, or political independence.' Allowance must always be made for the temporary feeling under which Cicero writes his impression of people; and soon after we find Pompey regaining something of his old ascendancy over him. But he never quite trusted him again; and at a later stage of his career, after the outbreak of the civil war, much of the miserable vacillation which he then displays arises from the conflict between the surviving influence of Pompey's prestige and a sense of loyalty to him on the one hand, and his conviction of the weakness of his character and the incompetence of his judgement on the other. The two chiefs of the high conservative party, Lucullus and Hortensius, men of real distinction, the one as a 'great proconsul,' the other as an orator—for whom Cicero, in his later writing at least, expresses a genuine regard—are referred to more than once as 'those chiefs of ours who care for nothing but their fish-ponds, and believe that they will still be left to them when the republic is in ruins.' Another of the conservative leaders, a man of a very different stamp, Cato, is sketched to the life. Cicero, with genuine respect for his integrity and stoical virtue, yet sees clearly that his impracticable honesty and obstinacy are as fatal in the condition of parties, which

* 'Itaque ἀρέκδοτα, quæ tibi uni legamus, Theopompio genere aut etiam asperiore multo pangentur; neque aliud jam quidquam πολιτεύομαι nisi odisse improbos, et id ipsum nullo cum stomacho, sed potius cum aliqua scribendi voluptate.'—*Epp. ad Att.* ii. 6.

required to be treated with tact and in a spirit of compromise, as the Epicurean apathy of the 'Tritons of the fish-ponds.' Another influential personage of the times who plays his parts in these letters is Crassus, the millionaire, originally an adherent of Sulla, but now associated with Pompey and Cæsar in that formidable coalition which was the beginning of the end. For him Cicero entertained and expresses a strong dislike, not the passionate animosity which he felt and expressed towards Catiline or Clodius, Vatinius, or Antony, but the antipathy of a warm to a cold temperament, of one who, with all his vanity and vacillation, was essentially a man of honour and high aims, to a man of low intrigue and self-seeking ambition. He is much more reticent about Cæsar, who at this time became, though he was not till ten years later recognised as the great power in Roman politics, the shaper of the future destinies of the world. Cicero cannot criticise or see through him as he sees through all the others. This was owing to no reserve on the part of Cæsar, one of the frankest and most accessible of men, who had a real regard for Cicero, appreciated his genius, desired to secure his co-operation, though he was quite determined that he should not stand in his way, either then or later, in his purpose of intimidating and crushing the senatorian government. At this time Cicero, though regarding him as dangerous to the State, felt no dislike to him. During the campaigns in Gaul, he felt himself under the spell of his greatness and the fascination of his personal graciousness. After the outbreak of the civil war he denounces him, in his letters, in strong enough language, but he nowhere uses any words showing a real comprehension of him except by applying to him the word *τέρας*—an involuntary tribute to the 'dæmonic' rapidity and certainty with which he struck blow after blow after crossing the Rubicon. Cicero took the measure of all the other men of his time; he could not bring within the limits of his criticism the genius and commanding character of the foremost among the great men of all times.

Another person who for one year at least makes the most noise in Roman politics, and makes a considerable noise for some years before and after, is presented in these letters with dramatic vividness. P. Clodius Pulcher is interesting as the person whose collision with Cicero brought about the catastrophe in the fortunes of the latter, and is interesting also as a specimen of a type of character constantly reappearing in revolutionary times. Historians speak of the hereditary

pride of his house; and from the name by which his own family was known, personal beauty seems also to have been among its hereditary gifts. The contemptuous diminutive which Cicero applies to him, 'pulchellus puer,' suggests the inference that his beauty was of an effeminate type, thus in strange contrast with the audacity of his character. Combining extreme personal profligacy with the most reckless political action; endowed, too, apparently, with a charm, or aristocratic insolence, of manner, which made even the respectable leaders of the Senate treat him as a spoiled child, and with the natural fluency of a popular orator, he had every gift and every vice wanted to make him the temporary idol of the Roman populace. Cicero gives us a graphic account of passages of arms between them, and we see how the triumphant use of his sarcasm and invective brought on him the vindictive hatred of Clodius, as it did later of Antony. It brought upon him also the resentment of another interesting personage of the time, whose character is drawn with a force truer than that of Juvenal by Cicero in his defence of Cælius, and who has gained immortality as the object of perhaps the most passionate love poetry and the most scathing lampoons in any language, Clodia, the sister of Clodius, the wife of the Consul Metellus, and the Lesbia of Catullus. Cicero writes of her to Atticus by the name *βοώπις*, the epithet which Homer applies to 'the wife and sister 'of Jove,' as well as to mortal heroines. Mr. Tyrrell, along with earlier commentators, sees in this a reference to the scandal of which Cicero makes the most in his defence of Cælius, and about which he could even jest with Clodius in what he admitted was not a very consular fashion. But it is more natural to take it simply as a tribute to the 'large 'eyes,' the flashing brilliance of which he speaks of in two passages of his orations,* and perhaps to that magical power of fascination which Catullus felt for her when he calls her his 'candida diva.' Though Cicero hated her ('odi illam male 'consularem'), and though, owing to the stimulus she applied to her brother's resentment ('de lituis *βοώπιδος*'), he experienced in her resentment, as he did afterwards in that of Fulvia, 'furens quid femina possit,' probably neither he nor Atticus was insensible to her outward charms.

* De Harusp. Responsis, xvii.: 'Ne id quidem sentis, coniventes illos oculos abavi tui magis optandos fuisse, quam hos flagrantés sororis.'

Besides these, historically the most important, many other living figures are brought before us by a single stroke, and with pungent criticism, such as Piso, one of the consuls in 61 B.C., 'a humourist of that grim kind of humour which 'excites laughter without any wit, amusing from his face 'rather than his facetiousness,' and the consuls of the following year, the worthy but dull, unsympathetic Metellus, the much-enduring husband of Clodia, who is 'not a human 'being, "but mere sea-shore, and air, and wilderness,"' and Afranius, the former lieutenant of Pompey, spoken of as 'Auli filius,' and thus characterised—'how cowardly and 'spiritless a soldier: how fit to be, as he is, the daily butt of 'the ribald abuse of Palicanus!' Persons, otherwise utterly unknown, are lit off and dramatically presented, with the epigrammatic power of Catullus or Martial, as, for instance, the bores Sebosus and C. Arrius. Other Latin writers show the same vivid power of sketching and pungent criticism on character, such as Petronius, Catullus, Martial, and Horace in his satires; but Cicero's sketches are more unstudied, and hence are perhaps more vitally present to us. No book brings us so much face to face with actual human life and human nature in the first century before our era as the letters to Atticus.

It is time, however, to ask more in detail how Mr. Tyrrell has accomplished that part which he has already given to the world of his large, important, and interesting undertaking. The first volume was published in 1880, and was at once recognised by all competent critics as a sound and masterly piece of work. An enlarged and much improved edition of that volume appeared in 1885, and the second volume appeared in 1886. The work already done leaves no doubt of what might have been inferred from Mr. Tyrrell's antecedents as a scholar, a contributor to classical journals, and an editor of Greek and Latin authors—that this important book, so long the great desideratum in connexion with the study of Latin literature, could not have fallen into more competent hands. If any doubt on the subject might at any time have existed, it must have proceeded not from any distrust in his capacity or industry, for they are both evidently remarkable, but from a sense of the difficulty which a professor of one branch of knowledge must experience in doing continuous and important work in another, however closely related to his own. Though Mr. Tyrrell's chief occupation is the teaching and advancement of Greek, yet, in the present state of Greek studies, there is no service which he

can render to the general world of letters so necessary as the continuation and completion of the 'Correspondence of Cicero.' But 'life is short,' and the work of editing a great classic is long and laborious, and he has very wisely associated with himself in the task of editing a collaborateur, Mr. Purser, for whose collation of the Harleian MS. in the British Museum he records his acknowledgement in the preface to the second edition of vol. i. He holds out the hope that with his assistance the remaining volumes will follow one another more rapidly, and he states that the edition will in future appear as their joint work. So large an undertaking can best be accomplished by such division of labour. Probably no single editor is so competent for the diversified tasks of collating manuscripts, emending or restoring texts, interpreting and vividly rendering the meaning, appreciating and illustrating the historical and literary questions arising out of the work edited, as two men working in harmony and with mutual understanding. The mere mechanical labour of collating a manuscript requires certain aptitudes, which the finest scholar or literary critic may want; and the power of collating accurately may not go along with the critical discernment of the value of the results obtained. Mr. Tyrrell sensibly remarks, in the preface to his first edition, that as scientific facts once ascertained do not call for renewed verification at the hands of each successive enquirer, so a collation once satisfactorily executed should be regarded as final for the purpose of future editors; and that the proper work of the editor is to draw his inference from the record given of the reading of the manuscripts. Yet this does not dispense with the need of examining manuscripts of any value, which have not been thoroughly revised in recent times; and Mr. Tyrrell says, in his preface to vol. ii.: 'The chief bid which this edition makes for the attention of scholars is the fact that it is the first edition of the letters of Cicero, or of any part of them, which has been able to make use of the "Codex Turonensis" and "Codices Harleiani;" and the collation by Mr. Purser has enabled him to make several important restorations. Some familiarity with manuscripts must be necessary to every editor who is not satisfied merely with doing the work of a commentator. Without it he cannot know the more frequent causes of error on the part of the copyist, and so be able to correct him.

Mr. Tyrrell writes on everything with so much animation and clearness that, like the late Mr. Munro, he makes the

history and criticism of manuscripts interesting even to the uninstructed. He enlivens the subject by the personal element he introduces into it, as by the account he gives of the forgery of the Bosian MS.—just as Munro enlivens the account he gives of the early editions of Lucretius by the graphic way in which he records the history of the treachery of Gifanius towards Lambinus, and generally by his sympathetic realisation of the personality of many of the great scholars of the Renaissance. Mr. Tyrrell tells, in the introduction to vol. i., the story of how Simeon du Bos, a native of Limoges, born 1535, imposed on the most learned men of three centuries with an imaginary MS. of his own, and his pretended or falsified citations from a really existing one. This is a curious instance of the passion for intrigue and mystery being stronger than the desire of personal reputation, as, had those citations been made as his own conjectures, they must have added largely to his reputation as a scholar. The imposture was first suspected by Maurice Haupt in 1855, and his suspicion was converted into a certainty when Mommsen found that a MS. deposited in Paris contained the rough draft of Bosius' notes for the last seven books of the *Epp. ad Att.*, and that he frequently ascribed one reading to the MSS. in his first draft, and another in the published commentary, having adopted a new conjecture, and so changed the MS. in the interval between the first draft and the ultimate publication.

Mr. Tyrrell lays down in his preface his ideas of the function of an editor, which are at once sound and simple. 'The most important duty of an editor is first to find out 'what his author has said, and next what he meant by it.' In trying to ascertain the first, he holds that 'it is his first 'duty to see that the MS. tradition is not put aside unless 'it is quite clear that it is wrong and cannot reasonably be 'defended. His next duty is to keep as close as he can to 'the MSS. when he is obliged to desert them, and never to 'put forward a conjecture without a theory to account for 'the corruption.' By acting on these sound conservative principles he claims 'to have adhered more closely than any 'other editor to the tradition of the MSS.,' and 'also in 'many cases to have vindicated MS. readings against the 'conjectures which have ousted them since the revival of 'letters.' In several places he resists the temptation to adopt merely ingenious conjectures of his own or others, holding it to be more scientific to obelise the passage, while drawing attention to, and indicating approval of, some of

the happiest attempts made to restore the text. An instance of this self-restraint in resisting a very tempting hypothesis is found in a note on a corrupt passage in a letter to Quintus (ii. 8, 3). Cicero is saying that he does not like to ask their invalid friend Marius to an unfinished house on which the workmen were still employed. He adds that he himself can carry on his own literary studies notwithstanding the presence of workmen, and goes on: 'Habemus hanc *philosophiam non ab Hymetto sed ab †araysira.*' After mentioning one or two conjectures which give a possible but not a satisfactory meaning, Mr. Tyrrell proceeds in his note:—

'On this verse Tunstall has made one of his extraordinarily ingenious conjectures. For *araysira* he reads 'arce *Ψυρία*,' by which name Cicero refers to Arpinum in Att. xvi. 13. This conjecture seems to me rarely ingenious, because Cicero seems to refer here to Arpinum. What more natural thing could Cicero say than "I have got my indifference to draughts (my willingness to live in a half-built house) not from the honeyed mountains of Greece, but from the wild hills of "Arpinum." He has in a passage already quoted spoken of the *patrios montes* of Arpinum. Everything seems to point to Tunstall's emendation. Yet it can hardly be right. When Cicero, writing in the year 710, speaks of *ῥήσος Ψυρία*, the context shows that he means Arpinum. Is it likely that eleven years before that time he should have written of Arpinum as *ῥήσος Ψυρία*, without a hint from the context as to his meaning? No; the letters of Cicero must not be treated as a whole. One quotation or train of thought was uppermost in his mind one year, another in another. We must not suppose that Cicero, at fifty-one, was thinking of that particular passage in the *Odyssey* which occupied his mind at sixty-two. But he very probably used here some word which signified Arpinum.'—Vol. ii. p. 87.

We confess that, even after reading this interesting and sober criticism, we still feel somewhat inclined to yield to the temptation, and to accept the emendation as at least a possible one. Cicero's letters to Atticus, and to his brother, abound—like the letters of Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle—in 'coterie Sprache;' and as the 'household words' of the last are generally expressed in piquant Scotch, and are founded on some anecdote or chance association and remain fixed ever afterwards, so Cicero's 'household words' are Greek quotations, generally from Homer, and some of them, like the *αἰδέομαι Τρῶας*, are frequently repeated. This use of phrases which have got current between them from some chance association gives a peculiar character of intimacy to the letters to Atticus and to Quintus; but it is also a cause of 'those riddles which have hitherto defied the per-

'spicacity of commentators,' which Mr. Tyrrell finds especially numerous in the letters to Quintus contained in his second volume.

He admits into his text only those emendations which are accepted by all the best recent editors, and where his text differs from theirs, it is by restoring and justifying the rejected MS. reading. He distinguishes by a different mode of printing conjectures which he accepts and those which he merely records with approbation. Some passages he frankly admits with Boot that it would require Cicero to rise from the dead to restore to intelligibility. One may say, in regard to this part of his task, that while he is most candid in his appreciation of the suggestions of others, and acute and ingenious in his own, his acuteness and ingenuity are thoroughly controlled by caution and common sense. His notes, both on emendation and interpretation, while lively and frequently humorous in manner, and absolutely free from the pedantry and dulness of learning, show that he is never at the mercy of his ingenuity, but knows and respects the limits of conjectural emendation. Both in his revision of the text and his commentary, his intimate acquaintance with the language of Latin comedy has been of great service to him. While engaged in editing the correspondence of Cicero, he produced, as a *πάρεργον*, an edition of the 'Miles Gloriosus,' in the introduction to which play he has given some admirable versions of passages from Shakespeare and Dryden in the style of Plautus. He justifies his doing so by a caustic remark on the methods of some editors among our masters in the study of MSS. 'I cannot help thinking that some modern German editors would do more wisely in thus writing verses of their own than in showing their ingenuity by rewriting Plautus, and then publishing their verses under his name.' A few years ago he edited 'Dublin Translations into Greek and Latin Verse,' a work which showed that that old-fashioned accomplishment is as successfully cultivated by Irish as by English scholars. The justification of the practice of writing such verses by a select few among our scholars, after their school and undergraduate days are past, consists not only in the pleasure which it affords themselves, but in the training which it affords to that instinct for the subtleties and refinements of language which fits a man to be the editor of a great classic. Professor Jebb's 'Sophocles,' now in course of publication, affords another instance of a man who was known as the most perfect master of Greek and Latin composition before he

proved himself to be at once the soundest and most brilliant of classical editors, and entirely vindicates this accomplishment from the charge of dilettantism. All readers of the letters to Atticus must have been struck by their colloquial style and by its resemblance to that of the old comedy; but it is one of the merits of Mr. Tyrrell's edition that he draws out these resemblances in the fullest detail. 'To quote,' he writes, 'an analogous usage in Plautus or Terence is far more relevant than to quote an analogous usage from the oratory or philosophy of Cicero himself.' There is the same kind of difference between Cicero's two styles as there is between the style of the short, direct, personal poems of Catullus—which also have much of the flavour of Plautus and Terence—and the purely literary style of his Alexandrian imitations.

In glancing over the columns in which Mr. Tyrrell has arranged the MS. readings, the generally received readings, the conjectures either admitted into the text or recorded and discussed, we note a considerable number of passages in which he either vindicates the existing reading or suggests a very probable one by reference to the diction of Plautus. Thus he justifies, in an interesting note on Att. i. 6, 2, the reading 'pater nobis discessit,' which has been objected to as a slight and almost heartless way for Cicero to announce his father's death to so intimate a friend. He explains this as an instance of the sympathetic use of the ethical dative which is more largely used in the comic writers and the familiar letters of Cicero than in any other Latin authors. The words are almost equivalent to 'my dear father died.' He may have been long hopelessly ill, or Cicero may have known that Atticus had already heard of his illness from Pomponia or Quintus, and in this short note he thinks it enough merely to mention the date of his death. Again, at Att. iv. 2, 4, he restores the *tibi* of the MS., which is either obelised or rejected by other editors, by explaining it also as the ethical dative—an appeal to Atticus' sympathy, or perhaps his sense of surprise on the occasion. Again, on Att. iv. 17, 3, he retains *sortita* on the grounds that 'the language of laws and decrees was always archaic as with us,' and that *sortio*, as well as many similar active forms of verbs usually deponent, is found in Plautus. In the same letter he justifies the MS. reading 'res cedit,' which has been altered into the unidiomatic 'res sedit,' by the explanation 'the affair goes on,' that being a characteristic use of the word *cedo* in comedy. One of his own happiest emendations is

suggested by the language and usage of Plautus, that on Q. Fr. ii. 10, 1. The usual reading is 'Nam pridie Id. cum Appius senatum infrequentem coegisset, tantum fuit frigus, ut populi convicio coactus sit nos dimittere.' Why this chill, whether in the physical or political atmosphere, should have called forth the abuse of the people outside, and why this should have led to a dismissal of the senate, which sat with closed doors, is not apparent. Mr. Tyrrell reads 'pipulo, convicio,' *pipulus* being a word used for noisy abuse in Plautus—among others by that master of the accomplishment, the cook in the 'Aulularia;' and the practice of asyndeton being an especial note both of the style of Plautus and of the letters. Mr. Tyrrell takes the word *frigus* in the sense of political apathy, and supposes the same meaning implied in the words at the end of the letter, 'quanquam ejusmodi frigus impendebat, ut summum periculum esset ne Appio suæ aedes urerentur.' He takes the meaning of the two passages to be, 'Appius could only get together a small meeting of the senate, and when it did meet, such was the utter dearth of interest, that it ended in noisy clamour for the dismissal of the house.' The sentence at the end would mean, 'The barometer of public feeling is so near freezing-point, that Appius' house runs a great risk of being frost-bitten,' that is, utterly deserted by *salutatores* and *deductores*. It would be altogether in Cicero's manner if he were playing on the word, and if it were intended to have both significations here. There may have been extreme physical cold, and among a people living so much in the open air, this may have produced or coincided with the great stagnation in politics.

Among happy restorations or emendations of the text due to Mr. Tyrrell himself, or which have first appeared in his edition, is that (Att. iv. 16, 7) of *muratos* for the unintelligible *miratos* of the MS. Previous editors read *munitos*, which gives the same sense, though it does not call up so picturesque an image.

'But,' Mr. Tyrrell asks, 'why did the copyists corrupt such a common and easy word into *miratos*? . . . I read *muratos*, an excellent word, though it does not occur in extant Latin, until the verb is used by Vegetius. There is no reason why a word not found in formal compositions should not be appropriate in a letter written to an intimate friend.'

An almost certain reading, recovered from the Harleian MS., which makes an important passage in the long apology to Lentulus for the first time intelligible, is *Cinreis* for *meis*

(Fam. i. 9, 11). Cicero is justifying his political action on the ground that the government was not then, as it had been on one or two previous occasions, in the hands of reckless Jacobins. Such a statement could not possibly apply to the time extending from the year of his consulship to the consulship of Cæsar and Bibulus, which he regards as 'his own times,' the time when his policy was in the ascendant (Fam. i. 9, 12), but suits the time of Cinna's domination more exactly than any other period in Roman history. And though the adjective found in Velleius, Cornelius Nepos, and other writers is '*Cinnanus*,' yet the alternative form *Cinneus* is found in inscriptions. A very happy emendation, though not admitted into the text, is recorded with approbation at Fam. i. 1, 2. The usually received reading is '*Marcellinum tibi esse iratum scis*,' which the context shows to be nonsense, as Marcellinus is mentioned in the next sentence as a most strenuous supporter of his. The word *tibicini*, 'the piper,' a contemptuous equivalent for the name of the king, Ptolemy Auletes, exactly suits the context. The fact that Marcellinus was on bad terms with him explains why, while strenuously supporting Lentulus in other things, he could not support him in the proposed restoration—'*hac regia causa excepta*.' This use of nicknames, and the substitution of Latin for Greek words and *vice versa*, are quite in the style of the letters. A very ingenious conjecture of Mr. Tyrrell's is at Att. ii. 3, 1, for *Epicratem* ('our masterful friend'), a not particularly happy name to apply to Pompey—Iphicratem—Iphicrates, having been the inventor of 'a new sort of legging or military boot called ἰφικρατίδες, so that Wellington and Blucher are not the first generals who have supplied bootmakers with a designation.' As the clause immediately following the use of the word is to this effect, 'for I don't like the look of his military shoes and pipe-clayed leggings,' we think Mr. Tyrrell has made out a very strong case for the change. Among other interesting and scholarlike notes, some of them also lively and amusing, on the restoration or emendation of the text, we may point to that on Att. i. 14, 1, '*meis orationibus omnibus literis*;' on Att. i. 16, 12, '*magistratum insimulatum lege Ælia*;' on Att. i. 18, 1, '*Metellus non homo*,' &c.; on Att. ii. 12, 3, '*jam liquata for judicata*;' and Att. iv. 1, 5, on the reading '*ab infimo*' ('from the lowest step') for the generally received '*ab infima plebe completi*.'

We go on to notice a few notes which admit of controversy,

though rather in the way of interpretation than emendation. In the description of the jury empanelled to try Clodius, Cicero says, 'Never was there a viler set gathered together in a hell. Senators under the censorial stigma, knights in a state of destitution, (*tribuni non tam ærati quam, ut appellantur, ærarii*) tribunes, cashiered (as they are called) rather than rich in cash.' Mr. Tyrrell thinks this play on the word *ærarii* and the contrast between *ærarii* and *ærati* very pointless, and he suggests an alteration of the order of the words, which certainly seems probable—'tribuni non tam ærarii, ut appellantur, quam ærati'—taking *ærati* in the sense of 'bribed,' and he would translate the passage, 'not on this occasion paygivers (as they are called) but paytakers.' He remarks that though the word *ærati* is not found in the sense of 'bribed,' neither is it found in the sense of 'moneyed men.' But might it not be taken in much the same sense as 'obæрати,' 'deeply involved in debt,'* from the same use of the word *as* for *as alienum* that we find at Att. ii. 1, 11, 'ære non Corinthio sed hoc circumforaneo obruerunt,' rendered by Mr. Tyrrell 'I am over head and ears in bills as well as bronzes.' These *tribuni ærarii* were not likely to have received their bribes before they were put on the jury. But if bankrupt members of their class, they would, like the 'maculosi senatores' and 'nudi equites,' be the natural expectants and recipients of bribes.

In the well-known passage about Cato (Att. ii. 1, 8), 'Dicit enim tanquam in Platonis πολιτεία, non tanquam in Romuli fæce, sententiam,' Mr. Tyrrell seems to find needless difficulty. He writes, 'What one would expect is the dregs of the city of Romulus, *Romulea fæce*; or would it be rash to suggest *Romulæ fæce*, rendering, "Cato speaks as if he were in the Fair City of Plato, not amid the lees of our degenerate Rome," a diminutive form of Rome being invented for the purpose of indicating contempt. We venture to think that this would be very rash as well as unnecessary. The term *fæce* balances πολιτεία in the contrast drawn, and the name of a person is needed to balance the name of Plato. 'Romuli' may be used as a mock-heroic, contemptuous personification

* Cf. Tacitus, An. vi. 17, 'quanto quis obæратior, ægrius distrahebant.' The word is used in Cicero (Rep. ii. 27), 'obæратosque pecunia sua liberavisset;' by Cæsar, De Bell. Gall. i. 4, 'omnes clientes obæратosque suos;' and by Livy, xxvi. 40, 'exules obæратi,' as a substantive in the same sense.

of the degenerate Roman people, as it seems to be in the famous 29th epigram of Catullus in the line

‘Cinæde Romule, hæc videbis et feres?’*

At Att. ii. 14, ‘At quam partem basilicæ tribum Æmiliam,’ he observes, ‘The meaning evidently is Basilica did I say? What Basilica would hold the Æmilian tribe?’ and he suggests a happy amendment of the corrupt text, ‘At cui æquiparem basilicæ tribum Æmiliam?’ But he finds a difficulty in the following words: ‘Sed omitto vulgus, post horam quartam molesti non sunt. C. Arius proximus est vicinus.’ Cicero has been complaining of the impossibility of doing any literary work on account of the crowd of callers whom he daily has to see at his Formian villa. He goes on in the most natural way, ‘But I don’t mind the rest, but where can I take refuge from these two intolerable bores Arrius and Sebosus?’ In the next letter he writes, ‘Just as I am writing this, here comes Sebosus. Before I had quite uttered a groan over this interruption, “Good morning,” says Arrius. And this is what you call escaping from Rome.’ On the words ‘sed omitto vulgus,’ Mr. Tyrrell subjoins the note, ‘If he has no serious interruption after the fourth hour, he has abundance of time for composition. I have put inverted commas to show that these are words put into the mouth of Atticus.’ But Cicero never says that he had no serious interruption. He considered the boredom of Arrius, ‘who remained away from Rome’ in order to spend whole days in talking philosophy with him, a more serious interruption than any number of morning callers, although he was probably too good-natured and courteous to show his sense of the nuisance.

Again, at Att. ii. 19, 3: ‘Nam gladiatoribus qua dominus qua advocati sibilis conscissi: ludis Apollinaribus Diphilus tragoedus in nostrum Pompeium petulanter invectus est.’ Mr. Tyrrell understands by *dominus* Pompey, and by *advocati* Cæsar especially. He urges, quite justly on historical grounds, that it was from Pompey at this time, not from Cæsar, that there appeared to be danger of a military

* Cf. also Catullus, xxviii. 16, ‘opprobria Romuli Remique,’ and lviii. 5, ‘Remi nepotes’ is used with the bitterest contempt. Possibly, also, there is contempt implied in ‘Romuli nepotum’ at xlix. 1. Cf. Persius, i. 87, ‘An, Romule, ceves?’ At Q. Fr. ii. 4, Cicero has the phrase, ‘apud perditissimam illam atque infimam sæcem populi,’ which is the same in meaning as ‘in sæce Romuli.’

despotism. But can *dominus* standing by itself mean 'our master'? and if it did, would it not have been more natural to write, in the following clause, 'in illum' than 'in nostrum Pompeium'? Is it not more natural to take '*dominus*' in a sense in which it is found in the prologues of Plautus, as the owner of the troop and giver of the entertainment, Gabinius, a creature of Pompey's, and one of the consuls in the following year (that of Cicero's banishment), and understanding by '*advocati*' his influential supporters, Cæsar, Pompey, and perhaps Crassus?

If our space allowed, we should have liked to argue with Mr. Tyrrell against his interpretation of the words (Att. iv. 5, 1), '*valeant recta, vera, honesta consilia.*' They seem to us certainly part of his '*subturpicula παλινωδία*,' a confession to Atticus that he could no longer, owing to the treacherous desertion of the Optimate chiefs, adhere to his own old honourable conservative policy, rather than an admission that the policy of the coalition was all that was honourable and straightforward. Though several other notes invite remark, more often from the wish to express the sense of instruction derived from them than any disagreement of opinion, there is only one more to which, from the great literary interest of the subject, we wish to draw attention. It is that on Q. Fr. ii. 9, 4, '*Lucretii poemata, ut scribis, ita sunt, multis luminibus ingenii, multæ tamen artis. Sed cum veneris . . . virum te putabo; si Sallustii Empedoclea legeris, hominem non putabo.*' We quote part of Mr. Tyrrell's note on this passage, which, though based on the examination and re-examination of the passage in various editions of Munro's Lucretius, is, we think, the most satisfactory explanation of what Cicero wrote and meant of any yet given.

'The criticism of Quintus, with which Cicero expresses his accord, was that Lucretius had not only much of the *genius* of Ennius and Attius, but also much of the *art* of the poets of the new school, among them even Catullus, who are fashioning themselves on the model of the Alexandrine poets, especially Callimachus and Euphorion of Chalcis. This new school Cicero refers to as the νεώτεροι (Att. vii. 2, 1) and as *hi cantores Euphorionis* (Tusc. iii. 45.) Their *ars* seemed to Cicero almost incompatible with the *ingenium* of the old school. This criticism on Lucretius is not only quite just from Cicero's point of view, but it is most pointed. Yet the editors from Victorius to Klotz will not let Cicero say what he thought. They insert a *non* either before *multis* or before *multæ*, and thus deny him either *ingenium* or *ars*. The point of the judgement is that Lucretius shows the *genius* of the old schools, and (what might seem to be incompatible with it)

the art of the new. . . . Dr. Maguire (Herm. iv. 19) compares for *tamen* Ter. Ad. i. 2, 30, *alieniore ætate post faceret tamen.*'

The last part of the passage Mr. Tyrrell translates: 'If you get through Sallust's *Empedoclea*, I shall look on you as a being possessed of the resolution of a man, and none of the weaknesses of humanity.' Is it not rather, 'I shall think much more of your heroic power of endurance than of your common sense'? He would think him not above human weakness, but below the common sense and sensibilities of ordinary mortals.

The notes generally are not only clear, scholarly, and full of instruction, but they are very seldom unnecessary and they are never dull. By his explanations and translations Mr. Tyrrell not only makes more intelligible a book which in many places needs an interpreter, but he has made a very interesting book still more interesting. If there is a fault to be found with the manner of the commentary, it is that in it he sometimes is too unconventional, too vivacious, too fond of illustrating ancient things by 'modern instances.' It may be a question of taste whether '*Epicratem lascivum fuisse*' is best rendered by our very familiar expression 'Pompey is going it,' or whether it suggests a true idea of the character of Quintus to render the words '*mollissimo animo*' (Att. iii. 9, 1) applied to him by his brother, 'very nervous.' A Greek quotation to the effect that 'it is pleasant to know everything' hardly calls for the application of the old story of 'omniscience being Dr. Whewell's foible.' And he still persists, in the second edition, in translating '*cynico Consulari*,'—the contemptuous term applied by Clodius to Cicero in resentment for the power of sarcasm under which he winced,—'Tear'em the Ex-Consul.'

While rightly regarding his first duty as an editor to be due to the text and interpretation of his author, Mr. Tyrrell has some excellent discussions on the historical questions involved and on the literary quality of the letters. He has the great advantage as an editor of being in thorough sympathy with his author; and yet he is neither blind to his weakness, nor is he an exclusive supporter of the party to which Cicero belonged. His sympathy with Cicero does not interfere with his admiration of the transcendent genius and, in many ways, transcendently noble character of Cæsar. He is in general accord, in his view of the character and conduct of Cicero, with the two most sympathetic and discerning of recent writers on the subject: M. Gaston

Boissier, and 'a careful student and brilliant exponent of 'this epoch in Roman history,' whom Mr. Tyrrell identifies with Mr. Strachan Davidson, of Balliol College. An interesting writer of the present day, Mr. Alfred W. Benn, in his 'Greek Philosophers,' speaks of 'two men of great 'genius, who are for us the most living figures in ancient 'history, if not in all history, Socrates and Cicero.' But if Socrates is a living figure to us, it is impossible to say how far the figure corresponds with the real personality of Socrates. We have, on the other hand, the amplest materials for knowing and judging Cicero as he actually was. And yet there is no figure in history about whose character and conduct there is so much controversy. Recent historians, German, English, and French, who are on the side of the '*victrix causa*, which pleased the gods,' are almost unanimous in condemning his political career, as inconsistent, weak, unintelligent, and self-interested, and in speaking slightly or unsympathetically of his character. Those, on the other hand, who, from the literary study of his works, are interested and fascinated by his personality, who enjoy the abundance and vivacity of his intellectual endowment and the breadth and refinement of his culture, who appreciate the warmth of his heart and the largeness of his sympathies (the '*mollitia naturæ*' which he derived from his Italian ancestry), and recognise the high ideal of public and private life which he constantly held before himself, are apt to forget that these very gifts and virtues which attract their sympathy unfitted him to play a bold and consistent part in a contest that had to be fought out with 'blood and iron.' Mr. Tyrrell seems to hold that he was consistently an 'optimatus' from the beginning to the end of his life, and would account for those speeches of his early career, which appear to be on the popular side, on the ground that an advocate had to plead any cause that was brought to him and to win his case by any arguments he could use. But it was not an accident that determined the fact that in the trial of Verres, for instance, the case for the prosecution was put in the hands of Cicero, and for the defence in the hands of Hortensius. Men were chosen as advocates in cases involving great political issues, not merely on account of their forensic fame, but from what was known of their political connexions and sympathies. The speech '*pro lege Manilia*' was, if ever a speech was, a party speech against the wishes and policy of the Optimates. We think the justification of Cicero's apparent change of party about the time of his consulship can be

explained on grounds more to his credit. He was consistently a moderate and enlightened politician, not a passionate, interested, and narrow-minded party man. When he entered on political life, the danger to the State was from the ascendancy of a selfish and reactionary oligarchy, who 'had 'learned nothing and forgot nothing' since their restoration to power by Sulla, and whose policy was directly antagonistic to the interests and dignity of the class to which Cicero belonged and to the welfare of the provinces, with which his larger human sympathies and his natural integrity led him to identify himself. At the time of his consulship, and for some years after, the immediate danger was from the turbulence of the masses—'*misera ac jejuna plebecula*'—and the Jacobinical designs of their temporary leaders; and the more distant but more real danger was from the power of the armies and the personal ambition of those who might be at their head. Cicero then believed that the safety of the republic depended on the union in common action of all 'the 'classes' against the dangers of anarchy and of a military despotism. It is much more difficult to justify his course between the conference of Lucca and the outbreak of the Civil War. Cicero attempts to do so himself in his long 'apologia' to Lentulus, who had expressed his astonishment not at his being reconciled to Cæsar and Appius Claudius, &c., who were gentlemen like themselves and members of their own order, but with men like Vatinius, who was an especial object of hatred, as much from the coarseness of his appearance and the vulgarity of his manners as from his radicalism in politics, and against whom Cicero had more than once almost exhausted his copious vocabulary of abuse. His defence comes to this, that he was partly influenced by pique because 'the noble lords' made so much of his enemy Clodius, partly by his personal regard for and confidence in Pompey and Cæsar. Cicero was certainly not a steady hater, and Vatinius in a letter, later on, writes to him as his 'honourable friend' '*Ciceroni suo*,' '*mi Cicero*.' Probably Cicero found that people like Vatinius were not, after all, so bad, when you got to know more about them.

Mr. Tyrrell applies to Cicero the terms 'a good and great 'man.' Cicero is the last man in the world who can be 'chalked down in a rough black or white.' He was undoubtedly a man of great genius, of thorough integrity and humanity, and a genuine patriot. He had qualities of mind and heart immeasurably greater, richer, and more abundant than many men to whom in modern times the terms 'good

'and great' are applied. But he had the two defects most fatal to one who aspires to play a great and consistent part in politics—vanity and timidity, or, at least, a want of that specially Roman quality, denoted by the word 'constantia.' Either of these separately, both certainly in combination, will lead to insincerity, and that as necessarily produces distrust in all whose confidence is worth keeping. No one inspired more affection than Cicero, but he inspired, or at least secured, no confidence. Even Brutus, in a letter written to Atticus, dated 43 B.C.—and if the letter is not genuine it is at least 'well invented'—expresses, with what Cicero's admirers can hardly call unfair criticism, his distrust both of his judgement and his resolution. He was eminently impulsive, over-sanguine at one time, too easily depressed at another; liable to 'panics,' as he himself expresses it—'quia quondam me commoveri πανικοῖς intellexit.' He could not lead others, and when he saw, or thought he saw, through Pompey, there was no one whom he could follow and loyally serve under. It is truer to say of him, as Mr. Arnold once said, that he was 'one of the most interesting men who ever lived,' than that he was absolutely a 'good and great man.'

It would require a separate article to attempt to form a consistent picture of that most mobile and expressive countenance as it reveals itself in every variety of mood from the pages of this correspondence. That, however, was done so well a few years ago, in the essay which Mr. Tyrrell quotes with such just appreciation, that the attempt does not need to be repeated. It remains only to wish Mr. Tyrrell health and leisure to finish the great work he has undertaken, and to express a hope that the next instalment may not long be delayed. No work connected with Latin literature is likely to add more to the honour of British scholarship and to the renown of the ancient college and the University of which Mr. Tyrrell is one of the greatest ornaments. It may perhaps be permitted to add that next to the correspondence of Cicero, the greatest desideratum in Latin scholarship is an edition of Propertius, which can tell us, so far as can be ascertained, not only what that interesting but very obscure poet wrote, but what he meant. Mr. Palmer's critical edition of the text of that author, and his admirable commentary on the 'Satires of Horace,' incline us to look once more to Trinity College, Dublin, in the hope that this want, too, will soon be supplied.

ART. VI. — *Notice Biographique sur Bénédict Turretini, Théologien Genevois du XVII^e siècle.* D'après des matériaux historiques et des documents rassemblés et mis en ordre par FRANÇOIS TURRETINI, Membre de la Société d'Histoire et d'Archéologie de Genève. Geneva: 1871. (Privately printed.)

NONE among those Italian cities in which about the middle of the sixteenth century the Protestant Reformation transiently took root, played a more spirited part in the religious history of the age than the capital of the little Republic of Lucca. Few other communities in the country had passed through a worse experience of political discord, and of that decay of public and private morality which in the unhappy days of Clement VII. and the *sacco di Roma* seemed likely to be the most enduring social result of the Italian Renaissance. An epoch had therefore arrived in the history of Lucca, when in 1541 Pietro Vermigli (Peter Martyr), the new prior of San Frediano, entered her gates—a reformer of whom it may seem much to say, in the words of the volume now before us, that he was perhaps the most perfect Christian of his age, but who certainly united to thorough steadfastness a humanity of character which the adherents of any Christian confession may agree in admiring. The college established by him at San Frediano, where, stimulated and guided by him, the scholarship of his followers, natives of various parts of Northern and Central Italy, became the basis of their 'new learning' in things divine, was the seminary of ideas for which unhappily the Church of Rome could find no place; though Contarini, the friend of Pole, and himself one of the reforming party among the Cardinals, is said to have taken counsel with Vermigli. But before long the hopefulness of the Ratisbon Conference, from which Contarini was at the time returning,* was a thing of the past; and when a year later, in 1542, the Congregation of the Holy Office had been established at Rome, it at once applied its attention to the congregations which were, with a more or less open adoption of Protestant doctrines, establishing themselves in a series of Italian towns. In the summer of 1542 Vermigli, accompanied by three faithful associates, took flight

* The meeting at Lucca between Charles V. and Pope Paul III., which in the memoir before us is dated September 1553, could not of course have taken place then, as Paul III. died in 1549; it really occurred in 1541, after the close of the Ratisbon Diet.

from Lucca, and at Pisa, by receiving the Sacrament in both forms, declared his defection from Rome. He left behind him for the instruction of the Lucchese a 'simplice' 'deklarazione' of his religious faith; but it is uncertain whether they ever received it. About the same time the famous Capuchin Bernardo Ochino, after meeting Vermigli at Florence, took refuge at Ferrara, whence, with the aid of the Duchess Renée, he escaped as by a miracle to Geneva. Vermigli had taken the route to Zurich, and thence, as is well known, passed on to Strassburg.

Though the Prior of San Frediano had not himself openly renounced the Church of Rome before his flight, others, including one of the canons of his own foundation, had shown less caution, and many laymen had received the cup in the Sacrament. A visitation of the monastery now led to the imprisonment of several of the monks; and at Lucca, among those who were in point of fact rapidly forming themselves into a Protestant congregation, an emigration began which did not come to an end for more than thirty years. So far as human calculation went, the history of Protestantism in Italy might almost be said to be over before it had well begun. As the Inquisition settled down to its work, as the Jesuit and other new orders extended their influence, as the Council of Trent assembled, and as, finally, in the person of Paul IV. the Catholic Reaction incarnate mounted the papal throne, the doom of the ill-fated growth seemed no longer open to doubt. To those whose aspirations had consciously or half consciously followed its beginnings, no consolation seemed left but that addressed by Calvin to a noble of Savoy, where Protestantism was likewise unable to establish itself: 'Whosoever in these our days, the days of the dominion of 'antichrist, is desirous of leading the life of a Christian, 'must above all things be ready for death, and must console 'himself with the thought that when he dies he shall be 'gloriously renewed in the Lord.'*

It is of a renewal which, though earthly, was carried on in some such spirit, that the simple volume now before us has to tell, in the instance of one of the scattered remnants of Italian Protestantism. A descendant of the eminent Genevese divine, Benedetto Turretini, and of his father Francesco, has, with the aid of a friend, M. Hudry-Menos, put together a narrative of the lives of these his ancestors, which was privately printed some years since, and which, as

* L. Stähelin's 'Johann Calvin,' vol. ii. p. 14.

we may say at once, lays no claim to literary treatment of its materials. The elder Turretini (Francesco) dictated to his second son Giovanni a brief account of his own life, of which the greater part is here reproduced: for the biography of Francesco's elder son Benedetto, as will be seen, more diverse and abundant materials were at hand; and a few welcome pages have been added concerning the later fortunes of the family. The entire work is a noteworthy tribute not only to the sterling character of the second founder, as he may be called, of an ancient civic family of unblemished name, and to the religious labours and political services of his distinguished son, but also to the wise and beneficent hospitality of the illustrious and beautiful city where the Turretini family has so long had its honoured home.

Francesco Turretini was born in 1547, the son of Regolo, then or afterwards the head of the family, which had occupied a prominent position at Lucca from the early part of the fifteenth century onwards, several members of it sitting in the senate, or holding the office of *gonfaloniere*. Francesco was therefore twenty-seven years of age when, in 1574, Pope Gregory XIII., himself no fanatic, but completely under the control of the Reaction, despatched the Bishop of Rimini on a disciplinary quest to Lucca. While his father Regolo is not known to have ever swerved from the Catholic faith, and accordingly remained undisturbed in his native city, where he died a Catholic, without, however, leaving any Catholic descendants behind him, Francesco had reason to fear that the bishop would seize him and others, and deliver them up to Rome, i.e. to the Inquisition. The charge which he expected to find brought against him was that he had 'spoken against the Church of Rome and the authority of the Pope, and that instead of going to mass he relied for his salvation solely on the merits of our Saviour.' He was no student, for he tells us that he had grown up in complete ignorance of polite learning, and indeed that such was the rule in the Church of Rome till it occurred to the Jesuits to counterbalance the colleges newly established by the Reformed Religion by others of their own 'for instruction in philosophy, so as to avoid the study of divinity and the true knowledge of salvation.' It, however, also appears from the memoir that 'those who had quitted Lucca before him had sent books—notably a New Testament and Calvin's "Institutions." ' Though of noble birth, Francesco was brought up to commerce, availing himself of the imperial privilege permitting this without consequent loss of caste

to the sons of nobles at Venice, Florence, Genoa, Lucca, 'and a fifth city whose name I have forgotten, by reason of 'the sterility of their territories.' Thus at the age of seventeen or eighteen he had the entire management of a large silk manufactory with numerous workmen, and looked forward to take part in due time, like his father, in the government of his native city. That he had not by his commercial pursuits forfeited his privileges as a noble, was shown by the very circumstances which made his flight from Lucca possible at the critical moment. The assent of two-thirds of the Grand Council of the Republic was requisite before as a member of the nobility he could be seized; thus, though the Council was summoned early in the morning, there was time for him to take some ready money from his counting-house, and to saddle his mule for his journey to Florence. Thence he pushed on to Lyons, which as a French city promised more safety, and where he found several relations, private friends, and trade connexions, besides two chests of silks, the only property of value which he could now call his own. To assurances which reached him that the Bishop of Rimini would willingly consent to his return on condition of a mere occasional conformity (so to speak) on his part, he turned a deaf ear, not being, as he says, of the opinion of those who hold 'qu'on peut être sauvé en toutes religions.' So, though he pretended to adopt the advice of his worldly-wise kinsfolk at Lyons, he committed a pious fraud, and turned off from his homeward route to Geneva.

Here he remained, in the first instance, for four years or thereabouts, correcting some of the defects of his education, and securing as fully as possible a religious training. The paramount influence in Geneva at that time must have been Beza's, who had returned thither in 1563; but young Turrettini likewise found here many fellow-citizens and fellow-exiles from Lucca. It does not appear, at least in the present memoir, at what dates during the thirty or forty years after the flight of Vermigli the various other Lucchese families of whom Francesco Turrettini found members settled at Geneva had quitted their native city, but he was evidently one of the latest in this succession of fugitives. Among them were Burlamachi, descendants of that Francesco Burlamachi, so well known to the readers of Sismondi, who about the middle of the century paid with his life for his daring scheme of a federation of free cities in North and Central Italy; Balbani, one of whom (Niccolò) Francesco found established at Geneva as pastor of the Italian congre-

gation ; Micheli, Minutoli, Calandrini, Mai, and Diodati. Of these names none has so familiar a sound to English ears as that mentioned last. Carolo Diodati, who at the time of Francesco Turrettini's first sojourn at Geneva was one of the deacons of the Italian church there, was the son of a *gonfaloniere* of Lucca, but had early in life been sent to Lyons to learn banking. Having been forced to fly that country by the massacre of St. Bartholomew, he settled at Geneva, whither other Diodati followed him, and where most of his numerous descendants remained. His third son John, born in 1576, was the famous theologian, known as the translator into Italian of the Bible ('Diodati's Bible') and of Fra Paolo's 'History of the Council of Trent.' The fourth was Theodore, the father of Milton's schoolfellow and friend Charles Diodati, born in 1609, and a physician of note about London ; and it was in all probability through this channel that, as will be noted a little further on, Milton, who himself paid a visit of some length to Geneva on his way home from Italy, became acquainted with one, if not all, of the members of the Turrettini family.*

Yet when Francesco first arrived at Geneva, the sympathy with which he was treated by his countrymen and co-religionaries was at first qualified by circumspection. Carolo Diodati bade him at once send for the two chests of silks

* Professor Masson in the first volume of his 'Life of Milton,' but more especially in the new edition, pp. 98-103 and notes, has dealt so exhaustively with the history of the Diodati family, that it is needless to say more on the subject here. Among other details Mr. Masson mentions Theodore Diodati's application to King James I. in 1624 for the post of physician to the Tower, and his reference on this occasion for a testimonial of his fitness to the celebrated royal physician Mayerne (afterwards Sir Theodore). In a note by M. Théophile Heyer to p. 165 of the Turrettini memoir we are reminded that Théodore Turquet de Mayerne had acquired the barony of Aubonne in the Pays de Vaud, which accounts for his being called 'M. d'Aubonne' in the text. Mayerne was born at Geneva on September 28, 1573. A life of him was written by Beaulaire in the last century. His father, Louis de Mayerne, was a Protestant refugee driven to Geneva from Lyons by the persecution in 1572. The young man studied at Geneva, and afterwards at Montpellier, where he took his degree in medicine, and then went to Paris, turned Catholic, and became the physician in ordinary of Henry IV. and of Louis XIII. In 1616 King James I. invited him to England, where he became the first Court physician ; he remained attached to Charles I. in the same capacity, and realised a large fortune. A portrait of him, said to be by Rubens, exists in the public library at Geneva.

formerly consigned by him to Lyons, and when one of them arrived made him sell it to a Genevese merchant of position, 'feu le gros Savion,' who soon afterwards for some reason backed out of the bargain. This, says Francesco with pardonable irony, was the first good office rendered to him by Carolo Diodati, against whom it is evident that he conceived an enduring bitterness. Like Diodati, Niccolò Balbani seems at first to have thought that the newcomer would prove an embarrassment rather than a support to the Italian colony at Geneva; but he was deeply gratified when the young man, stimulated by a sermon of Beza's, came forward to aid in the maintenance of the Italian church at Geneva. Yet his resources were necessarily slender, and in 1579 he migrated to Antwerp, where he traded with such support (apparently not of a very liberal nature) as he received from his Italian connexions at Geneva. At Antwerp he remained till 1585, passing through the tremendous times of Parma's siege. He states that his outspoken Protestant zeal, which displayed itself, in no very saintly fashion for the 'ancient' of the French Church, in a readiness to lay wagers that the city would not be taken, caused him to be noted by Parma's orders 'sur le papier rouge;' and that the Pope and the Bishop of Rimini had taken care to provide for his being excluded from any arrangement which might eventually be made as to an exchange of prisoners. However this may have been, he doubtless had good reason to thank them for his narrow escape through the Spanish lines almost on the eve of the capitulation.

After quitting the Netherlands he stayed for about two years at Bâle, and in 1587 moved to Zurich, where he entered into partnership as a silk merchant with the Wertmüller family, again in connexion with Italian compatriots, Micheli, Diodati, and Burlamachi, at Geneva. Of the last-named house he married a daughter, Camilla, and with her lived for five years in his new home. Heaven, he says, prospered him notwithstanding his ignorance of the language and his being prevented from trading in his own name with either Italy or Spain; and though he practised great frugality, he was able to contribute to the maintenance of an Italian Protestant minister. In 1592, having served a sufficiently long term of expectancy, he was at last able to establish himself at Geneva, where henceforth he formed part, and after a time became the centre, of a family connexion which, with one or two exceptions, consisted of descendants of the Lucchese houses aforesaid, and which

gradually, like the well-known Quaker families of later days, with the aid of constant intermarriages, became inextricably intertwined. Thus of Francesco's brothers-in-law of the house of Burlamachi, which, more especially through him, now recovered something like its former prosperity, one married a Diodati, and the other a Calandrini; of his sisters-in-law, one married a Minutoli, another a Diodati, and the eldest, Renée, a Balbani.* With Francesco Turrettini, who himself had a numerous progeny, everything now seems to have prospered. Though the manufacture of silks—more especially of flowered silks—was, so to speak, his speciality, yet restriction to a special article of manufacture or trade was not the custom of his age, and his banking business grew so extensive that he became, in point of fact, the confidential banker of the Republic. Thus in 1622, about the time when Geneva was in fear of being besieged by the Duke of Savoy, the Government having enquired of Turrettini through M. Savyon (query: the 'gros Savion' of his earlier days?) whether he could advance any money to the State, he declared himself quite ready to produce 20,000 florins against proper security. In 1620 he built the house in the Rue de l'Hôtel de Ville which still is (or recently was) occupied by his descendants, and which bears several inscriptions expressive of the piety of its founder. In 1627 he had the honour to be enrolled with his eldest two sons on the burgess roll of Geneva; and as he was a member both of the Two Hundred and of the Sixty, he may be said to have completely recovered for his family in its new home the position it had once held in the old. He died in the arms of his sons, March 13, 1628, in the eighty-second year of his age. In his will he left many handsome legacies to religious and charitable bodies, including the Venerable Company of Pastors of the Republic; but his largest gift, of 12,000 florins,† was to the 'bourse des pauvres Italiens,' from which the needs of Italian Protestant refugees were met at Geneva until within recent date religious persecution became a thing of the past in Italy. In his bequests to hospitals he characteristically laid it down as a condition that mendicancy should be stopped

* Renée, whose memoirs have been published, married as her second husband one of the most extraordinary men of his age, Agrippa d'Aubigné, who must at the time have been past seventy. He died at Geneva in 1630.

† The value of the old Genevese florin was about 4½*d.*; that of the Dutch, mentioned in a later part of this article, is 1*s.* 10*d.*

at Geneva, and that 'ceste paoureté criant par les portes et 'rues' shall not be tolerated there. His second son, John, became by purchase owner of the seignorial estate of Peney.

In Francesco Turretini we recognise one of those active and vigorous men of business whose character is ennobled by the vein of deep religious conviction running through it, and in whom, fortunately for itself, the history of Calvinistic Protestantism abounds. In his eldest son, Benedetto, the subject proper of the volume before us, the religious element completely asserted its predominance. But though, as his biographer says, he did not seek the honours of this world, he was to play no undistinguished part on the scene of his endeavours. Born at Zurich in 1588, he received his education at Geneva, whither, as has been seen, his family moved in 1592. On both the College (high school) and Academy (university) the impress of Calvin still remained; since his death Beza's had been the guiding influence in both institutions. Protestant youths were attracted hither from various countries, and it was already the custom for them to lodge with pious families ('vivants selon Dieu') selected by the Venerable Company of Pastors.* Young Benedetto's training was, however, not confined to the influences of school and home. He accompanied his father on several mercantile journeys, thus acquiring a possession of modern languages which must have stood him in good stead during his brief diplomatic career. In 1606 he is found with his father at Heidelberg, then more than ever the centre of the schemes of combative Calvinism; in the same year at Zurich he formed the acquaintance of Professor Waserus and Pastor Huldricus, of his correspondence with whom it has been thought worth while to print some specimens at the close of this family memoir. They show the keen interest in politics which at that time pervaded the religious, and more especially the Calvinistic world, even when events came home less directly than did the death of Syndic Blondel, suspected of treachery in connexion with the *Escalade*, to a Turretini of Geneva. The attempt—or one of the attempts—at assassinating Fra Paolo agitated Benedetto and his learned correspondent Waserus so profoundly, that the Professor translated into German the French version of the sentence of the Seignory forwarded to him by his friend.

* In later years the celebrated John Diodati was especially sought out by young foreigners of rank, who boarded in his house. Cf. Masson, vol. i. p. 832.

In accordance with a generous usage of which the tradition, we believe, still exercises its influence at Geneva, it had been resolved to devote Benedetto to a learned career, viz. to that of a divine, his father merely insisting that previously to his assumption of any spiritual duties he should make a journey to France. Here accordingly he spent two years—1609–11—in the midst of which occurred the catastrophe of the assassination of Henry IV. A few months after his return home he preached before the Venerable Company of Pastors* on a text proposed to him by them, and was approved for the ministry. Almost at the last his father seems to have shown some hesitation; but finally he gave way to pressure, and allowed Benedetto to enter upon the twofold career of professor and pastor, on condition, first, that in the event of his assistance, in the way of a journey or otherwise, being required by his family, he, as the eldest son, should be allowed to furnish it without incurring the risk of dismissal from office; and, secondly, that he should be set at liberty from his charge if the Italian nation required him to establish a church for it. The filial piety and patriotic enthusiasm which led Benedetto to make these conditions his own are very noticeable; it was not long before he refused a call which came to him from the Calvinists at Paris. Like his father, he always kept a warm place in his heart for his native land; indeed, incidental evidence is offered in this memoir that (as children say) he ‘thought in Italian.’ He was permitted by the Venerable Company to preach once a week to the Italian congregation at Geneva, which till within recent date kept no services in its own tongue, and was in Benedetto’s time hospitably allowed the partial use of two of the ‘temples’ in the city, besides being afterwards assigned a house for its minister. Among his predecessors in this post were Count Celso Martinengo of Brescia and Emanuele Tremaglio (a converted Jew), two of Peter Martyr’s former disciples at Lucca, and among the members of the expatriated Lucchese families a Balbani and a Diodati. Six of Benedetto’s Italian sermons were in 1624 published at

* The Venerable Company of Pastors, which, besides supervising the *religious* life of the Republic, was responsible for the choice of ministers and for the character of their teaching and conduct, consisted of the five pastors of the city, the professors of divinity at the Academy, and the pastors of the rural congregations. The Consistory (= Presbytery), upon which it was chiefly incumbent to regulate the *moral* life of the community, consisted mainly of laymen.

Geneva, with an interesting dedication to his father. Their subject * is not less appropriate to the date of their production than is, according to the editor of this memoir, the vigorous Italian of their style; but the extracts here given, especially a passage of invective against 'the Roman Synagogue,' are mainly rhetorical.

Different times differently attemper the minds of earnest men, and it would be unreasonable to look in Benedetto Turretini for the spirit which led his grandson Jean-Alphonse, the correspondent of Leibniz, to endeavour in his day to broaden the foundations of his ancestral faith. Yet in the elder divine, too, the tolerance was not wanting which a happier age was more fully to develop in his descendant; thus, it is related in this volume how on his journey to Holland in 1621 he had a very friendly conversation at Calais with Simon Goulart, an exiled Remonstrant minister, and how on several occasions he expressed his disapproval of the severity shown to the Arminians in the United Provinces. But in the son of the Lucchese exile and the appointed pastor of a city which Rome would at any time have gladly crushed into powder, controversy with that arch-foe could not but be as the very breath in the nostrils of his divinity. Already before his appointment by the Venerable Company, when it is evident that he looked with predilection on the academical side of the work in which he was about to engage, he undertook to organise and conduct a university class designed to train students for public controversy with Rome. In 1618, six years after his admission to the ministry, he was excused from accepting the rectorate of the university in order to answer officially a noteworthy Jesuit treatise which reflected directly upon the character of the Church of Geneva. Coton, the author of the treatise in question, was still a redoubtable adversary, though the time had passed when, as the confessor of Henry IV., he had been suspected, however erroneously, of controlling the religious policy of that prince. On the assassination of Henry it was sought, as is well known, to establish a close connexion between this event and the supposed Jesuit doctrines on tyrannicide; and the 'Anti-Coton,' a tract full of inventive virulence, was published against the late king's confessor, who occupied the same position towards Louis XIII. and who was regarded as a type of the society to which he

* St. Luke xii. 5, 6.

belonged.* Coton's '*Genève Plagiaire, ou Vérification des dépravations de la Parole de Dieu,*' was designed to show the frequent falsification of the sacred text by translation into the vulgar tongue; but of the merits of the question we need say nothing except to note that elsewhere in this volume the Venerable Company is found informing the Synod of Alais of its design to attend to '*les défauts de l'impression de la Bible,*' in order to obviate '*tout iuste scandale.*' The curiously interwoven relations between theology and politics at the time are, however, illustrated by the concern felt at Geneva lest Coton's book should arouse a prejudice in the mind of Louis XIII. against the Republic, for which so much depended on the goodwill of his government. Benedetto Turretini's '*Défense de la fidélité des traductions de la S. Bible faites à Genève,*' described by himself as written in four months to refute the principal portion of a work composed in eighteen years, was accordingly specially commended by him to the attention of Louis XIII. in an introductory epistle, which in a moderate but by no means uncertain tone prays him to remember the services rendered by the kings of France, down to the very days of the Council of Trent, to the cause of a free and open Bible. The treatise itself, however, so far as can be judged from the extracts here given, contains much angry vituperation, both allegorical and direct, and a good deal of *tu quoque*; nor can we feign surprise that neither Louis XIII. nor his Spanish queen would ever consent to accept it from

* One of the persons to whom the authorship of the '*Anti-Coton*' was attributed was, according to Crétineau-Joly ('*Histoire de la Compagnie de Jésus,*' vol. iii. p. 158, note), Pierre Dumoulin, Protestant minister at Charenton. This was doubtless the learned Pierre du Moulin the elder (Molinaeus), father of the author of the '*Regii Sanguinis Clamor*' (see Masson, *u.s.* vol. v. p. 215). He is mentioned in our memoir as presiding at the Synod of Alais, which B. Turretini attended as deputy from Geneva. The Scoto-Frenchman, Alexander More or Morus, whom Milton charged with the authorship of the '*Clamor,*' became professor of Greek at Geneva a few years before the English poet's visit there in 1639. Milton was himself afterwards acquainted with one of the sons of Benedetto, who early in 1655 was staying in London. See his letter to Ezechiel Spanheim, of Geneva, in which he proposes that they should correspond through the two brothers Turretin, his acquaintance in London, and the professor of theology at Geneva, François, mentioned near the close of this article (Masson, vol. v. p. 175). Mr. Masson conjectures that the London Turretin was one of Milton's informants as to Morus's reasons for quitting Geneva.

the hands of the Genevese agent in France. According to the prolific fashion of the controversies of his times, Turretini followed up his first attack on Coton by a second, entitled '*Rechute du Jésuite plagiaire.*' It is a relief to turn from these controversial onslaughts to the historical sketch of the Reformation at Geneva, which the indefatigable professor appears to have composed at the desire of the Venerable Company as a kind of popular summary, intended above all to remind the Genevese in what quarters they ought to look for the real adversaries of their commonweal, viz. Rome and Savoy. This brief history, of which the full text is here given as being very rare, though it had not, as at one time supposed, remained actually unprinted, reaches to the end of the year 1535—the year before Geneva promulgated her Confession.*

The year 1620, fatal to militant Calvinism in Germany, was of critical significance for the prospects of the Protestants in France and Switzerland. Against the reactionary policy of Maria de' Medici's rule the Huguenots had at first hoped to prevail by an alliance with the aristocratic interest, represented among themselves by some of the greatest houses in France. Next, the queen-mother, whose power was beginning to slip from her hands, had thought it worth while to intrigue with some of their leaders. But in the end, after Epernon's revolt, both King Louis and his mother, and the monarchical and aristocratical parties in the realm, joined hands in a pacification which manifestly boded evil to the Huguenots. With the destruction of the rights and privileges of Béarn, hitherto one of the chief bulwarks of French Protestantism, and with the restoration of Catholicism in the principality of Jeanne d'Albret, began, about 1620, the series of struggles which ended nine years later with the fall of Rochelle and the ominous edict of Nîmes. In the same year 1620, a brutal massacre put Spain in possession of the Valteline. Although neither France nor Savoy could look calmly upon so palpable a gain to the House of Habsburg, Richelieu's day had not yet come, and the Thirty Years' War was to run half its course before the Spanish and Imperial troops were again deprived of their control over the eastern passes of the Alps. Not even in the days of Cardinal

* The Second Confession of Basil, published in the same year, is called the First *Eidsgenössische* Confession. This illustrates the true etymology of the term *Huguenot*, which is confirmed by Benedict Turretini.

Borromeo and the Golden League had the Reaction and its Jesuit agents been more assiduously and hopefully at work throughout a great part of Switzerland; nor had the apprehensions of the Protestant cantons and of Geneva, lying, according to the expression of a contemporary traveller,* like a bone betwixt three mastiffs, ever been better warranted than now when these three—the Emperor, the French King, and the Duke of Savoy—were on amicable terms with one another.

At such a time it is intelligible how certain internal troubles which had recently arisen in the Protestant church at Nîmes, reckoned the most important of all the Protestant churches in the kingdom,† should have greatly added to the existing disquietude. One of the Nîmes pastors, named Ferrier, having been compendiously found guilty of ‘heresy and malversation,’ had been lately excommunicated. Another, who had been deposed by the Consistory from his pastorship and professorship for notorious evil living, had been reinstated by the Synod of Bas-Languedoc, on condition of not exercising ministerial functions in the ecclesiastical province of Nîmes, but had been admitted to its pulpit by the congregation of Montpellier, which formed part of that province. To heal these disorders, the ecclesiastical authorities of Nîmes and the Synod of Lower Languedoc resolved upon seeking a pastor at Geneva, the metropolis of orthodox Calvinism; and, partly by reason of his own reputation, partly because a Diodati had previously filled a clerical office at Nîmes with excellent results, the Church of Geneva was entreated to lend the services of Benedetto Turretini for a term of six months. This request having been granted, Benedetto after some delay set forth on his journey about the end of August 1620. He found the church which he had been summoned to guide outwardly tranquil, but internally ‘desséchée d’une fièvre, laquelle rend l’exercice du ministère moins fructueux;’ yet complete success attended his endeavours to spread through the distracted community ‘la bonne odeur de l’union, pureté et simplicité que Dieu a miraculeusement conservées dans le petit Corps de la Compagnie’ from which he came forth. At times, as he afterwards informed the magistrates at Geneva, congregations

* *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ*, s.d. December 1621.

† Not long since, religious partisanship was still so keen in Guizot’s native city that the opera of ‘The Huguenots’ could not be produced with safety on the boards of its theatre.

of more than five thousand persons attended his preachings. He was also instrumental in bringing about a compromise in a quarrel which had arisen between the population of Nîmes and the 'Hôtel de Ville,' and which much agitated the city: it turned on a question that frequently troubled these times, viz. the restriction of certain municipal offices to what at Lübeck or Augsburg would have been called a 'patriciate' of particular families. He thus left a tranquil congregation and city behind him, when he passed on to attend as representative of the Church of Geneva the national Huguenot Synod which met at Alais, October 1, 1620, at the very time when the transactions in Béarn referred to above were producing deep excitement. The Venerable Company's letter delivered by him to the Synod bade it avoid any meddling with procedures 'de Cour et de Palais,' and pursue a straight path, following the example set of late by the Synod of Dort,* which had with great trouble and loss saved the churches of the Netherlands when already halfway down the abyss. In short, Geneva advocated a rigid upholding of the five canons of Dort, the total exclusion from the church of 'cette fa-
'cheuse zizanie' which favoured 'libertine' views, and the keeping 'an always open eye on academies, doctors, and 'scholars.' This rather magisterial attitude on the part of the Church of Geneva gave rise to some cavils in the Synod at Alais, when some penal procedure was thought to be intended against obnoxious ministers; but Benedetto Turretini was personally well received, and confined himself, in accordance with his instructions, to recommending union on the basis of orthodoxy.

Having accomplished his twofold task, for the performance of which he afterwards refused to accept the handsome *honorarium* offered him at home, Benedetto Turretini, amidst expressions of satisfaction and gratitude, set forth on his return journey. On his way at Grenoble he learnt on good authority that the Duke of Savoy had determined to attack Geneva either by a surprise or by a siege; and in the *viva voce* account of his mission which, after his return, he gave to the Genevese magistrates, he took occasion to add to his message of religious peace an admonition to arm 'as if Hannibal were at the gates.'

Charles Emmanuel I., whom patriotic history calls the Great, but who, had his reign been protracted beyond the

* The French Protestant Church, it will be remembered, sent no deputies to Dort.

long period of years actually allotted to it, might have brought about the extinction of a dynasty which at one time or another he had dreamt of seating on most of the chief historic thrones of Europe, stood at this time, so far as his more general policy was concerned, in an interval of relative repose. He had not forgotten the crushing defeat and serious territorial losses inflicted upon him by Henry IV. of France at the beginning of the century, though he took part in the schemes of that sovereign's later years against the House of Habsburg. Still less could he forgive Spain for imperiously prohibiting his claims upon Montferrat, and suppressing this phase of his protean ambition in a war in which his restless energy and his military genius exerted themselves in vain. But while in his heart he was probably harbouring hopes of reprisals upon both France and Spain, and allowing himself to be tempted to vague and remote aspirations by the unscrupulous diplomacy of the 'Anhalt 'Chancery,' he steadily adhered to the designs for a 'rectification' of his northern frontier inherited by him from his father, and indeed from the history of his house during four centuries. After the failure of the *Escalade*, over which Protestant Europe had exulted, he had found himself forced to acknowledge the independence of Geneva (1603); and when after the death of Henry IV. he had renewed his designs against the Republic, their execution had been postponed rather than defeated by the vigilance of the Genevese, opportunely aided by Zurich and Berne. Now, in 1621, when Charles Emmanuel's projects connected with the Bohemian and the Imperial thrones had been perforce dissolved into nothing, he once more took up his plans against Geneva. France was no longer the France of Henry IV., who had always regarded himself as Geneva's natural protector; the French subvention, that had been continued even under his successor, had ceased since 1618; and neutrality at least might be fairly looked for in this quarter. Pope Gregory XV. spontaneously, or at the instance of his omnipotent *nipote* Cardinal Lodovisio, blessed the enterprise of the new champion of the Church, and instructed Father Corona, his agent at the French Court, to commend it to the goodwill of the Most Christian King. 'Geneva,' he was to explain, 'is a very *cloaca*. That this 'asylum should be tolerated in Europe is a scandal against 'all authority. But the greatest evil of all is that Geneva 'spreads its poison far and wide by means of words and 'writings; many heretics are harmless in their own country,

‘but once at Geneva they operate on the Christian world ‘from this basis. It is necessary, then, that of this city an ‘end should be made.’ *Delenda est Carthago.* The king’s Jesuit confessor Arnoux, so the instructions which have been printed by Gaberel continued, was to be won by the promise of the establishment at Geneva of a college of his order. It afterwards appeared that the bishopric of Geneva was to be restored, and by a convenient arrangement bestowed upon Cardinal Maurice of Savoy. As for Spain, the duke was ready to grant a free passage to her troops through his territory to Flanders, no doubt hoping thus to keep them as much as possible out of Italy. Very soon symptoms of immediate action became observable. From all sides the Genevese authorities received information as to the preparations of Savoy: Prince Thomas Francis (Prince of Carignan) was levying troops; a Spanish division took up its quarters near the city; Savoyard engineers studied its fortifications; and the Jesuits pointed to warnings of the Divine wrath perceptible of late in the phenomena of the heavens. The Republic resolved not to be taken by surprise this time; but meanwhile money was urgently needed, and not to be obtained near at hand. There was but one quarter in which the Protestant cause had bankers who might be expected to honour any draft made upon them in its name. It was resolved at Geneva to send an agent to the States-General of the United Provinces to ask them for a loan, and Benedetto Turretini was chosen for the mission.

We must forego any detailed narrative of the course of his negotiations, which were ultimately crowned with success, but which, like most negotiations for such a purpose, especially with a government constitutionally provided, like that of the United Provinces, with a machinery almost unequalled for purposes of delay, took a considerable time to accomplish. Between seven and eight months may seem a long period, especially as the net result of Turretini’s mission was merely the actual payment of 30,000 (Dutch) florins, together with an undertaking on the part of the States to pay in addition three monthly subventions of 10,000 florins each in the event of the siege of Geneva actually taking place; besides which, in the course of his stay in the Netherlands, he solicited and obtained liberal subscriptions from the churches of Hamburg, Bremen, and Emden. But neither were these results in point of fact insignificant, nor were the difficulties which had to be overcome by any means purely formal. It is easy, with that very superior person,

Professor von Treitschke, to sneer at 'the Manchester men 'of the seventeenth century;' but one cannot read without admiration, in the account of his mission given by Turretini on his return home to the Genevese Council, the list of the demands upon the liberality of the States-General which at first interfered with the request he had been sent to urge. He states that claims for assistance were at this time advanced by, or on behalf of, the King of Bohemia, the Count [Marquis?] of Saluces, the Margrave of Jägerndorf, the 'Count of Brunswick,'* the Grisons, Rochelle, and Frankenthal [in the Palatinate]; nor was this list, in his opinion, exhaustive. Moreover, as he shows, the United Provinces at this time, though importuned for aid by so many claimants, and with their own war against Spain once more on their shoulders, virtually *received* no aid from any quarter. For the friendship of France was more than doubtful, while, as the Pope had told Father Corona, 'l'Angleterre ne se mêlait de rien.' In the true spirit of Jacobean diplomacy Sir Dudley Carleton seems to have striven to persuade Turretini that the support of England was worth asking, and would be given in due course; and the Genevese seems to have replied to him in the same fashion of grave make-believe. (George William, Elector of Brandenburg, by the way, a prince not usually distinguished by promptitude, sent 5,000 florins to Geneva on his own account.) Finally, what compensation was to be offered in this bargain, where, contrary to a popular couplet, the whole visible sacrifice fell upon the Dutch? In the straightforward words of one of the speeches addressed by Turretini to the States-General, the Republic which he represented could not 'offer the rewards of this world, or an equivalent of 'reciprocal services; but it offers, and with perfect sincerity, 'the most lively affection of all those dwelling within its

* The Margrave of Jägerndorf was John George, outlawed in 1621 for espousing the cause of King Frederick of Bohemia. The Count of Brunswick was Duke Christian, the Queen of Bohemia's famous knight. In the course of a report to his Government (p. 243 of this memoir) Turretini reports that 'Count Christian' had found at Soest a treasure 'bequeathed by a bishop to his two sisters,' and estimated at 300,000 rix dollars. This would have been a highly convenient *trouvaille*, but we take it to have been fictitious. No reference is made to any such piece of good fortune in the detailed account of the fighting bishop's exactions in these parts ap. A. Weskamp, 'Herzog Christian von Braunschweig und die Stifter Münster und Paderborn' (1884).

‘ walls, as being ever ready to the full extent of their power
‘ to serve the States-General.’

Almost from the first that body made no secret of its wish to meet the request urged upon it with such unmistakeable directness. But it cost Benedetto Turretini, who describes himself as running to and fro all the week days, and preaching on Sundays, no small amount of effort, first to screw up the amount of the proposed subsidy to a total of 20,000 florins, and still more to raise it by yet another third. One of his chief difficulties lay in securing the approval of this grant, which Holland had proposed at the outset, from the other provinces; for in truth Holland alone had the cash in hand, as was afterwards shown by its prompt payment of its quota—a full third—of the total ultimately agreed to. The Zealand provincial estates were frozen up literally, and the estates of other provinces figuratively, despite the pastoral eloquence poured forth to them by Turretini. Again, when the grant had been actually made, it yet remained to expedite the distribution of the liabilities of the several provinces, which were consistently slow to approach the *ultima ratio* of paying up. ‘ Nothing is wanting,’ writes Turretini in a hopeful sort of way as late as May 1621, ‘ but the contributions of Gueldres and Groningen, and the ‘ completion of the transaction on the part of Friesland (for ‘ I presume that Zealand has paid up, or will soon have ‘ settled the demands upon it).’ In the end, the excellent agent, although not losing patience, ventured to commit the completion of the arrangements to a lawyer, ‘ as is the way ‘ with foreign Powers desirous of bringing anything to a ‘ conclusion here.’

Benedetto Turretini’s endeavours were by no means confined to obtaining the loan in question from the States-General and from the provincial estates on which the former depended. We have already adverted to his solicitations to the wealthy Protestant cities of the north-western coast of Germany; and he would evidently have done far more in this direction both within and beyond the Dutch frontiers, had it not seemed probable that popular appeals of the kind would weaken the force of his official representations. He also negotiated with the Prince of Orange (the illustrious Maurice) for the services of two officers of engineers; and he shows himself an adept in the language as well as in the processes of diplomacy in describing the way in which he ‘ eased off’ one of these officers when there proved to be no longer any imminent necessity for his services: ‘ J’ai descousu sans

'déchirer tout ce que j'avois traité avec S.E. touchant sa 'personne.'* For the effect of the warlike preparations of Geneva once more proved the truth of an old proverb. Charles Emmanuel abandoned his design against Geneva. Perhaps he had come to think that a new attempt against the vigilant Republic might only end in a more elaborate disappointment than his previous designs in the same direction. Perhaps the Valteline incident brought home to him more strongly than ever the dangers to which the independence of Italy, an object really dear to him, was exposed from Spain, and he reflected that no Power was so able to divert her from schemes of this kind as the Dutch. The vagaries of his extraordinary political career were not yet at an end; but Geneva had no longer anything to fear from him for the moment; and it may be without much hesitation inferred that Benedetto Turretini's mission had contributed to this result. For it should not be overlooked that in April 1622 the States-General despatched to the duke a very outspoken protest against his designs upon Geneva, taking occasion to remind him explicitly of the sentiments entertained by him towards Spain in times anything but remote (the war which had ended with the peace of Madrid in 1617).

The memorials of the remaining nine years of Benedetto Turretini's life are scanty. 'Je ne désire rien tant,' he had on one occasion written home to the Venerable Company in the midst of his diplomatic labours, 'que de voir la fin de ces 'poursuites, où mon âme ne peut plus s'occuper, estant 'rappelé violement à ce qui est de nôtre vocation et de vôtre 'communion.' And thus he gladly turned back to his old occupations; resuming his chair of theology at the Academy (in which after his death he was succeeded by Frederick Spanheim), and in addition holding till 1625 the post of rector of the School. Two years afterwards, as has been already seen,

* This was De Maisonneuve. The other, Du Motet, according to Spon ('Histoire de Genève,' vol. ii. p. 518), with the aid of Ferault, a French refugee at Geneva, fortified St. Gervais, and dug a trench from the Rhone to the Lake, so as to cover the city. Our memoir (p. 263) states that almost the solitary outward memorial left of Benedetto Turretini's successful mission is the name of the Bastion de Hollande, appropriately bestowed upon one of the fortifications erected at Geneva with the aid of the funds obtained by him. But Spon (*u.s.*, 598-600) distinctly affirms that the Bastion de Hollande derived its name from the cost of it having been defrayed out of the subvention obtained from the States-General in 1661 by Benedetto Turretini's son François.

he received together with his father the franchise of the city which in various ways they had served so well. During his late years he seems to have found less time for writing; he published, however, besides a treatise on the irreconcilable opposition between Scripture and the Church of Rome, a series of seven sermons in French, entitled 'Profit des 'châtiments,' and bearing the characteristic motto:

'Heureux qui est apprins de toi
Et qui, bien instruit en ta Loy,
Seigneur, y a bien profité.'

He died three years after his father, on March 31, 1631. On his deathbed he was visited by the Venerable Company of Pastors, of which he had been so faithful and zealous a member.

Benedetto's eldest son François Turretin—for the name was gallicised in various ways till of late the family reverted to the original Italian spelling—was in every respect worthy of his father, to whose career his own presents a strikingly complete parallel. As professor in his turn at Geneva he attained to high eminence among the authorities of orthodox Calvinism, of which his massive 'Institutio Theologiæ 'Elencticæ' continues to be considered one of the standard books.* Curiously enough, in 1661, he was sent to Holland on a mission closely resembling that which his father had taken upon him forty years earlier. Apparently, the experience of the so-called Rappersweil War (1656) had once more directed the attention of the Genevese to the danger threatening them from Savoy, which soon afterwards recovered its territorial losses in the peace of the Pyrenees (1659); and a general feeling arose that the defences of the city ought to be put in order, accompanied by the usual difference of opinion as to the way in which this might be most effectively done. Once more, as in 1622 (and in 1594, when a considerable loan had been obtained from the United Provinces), recourse was had to the friendly munificence of the Dutch; and François Turretin, after meeting with a very distinguished reception, brought home a most substantial sum, amounting to 75,000 Dutch florins. Like his father, he had combined preaching with diplomacy, and with so much success that both the Walloon Church at Leyden and the French Church at the Hague eagerly sought his services

* Bayle, in his article on the Turretini family, speaks highly of this work.

as their minister. But he refused both offers, as he afterwards did a still more flattering invitation to the chair of divinity at Leyden. 'Comme il auroit fait un trop grand vuide, et dans l'Eglise, et dans l'Academie, on les pria de ne pas trouver mauvais qu'on voulut le conserver dans Geneve.'* So he remained in his native city, of which Benedict Pictet, in his 'Benedicta Memoria Turretini,' declares him to have been the glory. Nor did the next generation of this race of patriotic and scholarly men prove *pejor avis*; to it belonged the large-hearted Jean-Alphonse already mentioned; among the descendants of Benedict's brother, the seigneur of Peney, were likewise two theologians, Samuel and Michel. 'With them,' says our memoir, 'ends the theological tradition of the family, which now turned to the magistracy. From this point onwards commences a series of magistrates which continues during two centuries, and closes with the present (1871) *procureur-général* of the Republic.'

Such is the substance of this simple record, well worth composing and preserving, of the fortunes, more especially in its period of trial, of an interesting family which carried over into very different conditions of time and locality the best traditions of Italian love of learning and Italian civic patriotism. In a reply, already noticed, addressed by Benedetto Turretini in the name of the pastors of Geneva to the magistrates of the city, he supports his recommendation of strict discipline by an appeal to the example of Lucca, which on the same head had not shrunk from doing its duty by its citizens. In the opinion of the editor of this memoir, this proves that the Turretini family still maintained relations with their native place. The most distinguished members of the line will be chiefly remembered as citizens of the Republic and pillars of the Church of Geneva; yet if the long-lived influence of a cherished historical association be worth taking into account, one might almost apostrophise these unflinching champions of the faith that was in them under the designation of 'pastores Thusci,' just as Milton reminded his friend, their kinsman:

'et Thuscus tu quoque Damon,
Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.' †

* See Spon, vol. ii. p. 599, note (ed. 1730). The memoir before us contains, so far as we have observed, no reference to François Turretin's mission to the Netherlands.

† Milton's 'Epitaphium Damonis,' 127-8.

- ART. VII.—1. *The Naval Annual*, 1887. Portsmouth : 1888.
2. *The Defence of Great and Greater Britain*. By Captain J. C. R. COLOMB. London : 1880.
3. *Journals of the Royal United Service Institution*, 1887–1888.
4. *Statements of the First Lord of the Admiralty explanatory of the Navy Estimates*. 1887–1888.

TOWARDS the close of last July the inhabitants of Plymouth were celebrating the tercentenary of the defeat of the Invincible Armada, and at the same time a fleet of no less than seventy of her Majesty's war vessels were on their way to carry out certain experimental exercises relating to fundamental problems in naval defence. The coincidence might be viewed in various lights, and from various points of view. The more obvious impulse would probably be to enter into comparisons between the naval forces and the naval circumstances of that time and the present, and to enlarge upon the changes which three hundred years have wrought. We might easily follow up these most interesting thoughts did we close our eyes to all but the coincidence. Far deeper and graver reflections spring into being when with our mind full of the coincidence we take such a work as that which stands at the head of our list into our hands, when we weigh it side by side with others, and when we recall the naval debates which in and out of Parliament have preceded the operations of our squadrons. Least of all could we content ourselves with comparisons of what was in Queen Elizabeth's reign and what is in that of Queen Victoria, when we note the varied and uncertain aspects in which the results of our autumn manœuvres have been viewed by the public. For on the face of the coincidence in time between the anniversary of Philip's disastrous pageant and our own tentative exercise there appears a leading reflection. The expedition of Medina Sidonia was undertaken in an age when naval warfare was undeveloped, when it had no settled rules, and when the minds of statesmen and seamen were alike unmade up as to the proper naval policy for this or for any other maritime country. Rules of procedure in naval war, certainties in its policy which grew out of average experience, were the slow product of after years. War after war at sea had shown, not perhaps exactly what could and what could not be done, but what on an average of chances was proved to be most expedient, and most calculated to develope the

greatest naval force at the lowest expenditure of money and energy. War after war went on, until at the beginning of this century all things naval were in every maritime country reduced to standard patterns. Every country on the declaration of a naval war knew what line must be taken up both by itself and by the country opposed to it; and it prepared in peace time those special classes of ships, and those special arrangements for arming and manning them, which the whole naval world had agreed to consider the most economical vehicles for the exhibition of naval power. The case was strictly analogous to what had taken place in military states where the patterns and proportions of infantry, cavalry, and artillery were equally fixed in their armies. But at the time of the Armada nothing of this kind had been settled. It was, in point of fact, only beginning to dawn upon the world that there was such a thing as naval war. It had only lately been recognised that maritime countries could be vitally injured on the sea, and even out of sight of the land. Sea-borne commerce had become to Spain a main source of her national life, and certain English adventurers had discovered it, and they struck at her life in this unexpected quarter, laying, almost unconsciously, the foundations of purely naval warfare. Hitherto there had been no such thing. There were military expeditions by sea, as there had been from the earlier times, and there had been military battles on the water as their consequences. But naval war, such as that which has enabled this country to build itself up, was non-existent before the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Philip's primary error was that he did not forecast, and proposed to continue military war by sea under forms—on an enlarged scale, it is true—which were really obsolete. His ships, his methods of arming them, and his methods of manning them, no longer answered the calls of naval war, as Professor Laughton has well shown. It was no wonder that his strategy—as the same author has pointed out—was also wholly at fault. Philip intended that if his ships fought at all at sea with the English they should fight a military and not a naval battle, and carry their opponents by grappling and boarding them; and then, by sheer weight of troops, beating down resistance. Philip's ordnance was inferior, and his supply of ammunition was short. If he went so far as to conceive the idea of a sea-fight, he had no conception that ordnance alone was the master in it.

With appliances thus unprepared for the sort of work

which was to be done, his strategy followed suit. Instead of separating the military from the naval part of his expedition; instead of holding Lord Howard's naval force at Plymouth in check by naval force, while the military force, not necessarily defensible at sea, swept up Channel to its destination, he mixed everything in a conglomerate and suffered the consequences.

But scientifically, and apart from the individual differences between Spaniards and Englishmen, Philip's Armada went to wreck because it had no rules to go by, and because he and his advisers were left to guess about the economies of naval war. The deep significance of the coincidence we have noticed above is, that in some sort maritime nations, and more especially our own, are again obliged, or at any rate consider themselves obliged, to work by guess on nearly every point of modern naval policy. In the month of July three hundred years ago, Spain learnt by a painful and fatal experience what was the real meaning of a naval armament, and England was settling definitely how she ought to defend her shores. In the month of July this year England sent out an armament to conduct a series of difficult, dangerous, and trying experiments, in order that she might not, like Spain, find herself wholly wrecked and broken on mistaken forecasts of the outcome of future naval wars.

And everything shows us that she has need of such experiments; not sporadic, impulsive, and disconnected, but steady, persevering, and continuous. For from the broadest and deepest principles on which a naval policy can rest, up to the minutest detail of constructive art, or of administrative effort, there is neither firm footing nor certain step. No 'chain of linked sweetness long drawn out' connects the years either of naval idea or of naval fact. Neither an end in view, nor progress towards some end not yet in view, is to be found in authoritative speech or authoritative action. Only a tossing sea of uncertainties, where at one time one idea masters, and at another some opposing and contradictory thought has the upper hand.

Iron and steel for oak; steam for wind; hollow bolts filled with explosives, for round and solid shot; the ram, and the locomotive torpedo, have all come into use since the close of our great naval war with France. As new elements they have been acting and re-acting on one another. They have certainly modified the settled rules of naval policy which existed almost intact up to fifty years ago; have they abolished them? Have they launched naval conditions, and

naval force, all over the world on a sea of speculation? Or are the modifications such as can be ascertained and fixed on the ground that the laws of naval warfare are among the verities, and that new naval inventions, or new ideas concerning naval inventions, can be judged by the standards set up in history? That in fact is the naval problem of the day, and it was the same problem which presented itself to Spain in 1588. Philip followed precedent without examining whether precedent was a safe guide. We have taken the opposite view. We have practically assumed without examination that precedent is no guide, and it has been like the return to a better mind when we set ourselves at last to the examination of precedent before going any further towards its condemnation. Our case has been this. Finding that invention has run away with us, and left us in some new country of which we know not the topography, nor whether we may use our custom in the endeavour to trace our way in it or out of it, we have made the beginning of a survey which will tell us, if continued, where we are.

We have said above that the broadest and deepest principles on which a naval policy can rest are shaken and remain unsteady; what has shaken them if it be not unsteadiness lower down? A want of assuredness as to what naval force can now do, or must fail in—the curiously diverse views which during and after the naval manœuvres found voice in the public press on the preliminary question of what the laws of naval war were with regard to many of its former operations are a clear indication of our major premiss. For our minor we do not really know of any changes in the world sufficient to account for the diversity of view, unless it be a fundamental doubt as to what naval force now means, and against what it will be operative.

If we had any definite naval policy either of principle or of detail, we ought to find it in Lord Brassey's book, where the title of his own section—'Recent Naval Administration'—seems to invite the survey of a naval policy with a backbone to it. But Lord Brassey has evidently found himself driven to leave the whole fabric of naval arrangements as they were, a series of disconnected items, amongst which antagonism is as often present as harmony. From this cause we are forced to use the 'Naval Annual' largely without quoting it to the same extent. The great value of the work is that, not being a study itself, it offers all the data for study, and enables us to see how far we have wandered, and are wandering, in this new inventive

country before we fall back on its systematic survey. If we turn to the two statements of the First Lord of the Admiralty in reference to the naval estimates, we are equally bewildered with the sounding of notes which cannot be harmonised. We see that we have come to think that naval policy consists in the preparation of means for some ends not discoverable, or at the very best for some immediate ends of a diverse or even of an opposing character. On the fundamental matter of territorial defence, the First Lord of the Admiralty this year submitted to a large reduction in the navy estimates, and approved of a large increase by way of loan to the army estimates, on the express ground that such an arrangement 'must largely increase our offensive naval power.' Then on the great question of the preservation of our commerce in war, the First Lord accepted our whole contention.

'The conditions of naval warfare have so changed, and are so changing from day to day, that nothing but actual experience could justify any confident prediction as to how a thoroughly effective protection can be given by any fleet to a commerce whose sea-going steam tonnage is double that of the rest of the world.'

The Secretary of the Admiralty, speaking at Liverpool in the summer as a shipowner, but necessarily with official knowledge, went very much further than his colleague, and frankly told his hearers that British commerce under the British flag must disappear in war. It was a gigantic conclusion to arrive at, that the red ensign would no longer fly even in a war with France alone perhaps. But it is plain that the idea of wholesale transfer of flag contemplated could arise from nothing but uncertainty on the subject of naval force, which experiment might very possibly remove.

But if the language of statesmen is vague and uncertain on these matters of naval defence, much greater vagueness and uncertainty is written in the letters of steel and iron which compose the alphabet of our fleet. The horrible incongruity of our display in July and August; the impossibility of doing anything complete or combined, with such a heterogeneous mob of ships; the entire hopelessness of putting a meaning to it all, might even throw despair into the soul of a Nelson, did the eye of some such growing genius rest upon it.

It is clear that the defence of a maritime empire, of which the greatness as a power must ultimately rest on the maintenance in freedom of the sea routes which connect its several parts, involves two principles: the strategical and

the tactical. The strategical comprises the locomotion and disposition of the naval force; the tactical comprises the preparation of the force for battle, and its conduct in the presence of the enemy. If there were any clear, or even formulated, ideas on the strategy of imperial defence by naval means, it certainly ought to show itself in the two matters of speed and coal endurance in individual ships. We ought surely to trace, in any group of ships, some guiding ideas on these provisions, and some moderately fixed relations between the speed and the coal endurance. But, as we shall later on endeavour to show, our search after any governing idea is a hopeless one. And in the very last announcements of what we intend to do, the trace of a leading idea, or of any correspondence between imperial naval strategy and war ship design, is non-existent. We shall illustrate this part of the subject by as full an examination of the July and August fleets as our space will permit; but what are we to say to the results of a similar examination of the tactical ideas set out in the same fleets? There were, as we have said, seventy ships sent to sea as representing the navy of England, of which twenty-four were first-class torpedo boats. The forty-six men-of-war that remained embraced no less than thirty different patterns of ships, and illustrated at least three differing and contradictory forms of battle, or methods of fighting. We shall follow this point up more closely hereafter, as one of the most vital consequence, and one which it is evident is not so much neglected as deliberately ignored. But at the moment we can readily explain what the position is by comparing the situation of an admiral at present with what that of a general would be were his army constituted as our fleet now is. As to strategical movements, it is as if in the general's army most of the brigades differed largely in marching powers and transport capacity. If the general could not arrange his campaign without going into details as to the differing marching powers and differing supply of his brigades, he would be as the modern British admiral must now be, bearing in mind that for the admiral these differences of marching and subsisting are irremovable. As to the tactical part, our admirals are in the situation of a general commanding an army, some of whose brigades could only fight in line to advantage, others only in column, others only in square, and others only in echelon. We may appear to use language which is somewhat startling, but we shall show it to be strictly true. And we shall show, by the testimony of the ships com-

posing our July and August fleet, that for a number of years past the mere conception of combination, either for strategical or tactical ends, has been wholly absent, and is absent in the very latest proposals. At this point the question seems to be whether, in our deliberate breach with precedent, we are very much better off than Philip II. was in blindly following an obsolete one. Our readers will probably agree with us in thinking that, if we do not exaggerate or overstrain the case, we should have been better off had we followed some kind of precedent or leading idea, even had it been one not wholly correct.

But it may appear that, in so plainly stating the case, we are launching anathemas at the head of some personality or personalities. It probably must be so, for individuals have so acted at different times to produce the existing results, and we can, at least in the history of war ship design, often put our finger on the initial false step, or if we chose could identify the owner of the foot which made it. But, amongst all useless things in naval affairs, the personal aspect which is given to controversy predominates. The ease with which the material point is lost in the midst of a personal squabble is the despair of the honest naval reformer. And, besides, it is the environment that has made the men who took the false steps. Who is to say that in a different environment these steps would have been taken? And what has made the environment, if not that progress of invention which it is equally impossible for the naval statesman to condemn and to love? Hence our argument must be that practically the inventor has controlled the naval statesman, and that the object of an article such as we are engaged on must be to help the naval statesman to regain and keep control.

With this purpose in view, we intend to sketch briefly the leading principles of imperial strategy, and then those of tactics by sea. The considerations we shall offer will probably give us some conception of how naval invention as to the locomotion of war ships ought to be controlled and applied, and also some notions how the principles of tactics should govern the nature and position of a war ship's armament.

Our difficulty in approaching the subject is what we have stated. At this moment, the foundations of naval strategy are shaken, for it is assumed (1) that commerce protection is almost impossible to this country by the use of naval force; and that (2), as commerce will go on just the same under neutral flags, it would be somewhat quixotic in this country

to make sacrifices in a direction which leads to nothing. Hitherto, that is, ever since our adventurers discovered the method of striking at Spain by sea, the damaging of the enemy's sea-borne commerce and the protection of our own has been the first principle of naval war, and its historians have been accustomed periodically to balance accounts in the capture of merchant ships as points scored or lost in the game. To consider naval strategy under the proviso now insisted upon, that our commerce is safe from attack, becomes a startling novelty when we face it. But the difficulty is not here. It is that we are called on to sketch out a policy of naval strategy under the condition that our commerce may, or may not, be attacked. We might easily be led away from our main purpose to dilate on the extraordinary position in which we find ourselves under the *régime* of the Declaration of Paris in this regard; but still we cannot pass it altogether by, as we must show some reason for supposing it safer to conclude that the Declaration of Paris, even if adhered to, would not greatly relieve the navy from the duty of protecting our commerce by force. For it must be observed that there are two points in the possible action of the Declaration of Paris when it allows the neutral flag to cover enemy's goods. It may relieve the fears of the British Islanders in relation to food supply, as food might—in the absence of blockade—arrive in sufficient quantities in *bona fide* neutral bottoms to supply our needs. This might also be so with a considerable amount of ordinary merchandise. But this is not the immediate question. The real point to be considered is the value of the property of this empire which is embodied in its shipping, and the loss of income which the country would suffer were its carrying trade to be stopped, or even seriously impeded.

Lord Brassey (p. 118) gives us as a comparison the mercantile shipping tonnage of France, Germany, Russia, and Italy, as 3,747,043 tons, and of the United Kingdom alone as 7,242,216 tons. Taking Colonial and United Kingdom shipping together, we own about 37,500 ships with a burden of nine and a quarter millions of tons. The question of the commerce of the merchant is really separate from the property of the shipowner in the first instance, and we are to ask ourselves how we shall sustain the preliminary injury which would fall upon us were this vast body of shipping to be laid up on the outbreak of a naval war. But for the merchant the question of freight follows close upon the heels of the stoppage of the shipowner's income—estimated by the 'Times' in December 1887 at 45,000,000*l.*

to 50,000,000*l.* a year. For should there be a withdrawal of two-thirds (to put the extreme case) of the supply of the world's tonnage available for cargo, there must be a corresponding rise in freight under neutral flags. The answer to these considerations which is offered is that the wholesale change of flag already alluded to will take place. We are not in a position to discuss here the full bearing of this answer, but we cannot but think it too lightly made. It seems to assume that neutral states will readily enter into arrangements to benefit one belligerent, and will be deaf to the remonstrances of the other. For it is clear, even on the face of Mr. Forwood's speech, that he, and presumably his brother shipowners, are under the impression that a change of flag is a mere form; that British ships can sail under a foreign flag during the continuance of the war without material loss to their real owners, and can be restored intact at the end of it. The assumption is that neutral states will suffer the prostitution of their flag to suit the convenience of this country. Mr. W. E. Hall, in his '*Treatise on International Law*,' gives, as an appendix, the conditions under which the various maritime countries will permit the use of their flag. A glance through such a list is not very hopeful for those who follow Mr. Forwood's views. Austria will grant her flag to ships owned by Austrians, and of which the captain and two-thirds of the crew are Austrian. Belgium will grant her flag provided at least five-eighths of the value of the ship is owned by Belgians. Germany will not lend her flag to any ship which is not exclusively owned by Germans. Italy is more free, and will suffer her flag to fly on board ships under special arrangement in the case of joint-stock companies, when they are officered by Italians and are manned to the extent of three-fourths of their crew by Italian subjects. The United States will not grant its flag to any ship not built in the country, unless it has been captured in war, confiscated for breach of federal law, or bought after shipwreck and repaired to the extent of two-thirds of its value by American citizens. The law of France does not recognise the validity of sales of ships from a belligerent to a neutral subsequent to a declaration of war. We need not pursue this part of our subject further. We have said enough to show that under existing conditions we must either be prepared to protect commerce under the British flag, or suffer losses probably greater than any sacrifices which its protection would entail upon us.

Deciding, then, that the protection of sea-borne commerce under our flag must be one of the elements of our strategy, we can arrange in order the different forms of attack to which our situation makes us liable at the hands of a naval power. We have, first, the capture or destruction of our property at sea; secondly, commercial blockade; thirdly, bombardment of coast property; fourthly, occupation or capture of outlying territory; and, lastly, descents upon and invasion of the centre. We have put these different attacks in the order in which we might reasonably expect their occurrence as the war went on. Capture on the high seas or in our territorial waters might be expected to follow either immediately on the declaration of war, or on the expiration of those days of grace which are sometimes allowed before such hostile operations begin. Commercial blockade can take place by simple order of the officer in command of the naval force off any port, and would be immediately operative to stop ingress and egress, though it would not subject to penalty neutral ships attempting to break it unless it could be shown that they had knowledge of its existence. Were there no force to hinder it, it would evidently be put into operation simultaneously with the commencement of capture on the high seas. Destruction of coast property (leaving out of question the international lawfulness of so attacking certain classes of property) might be expected to follow next; for if the enemy's ships were in a condition to capture our ships off our coast, they would most probably be in a position to destroy property on the shore by shell fire. The capture or occupation of outlying territory, whether colonial or nearer home, including those serious attacks on our commercial ports which military defences are calculated to repel, are matters requiring preliminary preparation and organisation. They could not be expected early in a war, and the latter would moreover hardly be undertaken at all except by the side that found itself winning. Last on the list, because requiring the greatest preparation beforehand, we have the attack by invasion of the centre and citadel of the empire—the United Kingdom.

Lord Brassey supplies us with a map modelled on those which have followed the original drawn up by Sir John Colomb in 1869, and which will be found as the frontispiece of his 'Defence of Great and Greater Britain.' This map gives us, in the first instance, the principal trade routes to and from this country, and shows us at a glance the situation of our commerce with regard to possible

attack. It spreads over a series of diverging and converging routes comprising the outward and homeward bound trades, and it circulates round and about the shores of all our possessions in the form of coasting trade. An enormous body of shipping is continually diverging and converging, offering therefore to the enemy the greatest opportunities at the foci, if we may so speak of the points where the routes converge and diverge. These foci are of two kinds—(1) trade centres, including ports of supply; and (2) necks of commerce—points where the conformation of the land necessitates an aggregation or clustering of ships on diverse voyages. Of course, the United Kingdom, with its 35,000 convergent and divergent British ships engaged in foreign trade, and its 541,000 entries and clearances of coasters yearly, must ever offer the greatest field for the operations of the commerce destroyer. Then follow the great British colonial ports: Cape Town, Bombay, Calcutta, Melbourne, Sydney, the New Zealand ports, the Canadian ports, and so on; besides, of course, the great neutral ports at the end of voyages. Then we have such points as are ports of supply and distribution, as St. Thomas, Malta, Aden, Colombo, Singapore, Hong Kong, &c. And, lastly, such compulsory narrowings of the stream of traffic as are to be found at Capes Finisterre and St. Vincent, the Straits of Gibraltar, the Suez Canal, the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, Point de Galle, the Straits of Malacca and Sunda, Cape Lewin, Bass Strait, Cape Frio, the Straits of Magellan and Cape Horn, and so on to where the lesser streams of traffic are compressed and crowded by smaller natural obstructions. At all these points our shipping gathers, and consequently offers special facilities for capture. Then every route gives the opportunity to an enemy to lie across it, and some routes are necessarily narrow, as that through the Mediterranean and down the Red Sea. It is, on this view of the circumstances of our commerce, pretty certain that the enemy would first endeavour to strike at points where our ships were most numerous and where the cost and difficulty of making the attack were least. This latter condition would undoubtedly be measured by the nearness of the point of attack to the enemy's own ports; and evidently, too, it would be more difficult—because of the territorial water question—to make an attack off neutral coasts or ports.

Hence it seems obvious that, were we at war with powers whose ports lie along the Atlantic, Channel, and North

Sea seaboard, the most persevering attacks on commerce would be delivered off our own shores. Were we at war with other countries, their closest attacks would be upon the nearest commercial centres and round our ports of supply. Were our defences so successful as to make the game not worth the candle, the attack would be made upon the nearest necks of commerce more difficult for us to defend because of adjacent neutral territory, but yet safer for our commerce by the presence of neutral waters. But were we again successful in defence here, the commerce attack would have to betake itself to the sea highways, and to accept a smaller harvest obtained at a lesser risk. This would be the last resort of the enemy under the compulsion of our successful defence, and if even thus foiled, we can conceive him nerving himself to abandon the direct and isolated attacks on individual ships, and to concentrate his force to strike directly at a port of supply, and indirectly at the commerce dependent on the port of supply. Here he might have a double design, either to cut off the supplies of the naval forces defending shipping in the vicinity, or actually to stop the trade by the occupation or destruction of its port of call. There might be the lesser design of a raid in force to bombard and sail away, but this would clearly be apart from any steady design of striking at our commerce.

There is a conception existent at this moment that an enemy in the position we now assume for him, as failing, in consequence of our defence, to strike at ports of supply abroad, would betake himself to the organisation of very powerful fleets for striking simply destructively at such great commercial centres as Liverpool, Glasgow, Hull, and Newcastle, to say nothing of London. It is no doubt possible to conceive his taking this course, but, before he does so, he must have made up his mind that the results will justify the risk. Assuming, as we do, the commerce in the immediate vicinity of Liverpool guarded, the force employed by the enemy must be equal to overpowering the guard. The question then arises whether, with the commerce of Liverpool for the time in his hands, the risk of going further will not deter him, and leave him content with the advantages gained of blockade and capture. But for the purposes of illustration we assume the attacks. Attacks on territory which it is intended to hold, such as islands and peninsulas forming parts of our colonial empire, are not attacks on commerce. We can conceive the enemy attempting them, in the absence of success against our commerce, and then in the last resort we can understand his preparing himself for the gigantic effort of invasion.

Such is the present condition of our empire; such are the openings it offers to an enemy's designs against it by sea. We can perceive at a glance that as it is, so it was in the days when it not only defended itself, but throve conspicuously in the exercise. The empire is wider spread, its constitution is more artificial, and the organisation of a higher order. Commerce is more vital to it than it was ninety years ago, but as it stands the empire of to-day differs only from that of ninety years ago in degree. If connexion between the various parts is more necessary to its life, steam and the electric telegraph have diminished the time-distance—the only important concern—between them. If it be that the enemy can more easily break the connexion, so can steam and the electric telegraph more easily restore it. Only by supposing that one side in a contest will be able to use inventions which the other side cannot, do we present the problem of the defence of the empire as differing in kind from what it was at the beginning of this century.

We have sketched the attacks to which it is liable by sea. With the exception of the organised attacks on our commercial ports at home, for which we have no precedent later than the time of Charles II., all the attacks mentioned have abundant precedents in history, and followed in the order in which we have placed them. What was our ancestors' view of the arrangement and disposition of the naval force which was to meet them? All naval force was divided into two great sections, with a wide gulf between them. The one section consisted of what were called 'Ships of the Line,' or 'Line-of-Battle ships,' the other class were placed under the generic title of 'Cruisers,' and consisted of frigates, sloops, and smaller vessels. The line-of-battle ship surrendered speed for offensive and defensive power; the cruiser surrendered both for speed. The gap was so great between the force of the line-of-battle ship and that of the cruiser that it was contrary to usage for the latter to fire on the former, as it was courting useless slaughter. The frigate fled from the line-of-battle ship as a matter of course. This marked division between the two classes of ships did not always exist, it was the outcome of experience in war. At the beginning of the revolutionary struggle with France in 1793, there was a greater tendency towards a gradation in the units of naval force, from the most to the least powerful, than there was later on. At the earlier date there was a group of thirty ships carrying fifty and forty-four guns, which were classed neither as line-of-battle ships nor as

frigates, the smallest of the former carrying sixty-four guns, and the largest of the latter thirty-eight. It happened that by the cutting down of larger ships which had failed as such, and the conversion of Indiamen, some fourteen ships found their way into this intermediate class, but, notwithstanding this, only sixteen of the whole class survived in 1807. The want of economy in not preserving the gap between the cruiser and the line-of-battle ship was patent to the whole navy of the day, and found strong expression in the words of Lord St. Vincent. The gap was to be maintained because the duties of the two classes of naval force were diverse and distinct. The line-of-battle ships were grouped in fleets, acted, and fought in concert as the ultimate naval defence of the empire, beyond which attack should not proceed or penetrate. It was essentially a resisting force, and as such abandoned its nimbleness. The cruiser primarily acted alone, though when increased force was required such ships were as capable of collection into squadrons as the line-of-battle ships were. She was essentially a commerce protector, on the principle, well established, that the enemy would not waste heavy force in the isolated attacks on commerce, for which a lighter force was sufficient. The choice in commerce attack, where there was not convoy, was between the employment of few heavy ships, and of many light ones—many heavy ships being financially impossible. The economy of war evidently compelled the latter choice, which in its turn enforced the employment of many light ships in defence. The other duties of the cruiser were those of the scout and watcher. For these speed and not force was required.

The distribution of these naval forces in reference to defence was practically invariable. The line-of-battle force was the defence of territory, and wherever there was territory open to attack, there was line-of-battle force. Fleets of line-of-battle ships held East and West Indian waters, guarded the shores of Canada and Newfoundland, and guaranteed the security of the Cape of Good Hope. But the territory of the United Kingdom was the most precious charge; so, not only were fleets of line-of-battle ships provided, watching at a greater or less distance the line-of-battle fleets of the enemy, which, did opportunity offer, were ready to seize and hold the Channel, and so open the door to invasion, but a reserve fleet lay at home in case the watching fleets should be evaded. Thus was territory preserved in the times gone by. The protection of commerce was by convoy, and by the

watching of areas where our shipping was necessarily congregated, many of the points being those already mentioned.

This disposition of force was what might be called the foundation of our naval defence. Underlying it was generally the conception that the military blockade of the enemy's war ports was to go on side by side with it; and experience proved that the more complete was their blockade—that is, the more certain it was that war ships seeking to escape would have to fight their way out—the less necessary it was to provide for defence against ships which had escaped. Blockade grew more perfect as wars went on, but it could never be wholly trusted, and it was least efficient and least trusted in the case of vessels fitted out to prey on commerce. In the best days of blockade these vessels swarmed, and it remained always necessary to provide against their attacks by other means. Cruisers offered the other means, and the numbers in commission rose from 169 in 1794 to 684 in 1809.

All that was done against us, or prepared against us, in the way of attack by sea was by the admittedly inferior naval power; all that we did in defence was done by the admittedly superior naval power. As we assume that position still, and do not deny that, whatever our policy is to be, it is a necessity that it should be that of the superior naval power, historical precedent does not fail us at any point, unless it be that the rapidity and the certainty of steam propulsion operate more to the advantage of the inferior than of the superior naval power. All we can remark on this head is that there has been a good deal of steam warfare of late years, and that no one can say that any part of it points in that direction. It is, in fact, the other way, even when the facilities of coal supply were pretty equal. The history of the Confederate cruisers during the American civil war was that of a struggle for coals. In most cases there were interludes of inactivity in neutral ports for want of coal, which in one case led up to the capture, in another to the sale, and in a third to the destruction of the cruiser. The German experience was the same in the case of the 'Augusta,' watched and paralysed in the neutral coaling port of Vigo. It is a platitude to point out that the superior naval power with coaling stations of its own dotted over the world's surface has an advantage in steam warfare that no element matched in the days of sail.

Thus it would seem that with sufficient naval force of the right kind our empire may rest even more securely than ever

it did ; and the danger can only arise from neglect to provide sufficient force, or from failure to provide the right kind. Our position is that we run into both dangers by failing to make sufficient examination of precedent, and to keep in frame a general policy of naval defence.

The character of the attack on our commerce being made thus plain, not only by the reason of things as they exist, but by the precedents of history, we can see that its naval defence must range itself under the three heads of local guard, patrol, and convoy. Local guard was and is a naval force permanently stationed to keep a certain area of water free by threatening the enemy with capture or destruction if he appears within it. If the area surrounds a friendly port, it becomes the base of the local guard, and, while furnishing the latter with coal and other supplies, has its own supplies protected by the presence of the guard. Local guard is more difficult to maintain off neutral or enemy's territory, for then the base of the local guard must be at a distance ; and to maintain a definite force in the allotted area, a still larger force must be employed in order to provide for the absence of ships replenishing their supplies at the base. If we can suppose the local guards to be efficient at all the foci of the trade routes, it becomes evident that the enemy must content himself with lying across the routes between the foci, and making a weaker attack, because of the less crowded state of such waters, and also because of the increased distance of the enemy from possible ports of supply. A substitute for defence by force in this case is proposed. If the ships traversing the route spread themselves over a broader belt of water, they necessarily lessen the risk of capture, and steamers are little inconvenienced by using somewhat circuitous routes.

The route may be otherwise defended by patrol. If a series of war ships be dotted along any sea highway, it follows that an enemy in search of lambs has a very fair chance of meeting a wolf, and it depends entirely on balance between the chances of lambs and the fear of the wolf whether the enemy will make up his mind to try his fortune in that locality. Patrol may be carried out either by stationing the cruisers to patrol certain lengths of the route, which would be done at low speeds to save coal ; or by despatching them like a regular line of passenger ships at fixed intervals of time from the ports at each end of the route. The ships thus despatched could, with sufficient coal supply, be kept at a good speed, say ten knots, and at such

speed would be sure to have an enemy at an advantage, as the necessities of coal supply would enforce his remaining at low speed. The route from the Channel to St. Lucia is a long one—there are not many longer. It is, according to Lord Brassey, 3,600 miles in length, so that six cruisers, each running over 300 miles, would keep a very fair watch upon the whole route. Otherwise it might be guarded by despatching cruisers at ten knots every fourth day from either end. In such a case the employment of six cruisers would keep always four, and occasionally five, cruisers on the route. Routes so guarded would be narrowed as much as possible, the trading ships endeavouring to sight each patrolling ship for their assurance of timely help. Shorter routes, such as those between Gibraltar and Malta, Aden and Bombay, could be patrolled by proportionately fewer ships, because they might act at greater speed, having their coal supply nearer at hand.

It is common to say that convoy will never be employed again. It is one of the possible methods of protecting our commerce by force, and its employment would depend chiefly on the willingness of the merchant to submit to restrictions in the way of time which convoy would certainly require. His choice would be governed by a comparison of risks and inconveniences, and by the view the underwriter took of it. Convoy is the alternative of patrol, and the two would not probably coexist. The objections to convoy were as well known and as clearly stated at the beginning of this century as they are now; and precisely the same arguments were used with regard to the fast and the slow trade which have of late been advanced. So also was Sir Samuel Baker's advice anticipated, the fast ships being recommended to put guns in their sterns in order to give battle while flying.*

Such were, and are, the methods open to us when we determine to protect our commerce by force. We cannot here or elsewhere in this article go much into considering the amount of force required; but it does not look as if it would be overwhelming, and the review does not tend to range us on the side of the First Lord of the Admiralty in his belief that we cannot tell, until we are in the midst of the struggle, how to protect our commerce.

If these methods were successful, they would equally guard our ports at home and abroad from blockade and our

* See 'Remarks relative to the Danger attendant on Convoys.' By R. H. Gower. 1811. Quoted in R. U. S. Journal, vol. xxxi. p. 304.

coasts from bombardment. The attack on our shipping is the lesser attack, the one most easily entered upon. If our local guards all round the United Kingdom, and at all the foci of commerce, as well as off the shores of our colonies, were sufficient to prevent our shipping being carried off, they would manifestly be sufficient to prevent closer attacks by way of blockade and of bombardment.

The methods of attack we have discussed were not alone those in use in the days of sailing vessels. They were adopted by the Confederate cruisers in the American civil war, and by the single cruiser sent out by Germany during her war with France. It is not generally known that Germany then decreed the establishment of a volunteer fleet—an action held by our Government to be in accordance with the rules of war—which would, no doubt, have followed up the old game once more.

The next attack in the scale is that on ports of supply. We have to consider how such undertakings should be met. We have already seen that the presence of naval force covering the port of supply is an absolute necessity where we deal with ports that are commercial centres. This is the case with nearly all our coaling stations, and it is curious to note the change of view that has come about in the years that have rolled away since attention was first drawn to the subject, chiefly by Sir John Colomb in his pamphlet on the 'Protection of our Commerce,' published in the year 1867. Then, the principle of local guard being strongly insisted on, it was made of force sufficient to resist organised attack, and the coal that it protected was the supply of the cruisers. Now the naval mind looks for its coal supply in war to floating coal depôts, which may be placed wherever convenience dictates. The port of supply has then become a mere piece of territory to be protected indifferently by land or by sea forces, and the inference drawn by the First Lord of the Admiralty, and already adverted to, follows that if the protection by land is efficient, the naval force may be withdrawn and employed elsewhere. The idea is the result of failure to master the principles of commerce protection which we have sketched. A great deal of confusion of mind exists on the subject, which is indicated by passages which we shall quote from the 'Naval Annual.' But if we remember that the naval local guard cannot be dispensed with, because of the dangers of blockade wherever the port of supply is commercially valuable—which is the usual case—we can see that the land defences erected must assume local guard driven in.

by superior force, and the blockade established before the attack on the port can begin. It follows that we must look on what is now called 'the defence of our coaling-stations' as a method of protecting them against capture by a force organised for that purpose, or against destructive bombardment; and we must accept the blockade, which may wholly stop trade for the time, as unavoidable, and only to be removed by the arrival of the superior naval force which we had held to be released when the land defences were established. This appears to be correct reasoning, but it does not generally find expression.

Lord Brassey writes:—

'We have a conspicuous advantage over other Maritime Powers in the possession of a connected chain of coaling stations along the main lines of our ocean steam trade. We have too long neglected the obvious duty of making our valuable dépôts secure from attack. The blame must be divided between political parties of all shades of opinion. Successive ministers have shrunk from the unpopular task of proposing expenditure for an object, the necessity of which had not been put before the public in a manner to command attention.' (P. 54.)

'While the assent to proposals to fortify particular positions must not be expected without long and patient argument and conclusive proof, there will be little difficulty in demonstrating to the taxpayer this general and indisputable proposition, that, wherever we have a position of unquestioned importance to defend, protection will be most effectively and economically given by fortifications.'

But then—

'If the public is somewhat slow to be served, especially in the matter of fortifications, the explanation is not far to seek. Many a costly proposal has been pressed, and many have been carried into execution, for which, as experience has shown, there was no real justification. We have an instance in point in the case of Alderney. And are we clear that the great works of Dover were a necessity? Was it policy to defend Bermuda with works which could not be manned with less than 7,000 men, the strength of the garrison in time of peace being 1,400, with slender probability of reinforcement in the event of war?'

Again:—

'To keep our ships in port for harbour defence is not only a most expensive method, but a diversion of the navy from its proper duty. The sphere of action of the navy has been defined with the voice of authority by the Royal Commission on the Defence of the Coaling Stations. It is "To blockade the ports of an enemy, destroy his trade, deal with his ships at sea, and prevent an attack in great force upon any special place." The proper relation of the naval to the military defences of the empire has been defined by Sir Anthony Hoskins:—

"The principal duty of the commander of a naval force is to meet a hostile squadron wherever it can be found, and not, by dividing his ships in the different ports, to give the enemy the command of the sea, and the power of attacking him separately. He has a right to expect that the principal ports shall be protected by land forces and batteries either afloat or on shore, sufficiently strong to protect them against an ordinary cruising squadron, and, by sending it off, to give him a better chance of intercepting it." (P. 55.)

Lord Brassey interprets these views by a reference to King George's Sound, a port right in the track of the Australian trade with England, whether proceeding *viâ* the Cape or *viâ* the Suez Canal.

'As an illustration in support of the considerations which have been urged, reference may be made to the means recently adopted for the defence of King George's Sound when a war with Russia appeared imminent. The present writer was informed, on the occasion of a recent visit to that important harbour, that a corvette and a sloop were detained some weeks at King George's Sound for its defence. The united crews can scarcely have numbered less than 400 men. It is no exaggeration to say that forty men in a battery would have given equal security against attack by a cruiser attempting a rush for the port to fill up empty bunkers.' (P. 56.)

'The nearest route from the principal ports of Australia to the Suez Canal passes within a few miles of the entrance of the harbour. The importance of the position is obvious. To quote from the report of Sir William Jervoise: "King George's Sound, if left undefended, may in time of war be occupied by hostile vessels, which issuing from thence might cut off our steamers and merchant ships. On the other hand, if defended it would become a most valuable naval port for vessels of war acting for defence." Protection against first-class ironclads is not needed. In time of war, ships such as the "Peter the Great" or the "Amiral Duperré" will be retained in European waters.* The attack on our commerce in distant seas will be made by swift steamers, lightly armed, and probably unprotected by armour. We ought to be in a position to deny King George's Sound to vessels of this class when short of coal. For this purpose inexpensive works with light armament would be adequate.' (P. 64.)

The whole importance of King George's Sound rests, as Lord Brassey tells us, on its commanding a neck or narrowing of the commercial stream. The ships, by the strategy of

* This is a necessity of their being. Nominally the 'Peter the Great' has nearly 5,000 miles of coal endurance; actually very much less. The 'Amiral Duperré' has probably not more than 3,000 miles endurance. Both require very large supplies, and are thus precluded from operating where coal supply must come from chance opportunities in neutral ports,

commerce defence, would have rested on that base as local guards. If fortifications and a garrison are necessary in addition, the intelligible theories determining their strength would be two—namely, to defend it against capture by a force sufficient to overmaster and drive in the local guard; or to defend the local store itself against a surprise by raiders, which, being inferior to the local guard, had eluded their vigilance. We dwell only so long on this question of the land defence of ports of supply as may be necessary to show that, considered as naval defence or as commerce defence, the proposals made do not meet the apparent intention. They would relieve the navy from the entire responsibility for defending the ports, but at the cost of admitting their blockade, and perhaps bombardment. But, as against capture or destruction, the land defences and the local guard united might prove effective where the local guard alone would fail, and the double strength might force the enemy to content himself with blockade and the stoppage of trade until naval succours arrived. But it seems needful to utter a word of warning, in addition to Lord Brassey's, as to the faith which seems now reposed in guns and works, and presumes that garrisons sufficient to man both will always be forthcoming. It is well that we should continually remind ourselves how Spain lost her stronghold of Gibraltar through the insufficiency of its garrison, while the fact that she had made it a stronghold has enabled us to hold it ever since.

Supposing our reasoning to be correct, we return to the case where the enemy, having failed to break at sea the strategical arrangements by which our commerce is defended, determines to attack a port of supply defended by a local guard and works and garrisons equal to such guard. Evidently the force he will require must be superior to twice the local guard, for before the attack can succeed, the local guard must be driven in or driven off. If driven in, it combines with any properly arranged military defence and doubles it; if driven off, it must be masked and prevented from interfering with the attack on the place. No rule of naval war is more plainly written on the face of history than this. A continuous stream of cases could be quoted, but we must content ourselves with one recently spoken of, which is entirely to the point. The French Baltic squadron in the summer of 1870 twice made preparations for the bombardment of the town of Kolberg, and twice abandoned the design on news arriving that the very inferior German squadron was in a position to attack it before the operation could

be thoroughly completed, repairs made good, and stores replenished.

We see then, that, unless the enemy is to content himself with simple bombardment—which, by the hypothesis, he could hardly do—he must make his attack in such force as will enable him to capture and hold the place. The fact, if it be one, tends to put special difficulties in his way, and to show that attacks made on ports of supply, properly defended by local guards and land defences behind them, must fall into the higher order of attacks made upon territory. They must follow the precedents which in former wars kept the West India Islands eternally changing hands. But such captures were generally due as much to questions of winds as to want of defending naval force. It can hardly be assumed that the relentless accuracy of the superior naval force under steam will suffer much of this sort of thing. There is no reason to believe that territorial attacks, when once begun, are much hastened in execution by modern inventions. News of the attack and succour in answer now fly with a rapidity and certainty unthinkable to our forefathers, and this speed is entirely in favour of defence. If, passing from the abstract consideration of the matter, we think of such ports of supply as Cape Town, Aden, Colombo, Singapore, and Hong Kong, we can see the absolute necessity of providing cruisers in sufficient numbers for the protection of the commerce of each of them from capture and blockade, and the necessity of remembering that the land defences are to work in harmony with, and not in the absence of, such naval force.

We are now to suppose that the enemy, failing to seriously damage our commerce directly, and failing to possess himself of outlying territories and commercial foci, determines to prepare for supreme efforts by striking at the centre of the empire.

From the days of the Armada to those of Trafalgar, history has made us familiar with threatenings of invasions by land forces, large and small. But for the other sort of attack—that on commercial, industrial, or warlike centres naturally guarded by tortuous approach from the sea—we have but the one precedent where the Dutch, stealing a march on us under cover of the peace negotiations at Breda, sailed up the Medway and the Thames in the year 1667, burnt certain war ships, and held the Thames for a time. Threatenings of insult and of demands for ransom by flying raiders, where property is exposed to injury under the guns of a ship at sea, are also historically familiar to us both

before and since the wind failed to fall in with Paul Jones's ideas of the ransom of Leith. Bombardment from the sea, provided ulterior purposes are not looked for, and the operator is content with pure insult and mischief, has been much facilitated of late years, as, owing to the greater range of the guns, ships can lie so far off as to act with perfect impunity. As against works, the fire upon certain forts at Alexandria showed that modern ironclads had very little power unless the range was short; and, on the other hand, a ship at 4,000 or 5,000 yards range is so insignificant an object that she need fear no sort of fire from the shore at her; whilst the town aimed at is a very large target indeed. But two jokes which are current amongst naval and military men give a point to the modern ideas of bombardment which nothing else rivals. It is said that ships intending to bombard will shelter themselves under the curvature of the earth; and it has been stated that one of the ships in the late manœuvres laid her guns 'W.S.W. by compass, eight and a quarter miles,' for a large inland town.

But when we consider bombardment not as a mere insult to be prevented by a chain all round the coasts of the United Kingdom of light local guards, which it appears Lords Cowper and Northbrook would furnish by means of volunteer naval defence if they had their way, but as a serious operation of war, we find a difficulty in supposing the inferior naval power could undertake it. The element of time would always be wanting to make it effective, and on this ground one at least of the operations—if not all—of the Achill fleet in the late manœuvres was terribly misleading. The nine or ten hours occupied in bombarding the moles and shipping at Odessa, the thirty-six hours off Sweaborg, the ten hours off Alexandria, the six days occupied by the 'Angamos' in the bombardment of the Peruvian town of Arica, are all but ill represented by the short half-hour or so which Admiral FitzRoy, with 'Rodney,' 'Warspite,' 'Severn,' and 'Iris,' was able to spare for the destruction of each of the towns of Aberdeen, Leith, Shields, Sunderland, Hartlepool, and Grimsby. And precisely the fear that would operate in the mind of any commander in the inferior navy operated on that of Admiral FitzRoy. He dared not remain for fear of being caught. Now the value of the ships under his command was near two millions of money; is it possible to suppose a reasonable maritime state risking a squadron of that value to carry out a mere insult to half a dozen coast

towns? Some force equally effective for mere insult, but very much cheaper, would assuredly have been used, but such a force would have been warned off by a very moderate local guard.

Sir George Tryon, in proceeding off Liverpool, followed as an experiment the precedent set by Admiral De Ruyter, with the difference that he did it in presence of a superior force and the certainty of being destroyed if he remained, while De Ruyter was well assured that he was at the time the superior force, perfectly free to go or stay as he chose. Sir George spent twenty-four hours in the Mersey. He dared not stay longer, for though he was only twenty-four hours from his base, his interception was quite possible. If we can imagine the enemy sending such a body of ships as the 'Hercules,' 'Invincible,' 'Ajax,' 'Hero,' and 'Devastation,' 400 miles—for there is no foreign port nearer—to lie twenty-four hours off Liverpool with the chance of being cut off on the way by a vastly superior force, and almost the certainty of being cut off on the return, then Sir George Tryon's raid becomes a precedent to take a lesson by, but not otherwise. If it was worth risking half a navy for twenty-four hours' destructive shelling, we may take warning by the Achill fleet. If not, then we must resort to the old precedent set by Lord Torrington in 1690, when, being but fifty sail to seventy, with the enemy in sight off Beachy Head, he was able to write to the Council, 'Whilst we observe the French they cannot make any attempt either upon ships or shore without running a great hazard.' This we have already alluded to, and the principle is so clear that it should convince us of the impossibility of a naval enemy making a deliberate attack in force on any port or shore of the United Kingdom while we exhibit a reserve force. On the other hand, the cruises of the 'Calypso,' 'Amphion,' and 'Spider,' and the perfect impunity with which they raided amongst the shipping and harried the coast towns, are but a reproduction of historical episodes, and showed most conclusively that much prestige would be lost, and very serious damage done to any nation however superior that was unable to effect the complete blockade of the enemy's forces, and yet neglected the provision of local guard at every possible point of attack.

In the matter of Sir George Tryon's raid upon Liverpool, much surprise has—we think very naturally—been expressed that Admiral Baird should not have concentrated his forces

in Milford Haven, with extended cruisers across the Channel and up the Irish Sen. We believe the solution will be found in the clever elimination by the Achill fleet of the element of time. This elimination arose in the manœuvres of the previous year, in which it was assumed that an enemy would readily proceed to the bombardment even of a fortified place if he could only secure ten hours before the defending fleet appeared. The Achill fleet improved on the precedent by inducing the belief that half an hour or so was time enough to score a victory. Under such impressions Admiral Baird was in a false position. At Milford Haven he was less than twenty-four hours' moderate steaming from the Mersey and forty-eight hours' from the Thames. Even if we can suppose him to have got no telegraphic news until the enemy was in sight of either river, yet could not the Achill fleet have spent as much as twenty-four hours in the Mersey, or forty-eight hours in the Thames, before its death-warrant would have been signed by the appearance of the defending fleet. We leave it to those who choose to do so to argue that the enemy would, under such conditions of time, make his attack. But when the conditions of time were eliminated from the game it is manifest that Admiral Baird was beaten when the enemy got before him. And if, under such circumstances, the Thames was to be defended, there was no certain plan but to go to the Thames and let Sir George Tryon act elsewhere at his leisure.

The element of time equally applies to the possibility of invasion. Controversy rages between those who think sudden invasion by a force of at least one hundred thousand men possible and those who think it impossible, chiefly because one side eliminates or minimises the element of time, and the other side declines to do so. No one disputes the position that an enemy, geographically situated as France is with regard to these islands, and holding command of the Channel, need fail to land the whole of an army numbering indefinite millions on our southern coast. No one ventures to deny that, with a home fleet intact and in reserve, the command of the Channel for invading purposes cannot exist for the enemy. But the upholders of the policy of preparing to deal with the invading army after it has landed, rather than to prevent its landing, presuppose no reserve fleet at home and the active fleet absent or destroyed. The provision of a reserve fleet, which was, as has been amply shown, a settled element in the naval defence of former years, stills the controversy unless the element of time is not only called

in but dismissed. That is to say, we are to argue that there will be time for the invading forces of 100,000 men to assemble, embark, cross, and land; but there will not be time for the assembly of the reserve fleet to intercept them. Moreover, we are to hold that, though it is quite certain that communications across Channel, always unsteady, will almost immediately be cut by the arrival of superior naval force, yet the flying column will, by the capture of London, have conquered the whole country and made sea communication of no importance. This is the neo-Napoleonic system of warfare, which may or may not be founded on a sound basis of probability. We are not concerned with it, for it has nothing to do with naval defence. From the point of view of the latter science we have to consider that invasion must be preceded by command of the Channel; not obtained by accident, but by the exhibition of superior naval force; and then the province of naval defence is either to prevent the assembly of such a force, or to meet it and beat it when it assembles. We have to remember that we are still to consider this country as the superior naval power, and we are to understand that the policy of the enemy must be to divide his own main fleet in different and distant ports, with all the resources of the electric telegraph connecting its several squadrons. This division necessitates a like one on our part, for otherwise we shall have abandoned all our local guards, patrols, convoys, and commercial foci into the hands of the commander of the superior division nearest to them, who is free to issue and destroy them.

But the aim of the enemy is to become superior by employing such strategy as will enable him to fall with two divisions of his fleet on one of ours and beat it before it can be supported by reinforcements. The system was entirely familiar to, and admirably worked, so far as combination alone went, by the French and the Spaniards throughout the long course of their wars with us. They were eternally presenting themselves down to the very last failure under Villeneuve in nominally superior force to our fleets, and if their nominal had only proved to be their real superiority the British Empire might possibly now have been represented by a verbal memorial and nothing more.

The position was perfectly illustrated in the late manœuvres. Taking, for the sake of the illustration, battle-ships alone, we had the British fleet of thirteen sail superior to the Achill fleet of nine sail. Sir George Tryon's Achill fleet was divided so that five ships were at Berehaven, watched,

by seven ships of the British fleet under Admiral Baird, while four Achill ships, under Admiral FitzRoy, were at Lough Swilly, watched by six British ships under Admiral Rowley. Tryon and FitzRoy were in that almost instantaneous communication which the electric telegraph affords; while Baird and Rowley were in communication only by steamer direct, 550 miles, or by steamer to Milford, 180 miles, by telegraph to Lamlash and thence by steamer from Lamlash to Rowley, 100 miles. Were the eighteen knots of our fastest cruisers a reality, which it is not at sea, a message sent one way between the admirals would take thirty-one hours at least, and sent the other way twenty hours. Always, then, the blockaded fleets were about a day in advance of the blockaders in the way of information; and, granting the power of escape and of eluding observation, Tryon might have taken his ships, supposing them all equally capable of locomotion, and might have timed himself to appear off Lough Swilly exactly at the moment when FitzRoy, by pre-arrangement, was issuing therefrom to give Rowley battle. Such an arrangement would have been a development of perfect naval strategy, for Tryon and FitzRoy would have fought Rowley off their own port of supply, close to their own base. They would have obtained the strong probability of inflicting a thorough defeat and demoralisation on nearly one half of the British fleet, with a possibility of being in a condition to have proceeded to the defeat of the other half. At the worst they would have made the further blockade of Lough Swilly impossible, while they fell back into their own port for the repair of their damages, and for sending out those minor expeditions against patrols, local guards, and commercial foci, which became open to them from their local superiority of naval force.

The danger to the command of the Channel thus arises from the fact that the division of the enemy's naval force amongst his several war ports compels us to divide our naval force to watch each port, and at least to paralyse by the observation of a superior force the operations of each separate squadron. The late manœuvres seem to confirm what had been already insisted on as patent on the face of historical record, and the experience of the American civil war, namely, that a steam blockade in the face of torpedo boats could not be expected to prevent the issue of single ships, though it might prevent the issue of a whole fleet in a body. It followed, however, that a fleet might escape piecemeal, reunite at a rendezvous, in precisely the same manner as the 'Warspite,' 'Severn,' and 'Iris' from Berehaven

united at a rendezvous off the Hebrides with the 'Rodney' from Lough Swilly, and then, still on the given day, bring the blockading squadron off one port between two fires. When the enemy collects his whole force into one port and does not strike at once, as he did at Brest in the autumn of 1799, his strategy is at an end, for he allows the concentration of the superior naval force to paralyse his action. The strategical effect of the division of a fleet into different ports is therefore easily seen. There must be, for the safety of the superior naval power, greater naval force off each port than there is within it; and, as blockade cannot be guaranteed complete, there must be such a reserve as will not leave the Channel open even if the enemy by combination should overpower and defeat one of the watching squadrons. These considerations tend to show the fallacy of our stopping short, when examining our naval condition, at any percentage of numerical superiority in ships to the nations possibly to be at war with us. Our safety would not consist in this unless the geographical situation of their war ports was such as to ensure us against the employment of a strategy which is not only historically feasible, but which steam and the electric telegraph have amazingly facilitated. Our custom of regarding our naval power simply by the method of enumeration has possibly arisen from a traditional but unrecognised reliance on the method of blockade, without any real examination, and without fully considering the changed conditions. And the late exercises must be taken to denote an awakening to ascertain what military blockade actually means when strategical combinations of great importance may follow its breach. We have already pointed out that in the late manœuvres, as in the combinations of France in former days, the greater part of the advantage which the inferior naval power possesses is his connectedness in the way of intelligence. There is absolutely no difference here between then and now. Paris, Brest, Cadiz, Carthage, and Toulon had possibly as great an advantage in intercommunication by land in 1799 as Bantry Bay and Lough Swilly had in 1883. True, the horse express was somewhat slower than the electric telegraph, but who is to say that, looked at all round, steam has not given about as great an advance on communications by sea? But yet, as the advantage was given by the electric telegraph, it seems impossible to think that we should not in war connect our blockading squadrons by cable between themselves and with the centre. Using the manœuvres again for illustration,

Baird with a cable from Milford to Dursey Island, or Cape Clear Island (posts he could hold), and Rowley with a cable from Lamalah to Inistrahull Island, would have been nearly in as close communication with each other as Tryon and FitzRoy. Combination could have been met by combination, and the blockaded force would have taken nothing by its movements.

As to blockade itself, the manœuvres have hardly modified the results of previous study and reflection, as may be observed by comparing the discussions in June last year and in May this year with the published accounts of the manœuvres, and the newspaper comments and correspondence which have followed them. There is, on the one side, proof that blockade failed to prevent the issue of the fastest ships singly and in groups, which was anticipated in all the previous discussions. There is also the asseveration that the blockaders neither had sufficient preponderance of force for the purpose, nor the right kind of naval force. But these points were also foreseen, as they arose naturally from the experience of the Federals in the civil war. The preponderance of Baird was 31 per cent. in battle-ships, and the Parliamentary returns of June last give England a preponderance of 39 per cent. in battle-ships over those of France—though if it be assumed that the French coast defence ships could act from their ports and the English coast defence ships could not act away from their ports, then the English preponderance for blockade purposes only stands, by the same return, at 17 per cent.; but this is by the way. The blockading forces could only be said to be fitted for modern steam blockade if it were assumed that the torpedo boat is as efficient an instrument for the blockader as for the blockaded.

But it was well known, and clearly stated by the First Lord of the Admiralty, that this was not the case. He said ('Statement,' 1888-9, p. 6): 'The decision of the Board, contained in my statement of last year, by which they determined to discontinue the building of torpedo boats for *sea-going purposes*, and to substitute vessels of a much larger displacement, was amply justified by the experiments of the past year.' Now there are no such tests of 'sea-going' qualities as blockading services, and as the blockading torpedo boats were not able to keep the sea, but had to anchor by day on the enemy's coast, which they could not have done had the enemy been really such, there is practically an end of that question. The wonder, however,

remains that, side by side with such an announcement, the First Lord should have proposed to build six more of these vessels of proved inutility to the superior naval power. There is some theory floating about that they are a defence for commercial harbours. They certainly are so, provided the owner of the harbour is the inferior naval power and prepares for the attacks of the superior one. But they are not of any material use for the defence of the superior power's harbours and shipping against the raider which the inferior naval power always has employed, and it may be presumed always will employ, if the local guard is sufficiently weak to tempt him. The torpedo boat can only operate by night, and only on specially dark nights, and it must know that every ship it meets is an enemy. It could not operate at night when there were but one or two enemies amongst a multitude of friends, for there are no means of distinguishing the one from the other.

How far a fleet fully equipped with torpedo vessels, such as the 'Rattlesnake' and 'Sharpshooter' class, may be able to control the exits from a blockaded harbour, remains to be proved. The fear of the torpedo cannot operate in peace time. But if experiment showed in peace time that any considerable proportion of the vessels attempting to escape were actually struck by torpedoes fired by such vessels as the 'Rattlesnake,' the fear of the torpedo would be established in all blockaded minds in war time.

Opinion in the navy of England has long been strong in the belief that the torpedo boat was the greatest enemy to a blockading force which has yet been created. The experience of the manœuvres has immensely strengthened that belief. The Admiralty had made a rule for the manœuvres that a torpedo boat could not be put out of action till she had been three minutes under fire. There was something like a cry of indignation from ships attacked or liable to be attacked that it was absolutely impossible on a dark night to see any torpedo boat for three minutes before she fired her torpedo, and the rule was held to be terribly unfair. Inferior naval powers will require no further stimulus in the construction of engines so well adapted to weaken blockade.

We are now to suppose that defence against invasion by means of blockade has failed, and that we are driven to the *ultima ratio* of naval war, the general action for the command of the Channel. But having come to this point we observe that we have done with strategy and must consider tactics; so before dismissing the former, which governs war-

ship design in the matter of speed and coal endurance, let us see how the ships of the July fleet have conformed to any standard. We have already seen enough to convince us that, for commerce protection, we are safe to rely on precedent, and it is only necessary that our cruisers under steam should, as nearly as possible, represent our cruisers under sail. That means that the elements of speed and of coal endurance are primary ones, and clearly that a high average standard of speed and a high average standard of coal endurance should be aimed at. Great divergence in either element lays us open to two dangers, the danger of being only able to put our hands on the wrong ship when the time comes, and the impossibility that may in consequence arise when grouping cruisers to increase the force.

There is a clear limit to coal endurance necessary to be drawn if we would provide an economical naval force. The cruiser should be able to steam at some fixed speed—now generally taken at ten knots—direct from any one of our coaling stations to any other. The greatest distance between any two is found in the Pacific between Vancouver's Island and the Falkland Islands. Lord Brassey puts it at 7,280 miles. Therefore 8,000 miles of coal endurance furnishes a standard as to which we cannot well be wrong, and as to which we can say that it ought to be no smaller, and that to make it larger will deprive the cruiser of some element of greater importance. As to the speed, what we can do is to strike an average of what can easily be got, and aim at that. That no such ideas prevail, and that there are no standards, can be seen when we turn to Lord Brassey's tables for information relative to the July fleet. We have to bear in mind that, owing to improvements in the steam engine, facilities for giving both speed and endurance have largely increased, and therefore both ought to show a growing increase in proportion to the displacement. What we are concerned with is not this, but the continually shifting views of the relations which ought to subsist between speed and endurance.

In 1868, when the 'Inconstant' was launched, we had ideas of a very large powerful cruiser of near 5,800 tons displacement, a speed of rather over sixteen knots, but an endurance of only 2,780 miles, represented by a coal supply of thirteen tons per hundred tons of displacement. Next year, in the 'Active' and 'Volage' we let the speed fall to fifteen knots and the endurance to 2,000 miles. In the 'Iris' and 'Mercury,' in 1877, we sprang to a speed of about eighteen knots, and an endurance of about 4,600 miles. This was legitimately got by

an increase of coal stowage up to near twenty-one tons per one hundred tons of displacement. In 1882 we took ships of the same displacement as the 'Iris,' dropped their speed to seventeen knots, and increased their endurance to 11,000 miles. That this was largely the result of improved machinery is shown by the fact that the coal stowage in these ships, represented by the 'Arethusa,' was only increased to twenty-six tons per hundred of displacement. Coming down to 1885, we find the 'Mersey' class gone up in speed to eighteen knots, but reduced in endurance to 7,400 miles, a reduction due to a stowage of only twenty-one tons of coal to each hundred tons of displacement. At the same date, we find a very small vessel of only 785 tons, the 'Curlew,' dropped in speed to fifteen knots, but increased in endurance to 10,000 miles by means of the enormous coal supply of thirty-two tons per hundred of displacement. The 'Archer' class of 1,630 tons have, though much smaller, preserved some harmony with the 'Mersey' class, as they steam seventeen and a half knots, and endure for 7,000 miles. Now we think we can fairly defy anyone to tell us why an 'Iris' should have eighteen knots speed and 4,400 miles coal endurance; an 'Arethusa' seventeen knots speed and 11,000 miles endurance; and a 'Mersey' eighteen knots speed and 7,400 miles endurance. Or why a 'Curlew' should have fifteen knots speed and 10,000 miles endurance, while a much larger 'Archer' has seventeen and a half knots speed and only 7,000 miles endurance. Surely every one of them ought to have about the same speed and about the same coal endurance? The average amongst them is seventeen knots and 7,960 miles coal endurance, or as near as possible what the strategy of commerce protection has been seen to require. Can it be said that if all these ships had aimed at the average—neither above it nor below it—we should not have had a much more useful body of ships? If the opposite opinion be held, it may be observed that in the manœuvres it happened that the 'Severn' ('Mersey' class) and the 'Iris' were employed by Admiral FitzRoy in the continued raid upon the east coast of Scotland and England. The 'Iris' had to cease operations and to wait at a rendezvous because of her short coal endurance. Then if we look directly from these cruisers to the questions of strategy we have been considering, we see that none of them come up to the standard of coal endurance except the 'Arethusa,' and she has 3,000 miles more endurance than is needed.

These criticisms would fail if the ships of more recent design should show an approach to average or to greater steadiness in the system of locomotive policy. But as we began in 1868 with an 'Inconstant' of 5,780 tons, which has for years been considered much too large for a cruiser whose fighting men are all exposed to shell, so we have recently built the five ships of the 'Australia' class, all with men equally exposed and nearly as large, namely of 5,000 tons. The speed is 18·8 knots, and as the endurance is only that 8,000 miles which we accept as a standard, while the armament is very little indeed heavier than that of the 'Mersey,' it seems pretty clear that the 1,450 extra tons of displacement has chiefly gone to make up the ·8 knot excess of speed. 1,450 tons would nearly make another 'Archer.' Can we distinctly say, in view of the strategy of commerce protection, that ·8 knot more speed in five ships is better than five more sea-going cruisers?

Such observations are necessarily called for when we turn to the First Lord's statement for 1888-9. There we find that in some cruisers ordered we are going back twenty years in the matter of coal endurance; in another we are going back some twenty years in the matter of speed; while in a third class we are going near to doubling the size of the 'Inconstant,' to doubling the endurance of the 'Mersey,' and adding nearly one-fourth to the 'Mersey's' speed. Four ships of the 'Blanche' class are to be built, of 1,600 tons, to go sixteen and a half knots with a coal endurance of 3,500 miles only. These four are specially designed for distant service, and yet, as we have seen, they could not steam at ten knots to St. Lucia, nor could they operate in the Pacific in war. Two ships of 1,800 tons, 'Bellona' class, are ordered with a speed of nineteen and a half knots, but with an endurance of only 2,600 miles. Here are ships distinctly unfit, on account of their short coal endurance, either for patrol or convoy, and only fit for local guard in the vicinity of a port of supply. Surely it is only the negation of any fixed principles that can produce at this date vessels so circumstanced? But the want of principle is even more marked in the 'Blake' and 'Blenheim' now ordered. These are 9,000-ton ships, they will steam twenty-two knots, and have coal endurance for no less than 15,000 miles! The First Lord simply says of them that they are larger, faster, and more enduring than any other ships in the world. We cannot think of these ships with any complacency, and Mr. Dick's remark in

reference to the size of his room will rise in our remembrance. 'They say we can't swing a cat in it,' he said; 'but, David, we don't want to swing a cat.' It may be that we cannot steam twenty-two knots or proceed for 15,000 miles at ten knots except on this enormous displacement, but then we don't want to do either of these things. The 'Blake' and 'Blenheim' are not powerful ships. A broadside of shell from either of them will only burst sixty-four pounds of powder as against fifty-four burst by the 'Mersey's' broadside. We could have had five 'Merseys' for the 'Blake' and 'Blenheim's' displacement, and it seems impossible to think of the latter side by side with any definite policy of commerce defence. It will be observed that we leave sail power on one side. With a group of fourteen cruisers all dependent on steam out of the twenty-three in the July fleet, it was useless to think of it. It is gone, and has taken all the romance and the grace of the navy with it.

We have already seen what the strategy of our battle-ships must be, and with their special functions of watching and resisting we may surmise that we can hardly be wrong in following precedent and making their speed subordinate to their force. But for ships which are to act in concert, it is a primary necessity that there should be uniformity of speed and of coal endurance. To aim at having some ships of cruisers' speed and endurance acting in a fleet where neither can be usefully employed, except in the abnormal case of weakening the main fleet by detachment, seems to us to be wasting money and force, for both must have gone to provide the abnormal qualities. Yet this is what is usually done. Nay, as is well known, we shall be found deliberately reducing the speed of one battle-ship—by relieving the safety-valves—side by side with designs for increasing the speed of another. And thus it is even when we look at the nominal speeds of the battle-ships of the July fleet. Uniformity, which can alone make a fleet an efficient instrument, is left out of the question, and we are always aiming at something occult in individual ships which may, from a certain point of view, be good for them as such, but is either useless to them or hampering to the whole body when the combination for which they are nominally prepared comes about.

We launched the 'Invincible' in 1869 with a speed of 13·8 knots and 1,580 miles endurance. Next year we launched the 'Hotspur,' with only 12·6 knots and only 920

miles' endurance. Then we made a rally, and in 1871 launched the 'Devastation,' with 13·8 knots speed and no less than 5,980 miles coal endurance. Next year we fell back again and launched the 'Rupert,' with 13·6 knots speed but only 1,340 miles coal endurance. In 1876 we followed with the giant ship, the 'Inflexible,' 2,500 tons larger than the 'Devastation,' with like speed, but with 780 miles less coal endurance. In 1880 we launched the 'Ajax,' and dropped her speed to 13·0 knots and her endurance to 4,100 miles. In 1881 we made a dash with the 'Conqueror,' raised her speed to 15·5 knots, and reached the endurance of the 'Inflexible,' but not that of the 'Devastation,' now ten years old. Then followed the 'Collingwood' in 1882, with a speed raised to 16·8 knots and a coal endurance to 8,500 miles. But this advance is not got of design, so to speak; it came of itself by the improvement in the steam-engine. For the 'Collingwood,' a larger ship by 170 tons than the twelve years old 'Devastation,' yet carries less coal by 600 tons. In the 'Rodney,' of 1884, the standard of the 'Collingwood' is kept up, but in the 'Benbow,' while the speed is slightly raised, the endurance is dropped to 7,100 miles. In the 'Hero,' like the 'Benbow,' an 1885 ship, we have left the design of her sister-vessel, the 'Conqueror,' as it stood, and consequently finished the list of our July ships by a drop to 15·5 knots speed and 5,200 miles endurance. We must almost leave these figures to speak for themselves, but cannot pass them without showing what the average of the last ten years has been amongst the seven ships of that age and younger in the July fleet. The ships were as large as 11,880 tons and as small as 4,100. They had a speed as great as 17·5 knots and as small as 13·0 knots nominal. They had an endurance as great as 8,500 miles and as small as 4,100. The average was 8,175 tons, 15½ knots, and 6,257 miles endurance; and is it possible to say that for strategical purposes seven average ships would not have formed a much more valuable fleet?

We return from this to the tactical question involved in the conception that the July fleet of battle-ships are called on to fight a general action for the command of the Channel, and we ask, How is it intended that these twenty-two ships should fight?

Perhaps we shall best prepare ourselves for examining the question by recalling how perfection in the art of naval war demanded a clear line between the battle-ship and the cruiser, and was abolishing the intermediate vessels. But

in this July fleet we have deliberately gone back on that lesson, for there were three ships, the 'Shannon,' the 'Northampton,' and the 'Impérieuse,' launched in 1875, 1876, and 1884, distinctly occupying the condemned position. They have been officially classed as 'cruisers,' as 'ironclads,' and as 'battle-ships.' Lord Brassey has been so far misled by the confusion as to go a step further, and, in a comparison between the naval forces of France and England, has not only included these doubtful ships in the presumed 'line-of-battle' strength of England, but has brought in with them the five ships of the 'Australia' class, the whole of which could not in battle, perhaps, face a single 'Devastation.'

The offensive power of the old sailing ships was entirely measured by the number of guns, for the size of the guns invariably grew with the number. The few and heavy gun theory as against the many and light gun theory might just as well have set itself up one hundred years ago as now, for it was admitted that the sides of the heavy ships were not penetrable to light shot. But it was not raised, because experience had taught that in naval war the fight was with the fellow. Our forefathers dared not have armed a frigate with a few heavy guns to fight a line-of-battle ship, for they would immediately have seen that she might in consequence be beaten by her fellow. We now put into an 'Australia' of 5,000 tons an armament of two twenty-two-ton guns, capable of piercing eighteen inches of armour at 1,000 yards, such armour as very few battle-ships can carry, and then find ourselves restricted to only ten more five-ton guns. Our neighbours place in the 'Cécile' of 5,766 tons no gun heavier than five tons, but they have sixteen large shell guns of and under the weight.

The guns of our ancestors were all disposed in the same fashion in their ships. They were all in ports on the broadside, and their fire covered a sector of about 45° before and 45° abaft a line drawn through the centre of the ship at right angles to the keel. The ship had no offensive strength over the 45° sector on each side of the line of keel looking forward and on each side looking aft. If the ships fought in concert they fought in Indian file in a formation called the line of battle, and invented by the Dutch when their battles with the English fleets taught them the necessity of order in a sea fight. In this formation the strong sectors were prepared for the enemy, and the weak sectors were covered by friends. When a ship fought by herself she

manœuvred so as to keep the enemy within her strong sectors and out of her weak ones. The broadside was always half the full gun-power of the ship, and the entire half was available over the strong sectors. No guns—unless it might be rarely one or two very insignificant bow and stern chasers—were ever placed in such a way as to withdraw them from the broadside force; and yet all this was done at a time when there was always a sector of some 90° over which it was impossible to fire one broadside, and when it was almost certain that manœuvring power would be crippled early in the action.

With this offensive power so arranged, what was it that won and lost the battle? Military battles, we know, are won by destruction of life and limb in the last resort, but it is not generally remembered that this was even more markedly the case in naval actions when ships fought under sail. It may be said broadly that the ship which at the end of some given period had most men killed and wounded, surrendered, and this without question of nationality. It was so with the French, it was so with the Americans, and it was so with the English. It was rare indeed to destroy the ship by artillery fire, and such a thing scarcely entered into the calculation of the combatants. If we hold a different theory now, and build and arm our ships accordingly, we ought to be able to justify the change on some definite ground.

Turning from the intelligible harmonies and certainties intermingled with and surrounding our naval forces in the bygone age of our greatest national glory, it is painful to find neither certainty nor harmony in the heterogeneous fighting force comprised in the July fleet. It may be admitted that the shell, the torpedo, and the ram have been disturbing elements, but it is impossible to doubt that they could have been controlled, and would have been controlled, had constant reference been made to the experience of the past, and had a determination not to depart from it without good reason been uppermost in the administrative mind from 1861 to the present day. For it is not that mistaken theory has been set up and ignorantly held to, it is that every theory has been set up, played with, and thrown away, and that there is no sign that the practice will not be continued to the end of the chapter.

There is, and there is not, a distinction between the battle-ship and the cruiser. There is, and there is not, a determination to fix the force of a class, and to have it understood that she is to stand as against her fellow; and

to fly from her distinctly superior. There is, and there is not, a rule that ships shall be strongest in offence over the broadside sectors, and weakest over the bow and stern sectors. There is, and there is not, a leaning to exactly the opposite idea. There is, and there is not, a belief that, as in old times, a ship may manœuvre to bring her guns to bear. There is, and there is not, a belief that it is better to bring the whole gun-power to bear by manœuvring, than to scatter it so that the ship shall be everywhere weak. There is, and there is not, a belief in thin armour, and it is generally expressed in opposite ways in the same ship. There is, and there is not, a desire to keep out the shells. There is, and there is not, a belief that a few heavy shell are more destructive than many light shell. There is, and there is not, a belief that defeat will follow destruction of life and limb; and there is, and is not, a belief that it will follow destruction of manœuvring power, locomotive power, or flotation. We have already exhibited some of the confusion existing as to what are, and what are not, battle-ships; it culminates in the building of ships like the 'Hero,' of 6,200 tons, as battle-ships, and of 9,000 tons, like the 'Blake' and 'Blenheim,' as cruisers. The idea that the cruiser is to fight her fellow is expressed in the 'Active,' 'Volage,' 'Rover,' 'Iris,' 'Mercury,' 'Arethusa,' 'Amphion,' 'Calypso,' 'Archer,' and her fellows, none of which carry guns of over six inches calibre and five tons weight, and have therefore *bouches de feu* numerous for the displacement. The idea that the cruiser is to fight something which is not her fellow is expressed in the 'Inconstant,' the 'Mersey,' and her sisters, and the 'Curlew,' where the number of the guns is reduced in order that one or two of them may be suitable for the attack on a battle-ship or heavy cruiser. So far, again, are we from assuming that the weak ship is to fly from the superior, that the specially heavy gun prepared for the superior is always placed where it cannot be used in flight. It is so in the 'Shannon,' the 'Curlew,' the 'Rattlesnake,' and her class, as well as in all the weaker battle-ships, the 'Hotspur,' 'Rupert,' 'Conqueror,' and 'Hero.'

The whole of the cruiser class proper are strongest over the broadside sectors, and weaker over the bow and stern sectors; but they have most of them submitted to inconveniences for giving a strength to the bow sector, and sometimes to the bow and stern sectors, which implies the negation of manœuvring power. In the 'Shannon,' an intermediate ship, the bow sector is the strong one; every other is weak. In

the 'Northampton,' another intermediate ship, the bow and stern sectors are strong, and the broadside sectors weak. Amongst the battle-ships proper, the 'Black Prince' (1861), 'Agincourt' (1865), 'Northumberland' (1866), 'Hercules' (1868), 'Monarch' (1868), 'Invincible' (1869), 'Iron Duke' (1870), 'Devastation' (1871), and 'Neptune' (1874), are all strong over the broadside sectors, and weak over the bow and stern sectors. The 'Hotspur' (1870), 'Rupert' (1872), 'Conqueror' (1881), and 'Hero' (1885), are all strong over the bow sectors, weak over the broadside sectors, and very weak over the stern sectors. The 'Inflexible' (1876) and 'Ajax' (1880) are strong nowhere; but there is some sort of idea that they are weakest over the left bow sector looking forward, and over the left stern sector looking aft, and are strong elsewhere. The 'Collingwood' (1882), 'Rodney' (1884), and 'Benbow' (1885), are exactly the opposite of the 'Black Prince' (1861), their first object being to make the bow and stern sectors strong, just as hers has been to make the starboard and port broadside sectors strong. In the 'Belleisle' (1876) we have the reconciliation of every idea, the entire negation of manœuvring power, and the arrangement of the guns so that, 'come weal, come woe,' nobody can say that there is not a gun pointing somewhere, although it may be all but impossible ever to get even two guns out of her four to bear on the same object.

Passing to the question of belief and disbelief in their armour generally expressed both ways in the same ships, we may observe that the rule is to protect men at the heavy guns either by thin or thick armour, and to leave the men at the lighter guns without any armour protection whatever. The extreme case is found in the latest ships of the 'Admiral' class, where the twenty or thirty men required to work the two or the four barbette heavy guns are all under enormously thick armour, but the scores, perhaps hundreds, required to work the numerous battery of light guns and the torpedoes are entirely unprotected, even against 3-lb. shell fire. In all the earlier ships, from the 'Black Prince' of 1861 to the 'Neptune' of 1874, the cry 'For God's sake keep 'out the shells' has been operative. From the 'Shannon' of 1875—where it was very deliberately dismissed—to the ships of to-day, it is as if it had never been. And in those great ships, the 'Blake' and the 'Blenheim,' the fighting crew are to be offered an easy sacrifice. There is absolutely no rule, as we have seen, as to whether ships shall trust to a few very heavy guns or to a number of lighter ones. No

idea as to whether twenty pounds of powder burst in twenty shells, a large proportion of which are sure to hit and penetrate, is more destructive than twenty pounds of powder burst in a single shell which has only one chance of hitting out of four or five attempts. In the ships from the 'Black Prince' (1861) to the 'Iron Duke' (1870) it has been argued in favour of the many smaller shell. In the 'Inflexible' (1876) belief the other way culminated. In any given time she fired the fewest and the biggest shell that any ship in the navy had yet accomplished. Then the tide turned, and we are now, in the 'Victoria' and 'Sanspareil,' in the eddy. These ships will fire charged shells with 197 pounds of powder in each of them very slowly indeed, but they will fire enormous numbers of shell containing each nine pounds of powder very quickly indeed.

In the 'Black Prince' (1861) the armour was arranged in the entire belief that defeat would follow the destruction of the men before the ship was disabled. The belief continually grew weaker (without anything having occurred to weaken it except the sinking of the 'Hatteras' and the 'Alabama'), until it disappeared in the Shannon (1875), when the ship was heavily plated, and the men at the guns practically not protected at all. In the whole of what are called 'protected vessels' the new belief is displayed, and in several of the 'armoured' cruisers. Every care is taken to protect the ships, and none—unless we count the scraps of very thin armour partly covering the crews of the heavy guns—to protect the men.

We do not propose to go more closely into this examination of the tactical condition of the July fleet. We have said enough to show the entire absence of any leading strategical or tactical ideas whatever in the designs of our ships. The tactical condition of the 'battle' fleet is such that giving the ships to an admiral to arrange in fighting order must be something like giving boiled eggs to a cook to make an omelette of.

But we think the lesson for the future is very plainly written in our survey. In the first place, if we really intend to hold the ground our forefathers have given to us, we must have some sketch, however rough, of a general system of imperial strategy, and some formulated plan, however defective, of how we intend to fight at sea, if it should come to that. We cannot imagine that the following of any reasonable plan could have led to a worse result than that we have pictured, or could have made a less intelligent

use of the inventions and improvements which time has produced. It seems clear also that we ought to give up the practice of trusting to the idea or the opinion of the moment in the designs of our ships. There is hardly one of these rival beliefs that we have spoken of which could not have been settled once for all by suitable experiment, and we have never in the navy tried an abortive experiment. But apart from these matters we seem to have gathered up a word to say to all who are influencing naval opinion: 'Do not urge extremes. Very thick armour, very large guns, very great speed, very great coal endurance, cannot be had without having no armour at all, no guns when we want them, ships that will not steam, and a too short coal supply. Aim at a good average and let *festina lente* be the motto of naval progress.'

ART. VIII.—1. *Address delivered at the Opening of the Surgery Section at the Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association, Brighton, August 1886.* By JOHN ERIC ERICHSEN, F.R.C.S., LL.D., F.R.S.

2. *General Summary of Conclusions from One Thousand Cases of Abdominal Section.* By LAWSON TAIT, F.R.C.S., M.D. London: 1888.

3. *On the Treatment of Fractures and Wounds.* By the late SAMPSON GAMAGE, F.R.S. Ed. Second Edition. London: 1888.

4. *Operative Surgery of Malignant Disease.* By H. T. BUTLIN, F.R.C.S. London: 1887.

5. *Eyesight, and how we lose it.* By PRIESTLEY SMITH. London: 1887.

'LIFE,' wrote the lamented Walter Moxon, 'is one long contest of the individuality against the teachings of common sense.' Life always is a struggle, and the better the man, the higher his work, and the loftier his aim, the greater and more unceasing the struggle with temptation, self-indulgence, and bad habits. The medical man has no immunity from the common lot; his is peculiarly a life of untiring warfare; he is always in the thick of the battle with disease, and, moreover, he has to exert himself strenuously to hold his own among his brethren and to earn a livelihood. The doctor is almost the only educated man claiming to be treated and regarded as a gentleman, and

often having the tastes and instincts of that class, who commonly works for and looks for payment to classes far beneath his own in the social scale. His education, the style of living demanded by public opinion and custom, and the claims upon him, lead him to demand a rate of remuneration greatly above the means of most of his clients. Moreover, in no other liberal calling is the conflict with professional rivals so embittered, and in none are the disintegrating influences of professional competition so prominently and persistently forced upon the attention of the general public. A medical career consequently lacks, and always must lack, those social amenities and advantages which attract able and accomplished men in such numbers to other liberal callings, and in which the rewards of their labour largely consist.

Medicine is nevertheless universally allowed to be a most useful occupation, one affording unbounded scope to the most enlightened and far-reaching mind. We gladly transcribe the graceful words of Sir James Paget.

‘I dare to claim,’ he said, ‘for medicine that, among all the sciences, ours in the pursuit and use of truth offers the most complete and constant union of those three qualities which have the greatest charm for pure and active minds—novelty, utility, and charity. These three, which are sometimes in so lamentable disunion, as in the attractions of novelty without either utility or charity, are in our researches so combined that, unless by force or wilful wrong, they hardly can be put asunder. And each of them is admirable in its kind. For in every search for truth we can not only exercise curiosity, and have the delights—the really elemental happiness—of watching the unveiling of a mystery, but on the way to truth, if we look well round us, we shall see that we are passing among wonders more than the eye or mind can fully apprehend. And as one of the perfections of Nature is that in all her works wonder is harmonised with utility, so is it with our science. In every truth attained there is utility either at hand or among the certainties of the future. And this utility is not selfish; it is not in any degree correlative with money-making; it may generally be estimated in the welfare of others better than in our own. Some of us may, indeed, make money and grow rich; but many of those that minister even to the follies and vices of mankind can make much more money than we. In all things costly and vainglorious they would far surpass us if we would compete with them. We had better not compete where wealth is the highest evidence of success; we can compete with the world in the nobler ambition of being counted among the learned and the good, who strive to make the future better and happier than the past. And to this we shall attain if we remind ourselves that, as in every pursuit of knowledge there is the charm of novelty, and in every attainment of truth utility, so in every use of it there may be charity. I do not mean only the charity which is in hospitals or in the service of the poor, great as is the privilege of our

calling in that we may be its chief ministers, but that wider charity, which is practised in a constant sympathy and gentleness, in patience and self-devotion. And it is surely fair to hold that as in every search for knowledge we may strengthen our intellectual power, so in every practical employment of it we may, if we will, improve our moral nature, we may obey the whole law of Christian love, we may illustrate the highest induction of scientific philanthropy.'

In spite of the drawbacks of a medical career, in spite of great exposure, and of much worry and overwork, medical men do not suffer from ill health to the extent common in many other callings apparently far more happily circumstanced. The chronic ill health so curious and inexplicable a feature of clerical life does not prevail among them; and though death is always busy in the ranks of the medical army, cutting down pitilessly and unexpectedly many in their first youth, and making wide gaps between the ages of forty-five and sixty, the average of health, though not the duration of life, is far above the common average in professions. Dr. Richardson has summed up the characteristics of a medical career very happily in the following excellent passage:—

'Medical men, as a class, are remarkably free from disease, when all the details of their lives are taken into consideration. They pass through singularly trying ordeals: the first introduction into the dissecting-room; the first lessons in the operating theatre; the first practical instructions in the obstetric art; the first performance of post-mortem examinations; the first visits in cases of infection; the extensive field of learning that has to be traversed for passing and obtaining the necessary honours and degrees; the early struggles for practice, when youthful strength is the certain preventive to progress; the constant activity and expectation when success comes; the night and day of toil; the intimate conversance with human misery, mental and physical, in all its most terrible forms; the implicit trusts and confidences that have to be received and maintained with a watchfulness that knows no limit. These taxes on the man of physic, which continue as long as he follows his occupation, seem at first sight sufficient to shorten his life struggle, and to render it while it lasts all but intolerable. Facts give a result very different from that which might be supposed. As a man going into battle loses the sense of fear when once the engagement commences, so the medical man, fairly started, feels in the actual conflict with the dangers and dreaded duties lying in his way that these are often easily overcome when resolutely faced. In a brief time his familiarity with the conflict removes the early sense of anxiety, and, like the soldier in perpetual campaign, he ceases to be startled or surprised by any of his duties. Moreover, he soon learns from practice a theory of living which he may have never heard formalised as a system of philosophy. He becomes unconsciously a necessitarian. He is the servant of Necessity, and in her service discovers that if at every

moment that he acts he does his best according to the light of knowledge afforded him by the age in which he labours, he must be right. The painful sights and sorrows of the day fade from him as he passes from one to another, or from them all to some new and happier scene. When the medical practitioner is duly seasoned to his work; when he is diverted by other and distracting pursuits from those which are purely professional; and when his work is carried out without that slavery to it which greed begets and fosters, he leads a life that is healthy up to the average. He has scope for muscular exercise; he has always to be acquiring new information, which keeps the mental organism employed; and as he soon discovers, again from necessity, that to make his presence endurable to the sick he must be serene and cheerful, he acquires a temper of serenity and cheerfulness. I have not a doubt—and I speak from a large experience of them and their ways—that, taking them all in all, the members of the *Æsculapian* fraternity are the cheerfullest and happiest of any section of the community. I have not known among them an instance of melancholia; I have rarely met a well-marked instance of hypochondriasis; and though they sometimes imagine they have detected diseases in their own bodies which do not exist, they far more frequently err in not taking care of themselves, and in deferring to submit to treatment when they are suffering from actual disease. They prefer to die in harness, and their preference is usually gratified. The diseases specially incident to medical men are intermittency of the action of the heart, induced usually from broken rest; rheumatism and bronchitis, from exposure to cold and wet; diabetes, from excessive nervous fatigue; and paralysis. They are also subject to some rare accidental diseases from which other men are exempt, notably to that most fatal poisoning which follows a wound from the knife or the needle, inflicted while carrying on the dissection of a dead body, or even while performing a surgical operation on the living subject.

Everyone must have been struck by the uncomplaining devotion to duty characterising many humble practitioners, who plod on in the midst of hardships seldom equalled in any other liberal calling, who submit to broken rest and the querulous complaints of dissatisfied patients, who give up for ever all participation in the amusements and relaxations of the social class from which they originally sprang, and this in return for a most meagre income and still smaller public honour. Sometimes this submission to duty comes from a lofty spirit of self-denial akin to that of the saintly Jesuits who toiled and suffered among the pitiless savages of North America; sometimes it has its source in that enthusiasm of humanity which inspired St. Francis of Assisi and St. Francis Xavier in their lifelong mission; but far more often it comes from the love of science and the earnest desire to relieve human suffering.

Of late years there has been an unprecedented improve-

ment in the rank and file of the profession. This is partly due to the general progress of the nation, partly to a raising of the lowest examinations, so that many elderly practitioners would have been unable to satisfy the severer requirements of the past fifteen years. No medical man can now commence practice without having had a long and thorough training, and he must have given proof that he possesses a fairly good knowledge of every branch of his profession. Time will show whether more than this can be attempted. We do not expect more at present, and we should not be surprised were the present stringent regulations to thin the number of candidates for the lower diplomas; indeed, well-informed authorities assert that there are signs that the rush into the profession has ceased, and we have heard that a dearth of junior practitioners is being experienced in remote country places. The regulations for the higher medical diplomas—for example, the medical degrees of Oxford, Cambridge, and Trinity College, Dublin, the Membership of the Royal College of Physicians of London, and the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons of England—leave little to desire, and candidates for them find that their hands are full enough, and that many years of assiduous preparation are needed. The recent brilliant revival and growing popularity of the Cambridge Medical School, largely due to Professor Humphry, is most gratifying; while the formation of a medical school, in something more than name, at Oxford, is not less satisfactory. We observe with pleasure that great stress was laid on medical education in the address of the President of the British Medical Association to the meeting held at Glasgow in the present year.

The greatest advance in the medical science of our generation is the clearer and more general recognition that the power of medicine to cure disease is extremely limited; in other words, that the aim of the enlightened physician should be prevention rather than cure. Sanitary science has accomplished wonders, but only as the handmaid of medicine. The discoveries of the past two centuries have taught sanitary reformers where and how to work. It is the unselfish love of mankind and a generous sense of duty that have stimulated many of those researches that are now bearing such golden fruit, and which, while limiting the work of the doctor and curtailing his income, make life longer and pleasanter. The death rate of 1886 was the lowest recorded up to that time, with the exception of 1881 and 1885. In

1881 the mortality from all causes fell slightly below 19 per 1,000, while the rate of 1886 was a little above 19. From some cause the male mortality since 1863 has not diminished *pari passu* with the female: a plausible explanation offered is that more of the male mortality lies outside the sphere benefited by sanitary progress; for instance, men oftener than women suffer from violence, overwork, drink, and excess. Among 1,000 of the urban population 20 die in one year, while the rural rate of mortality is 18: this difference is much less than in former years. The healthfulness of towns, measured by the death rate, is improving more rapidly than that of rural districts. Towns, however, afforded more scope for improvement, and they have had to pay heavily for parks and new streets, while country districts had open fields, green lanes, and broad highways. Towns purchase fresh air at a high price, and pay heavily for new streets. But rural districts are not so healthy as they should be: they suffer from bad water and the defective drainage of dwellings. In 1887 the death rate fell to 18·8, which was actually the lowest in any year on record. For the seven years 1881-7, the mean annual death rate was only 19·2, and 2·2 below the mean rate of the preceding ten years, 1871-80. This extraordinary diminution in the death rate means that 400,000 persons, in England and Wales alone, were alive at the end of the seven years whose deaths would have taken place had the mortality continued as high as in the very healthy ten years, 1871-80. The mortality from zymotic diseases was 3·96, 4·15, and 3·4 per 1,000 respectively in the three decennia, 1851-60, 1861-70, and 1871-80; but in the first seven years of the current decennium it did not exceed 2·42. The surest way of grasping these astounding figures is to compare them with those from other countries; and when we find a zymotic death rate 3, 4, or 6 per 1,000 heavier, and a general death rate of 28 or 30 instead of one of 19·2, we better understand our advantages. We do not pretend that medical men have been the sole agents in these reforms; in part they are the result of general prosperity, better education, greater temperance, and higher moral tone; and in part they are the outcome of the generous and spontaneous exertions of people unconnected with medicine. But while national progress has acted upon medicine, medicine has reacted upon national progress.

The following extract from a presidential address on health

by Sir Lyon Playfair forcibly puts the improvement in military hygiene :—

‘ Since the Crimean war, the military authorities, aided by the excellent hygienists among the medical officers of the army, have placed the health of the army in a much more satisfactory condition, and the result is that the mortality of the army is now less than half of what it was before the war. But it is not in our army alone that such results have been produced. Formerly the deaths from sickness in campaigns were four times more numerous than those from wounds. Every campaign now lessens the proportion, because the sanitary condition of the soldier’s life, both in peace and war, is much better attended to. In the Franco-German war the German troops lost less than a third of their dead by disease, while formerly the loss had been four times that from wounds. The following figures give the deaths from disease for every hundred men lost in the campaign : French, in the Crimean war, 79 ; United States troops, in American war, 80 ; Germans, in the last French war, 29. The small loss from disease compared with that from wounds in the French army promises much for military hygiene in future campaigns. In the Crimean war, after the sad experience among our own troops, owing to defective sanitary organisation, we sent out a sanitary commission and improved the hygienic condition of our troops, while France failed to do so. And the final result, according to Chenu, is that while we lost 12 per 1,000 of our men, France lost 155 of hers. Formerly the rate of mortality in the chief towns of British India, such as Calcutta and Bombay, was appalling ; now by hygienic improvements, and in spite of the tropical climate, it scarcely exceeds that of Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow.’

Many towns long reputed unhealthy have become healthy up to and above the average as soon as wise sanitary measures have been carried out. Hong Kong is an instance in point, and a most remarkable one. In 1842 and 1843, the deaths amongst our troops ranged from 19 to 22 per cent. ;* in other words, the death rate per 1,000 was between 190 and 220, an appalling sacrifice of life. In 1845 better accommodation reduced the death rate to 85 per 1,000. Still more recently, when model barracks were erected, the deaths fell to less than 25 per 1,000, which shows that the climate was not the only thing to blame. In the last century the climate of Calcutta was pestilential ; it is stated that in 1723 a large proportion of the British residents in Fort William died of ague. Again, in this same city of Calcutta, Dr. Clark records that, in 1770, an epidemic of ague occurred, which carried off 86,000 natives and 1,500 Englishmen. Let these figures be contrasted with the fruits of good drainage and persistent attention to the laws of health, and see what can be done. Fortunately for the triumph of preventive medi-

cine, we can turn to the Calcutta of our day. The following passage is sufficiently startling: 'Strangers will read with surprise that I do not think I saw above a dozen cases of ague in a year on the average, and those occurred in persons who had gone into the neighbouring jungles on hog hunting and other such excursions.' Science has in the Indian capital conquered one bane of our race—the deadly ague of tropical climates.

The appointment of medical officers of health is a great step in the right direction, though it would be desirable that in large towns, where the remuneration is sufficiently large, they should be debarred from private practice, and devote their whole time to the health of the public. Another material advance is the diffusion of physiological instruction and the formation of St. John's ambulance classes all over the land. The victim of accident may command on arriving at home the best medical help, or, if he belongs to a humbler class, there are many excellent hospitals furnished with every convenience and comfort at hand; but the difficulty of getting to those comforts has to be surmounted, and even before he starts on his journey his life may be endangered by loss of blood, or irretrievable injury may result from careless handling of a shattered limb. Ambulance instruction, technical though it often appears, can be made interesting: it has saved hundreds of lives, and hastened the recovery of thousands of sufferers; nor shall we claim too much when we add that the confidence and self-reliance which the possession of such knowledge imparts, do much to prevent suffering and promote recovery.

The human body is the most beautiful, the most complicated, and the most marvellous structure in the world. Its exquisite strength, lightness, and symmetry, its perfect mechanism, wonderful power to repair itself, its adaptation to accomplish many, as it were, conflicting ends, make it worthy to be the dwelling place of the mind of man. The hand and the brain of man raise him above all other animals, and proclaim his origin. To many ambulance pupils, to be told that life means waste and repair; that not a thought can flash with lightning rapidity through the brain, not a glance of the eye can be directed to any object, not a finger can be lifted, not a breath can be taken, without some waste and some counterbalancing repair, is a revelation, opening up a wide field of knowledge to their admiring gaze. Considerably more than 132,000 pupils have passed through the course of ambulance instruction in England

alone, and 100,000 have received certificates of proficiency after a sufficiently searching examination, and we have no doubt that the more thoroughly such instruction is imparted the less will be the suffering from accident and the better the prospect of recovery.

Another direction in which there has been marvellous progress of late years is in the character and completeness of medical literature. There is a strong temptation among medical men to write for the sake of notoriety, and many books are carefully illustrated and expensively printed with no other object than to attract attention; in fact, this is a respectable and recognised form of advertising, and though regarded with suspicion and under the ban of the profession, is nevertheless very commonly practised. Besides these more questionable productions, many valuable treatises and compilations are published every year. Dr. Quain's 'Dictionary of Medicine' is in itself an encyclopædia of the science, the treatment of the vastly varied subjects being assigned in almost every case to the most eminent specialists in the profession. We do not think that any other profession has more to boast of in the shape of useful literature; and this literary activity is almost entirely addressed to the profession, as hardly any readers are to be looked for outside its ranks. Of late, too, the vigour and precision of medical works has been improving, and a large minority show signs that their authors are something more than mere doctors, and many presidential addresses may be read with pleasure by any educated and thoughtful man.

Medical periodical literature is also in a pre-eminently healthy state, and is of incalculable service to the profession in keeping many obscure practitioners *au courant* with the progress and discoveries of the age, and in presenting opportunities for the publication of curious cases, and of new methods of treatment that would otherwise never see the light. The labour expended on the compilation of these tables is often enormous, and the fullness of the information conveyed most creditable. Most of these articles are without permanent interest; and one course of lectures after another is reported *verbatim* on subjects that have been repeatedly handled quite as successfully elsewhere. But the very superabundance of medical periodical literature contributes in no small measure to keeping up a high tone of thought among hospital surgeons and physicians, and in fostering a healthy ambition among the junior members. Teaching is far better done, and addresses are far better

prepared, because teachers and readers already see themselves in the pages of the medical press. Medical periodicals find their way into every part of the United Kingdom, and are more or less carefully read by busy practitioners, few of whom would purchase large and systematic treatises; hence the very day that any brilliant address is delivered or new operation devised, steps are being taken for giving it world-wide publicity, and in this way, and in this alone, every advance becomes almost at once common property. Few men can originate, few can improve on recognised methods of treatment, but thousands can more or less faithfully imitate; and we are not sure that, with the exception of some of those great and shining lights whose names are household words, and who have from long practice and unusual opportunities acquired an unexampled operative dexterity, there is any marked difference in the success with which operations are performed; and sufferers can now be equally successfully treated, though not by practitioners of as exalted fame, in the remotest corners of the land, as in the great centres of population, a result which is in no small measure due to the diffusion of knowledge by the medical press.

The greatest triumphs of recent years have been achieved in surgery. In the first place we must rank the better construction of hospitals, their more perfect sanitary arrangements, and their excellent nursing. Then came the introduction of anæsthetics, which have enabled the surgeon to perform deliberately operations that without their aid could never have been attempted. Were we asked to name the one thing that had done most to advance surgery, we should unhesitatingly reply—chloroform. Though some danger attends its administration, and we are still in the dark as to the causes which sometimes lead to fatal results, chloroform has saved ten thousand times as many lives as it has shortened. It is said to have been used twenty thousand times in the Crimean war by the French surgeons alone without a death. Many of the deaths attributed to the use of it are not in reality due to that cause. Surgical literature shows conclusively that sudden death sometimes occurred from the shock of a grave operation in pre-chloroform days; and the suspense before the operation, the loss of blood, and the general constitutional disturbance may account for a considerable proportion of the comparatively rare deaths under chloroform, though the anæsthetic gets the discredit of the catastrophe.

Another advance has been the greater care in dressing wounds; it is only in our day that the triumphs of antiseptic

surgery, in the broadest and most comprehensive meaning of the word, have been complete. We have no wish to detract from the well-earned fame and brilliant abilities of Sir Joseph Lister, when we say that his labours, magnificent and fruitful though they undoubtedly are, have been only part of a general advance all along the line. Professional opinion is divided, and jealousy is at work. We shall not do him injustice when we assert that his chief aim was the diminution of suffering; and though others may have been working as energetically, and making discoveries, he deserves the highest and most enduring credit for his share. It would be too much to expect that anyone could in such an age as this find the field clear. The circumstances that prompt one man to undertake fresh researches influence others, and the discoveries of one run the risk of being forestalled by those of others; but the fact remains that the name of Sir Joseph Lister will always be indissolubly associated with the improved surgical dressings of the day, and with the diminished mortality resulting from operations and severe wounds.

In this context the treatise of the late Sampson Gamgee on the 'Treatment of Fractures and Wounds' calls for more than passing notice. Mr. Gamgee, who worked much on the lines of Sir Joseph Lister, deals in that work with the great guiding principles of modern scientific surgery as exemplified in the treatment of wounds and fractures, and those principles are—cleanliness, immediate exclusion of air, infrequent dressing, compression and immobilisation of the injured part. Therein lies the perfection of surgical treatment; and when it can be carried out from the first, the months and weeks which used to pass while recovery took place a generation ago have been succeeded by the weeks and days of our time, while complete recovery is far more frequent.

It is an ungrateful task to attempt to single out the names of those more brilliant operators and accurate investigators to whom medicine and surgery are more especially indebted. The field is so fully occupied, and painstaking and accomplished workers are toiling with unexampled zeal and directness; and, if not making fresh discoveries, certainly improving and perfecting what has been done. Every part of the body comes in for a full share of attention, and hardly a day passes that some trifling improvement is not made. Those epoch-making discoveries and improvements—such as the introduction of chloroform and cocaine, the excision of joints, ovariectomy, the removal of cerebral tumours, of the

spleen and the kidney, and the practicability of interference with the liver—are of necessity rare. But the faintest whisper that some one has made a new departure sets a thousand eager investigators to work; nor must it be forgotten that foreign continental nations and Americans are engaged in the same friendly rivalry, and in the course of a single winter any improvement made in any part of the world at the beginning of that season becomes common property, and is freely discussed, criticised, and improved upon.

It has ever been an established and honourable principle in the highest ranks of the medical profession, that it acknowledges no vested rights in any discovery, and allows no one to patent a new remedy. Every advance is common property, although the reputation generally made by a successful innovator usually brings a large accession of lucrative practice. But the fabricator of patent medicines, who reserves to himself the secret of their composition, is not ranked amongst the true members of the profession, although there are some cases in which these medicaments have not been discarded by the faculty.

Mr. Eric Erichsen's reputation is too firmly established to make him fear the assaults of rivals. Courteous, accomplished, a careful teacher, endowed with a clear and forcible diction and some eloquence, it startles the medical world to find that he took a pessimistic view of the future of surgery. We give the passage that the year before last caused quite a commotion, because it reviews with admirable clearness and fullness much that has been accomplished of late, although we venture to dissent from his prognostications:—

‘Take a work on operative surgery written immediately before the introduction of anæsthetics, and compare it with any modern treatise on the same subject, and you will at a glance appreciate the advance recently made. Take, for instance, the last edition of the work on practical surgery by Robert Liston, published in 1846, immediately before the application of anæsthetics to surgical practice. Now, I take this work because it was the standard treatise of its day; its author, Liston, was by universal consent the boldest surgeon and the most skilful operator of his time, a man who did more to advance operative surgery than any other in his generation. He was a man who possessed in the highest degree the attributes which Celsus claims for the perfect surgeon: “*Manu strenua, stabili nec unquam intremiscente, animo intrepidus,*” and if I must add “*misericors,*” it is in the sense of one who looked to the ultimate good of the patient, even though it had to be obtained by much physical suffering. Well, if you would compare his work on operative surgery with any manual on the same subject of the present day, you will find that operations which Liston

would not have ventured to attempt, as being beyond the reach of rational surgery, are now daily performed; that organs which in his day were supposed to be for ever safe from the knife, at least in the hand of the surgeon, are now incised or extirpated as matters of ordinary practice; that, in fact, operations which Liston would with all his boldness and skill have shrunk from contemplating, are now successfully done by every assistant surgeon of every hospital in the kingdom. Let me mention some operations as illustrative of what I have just said: the removal of tumours and cicatrices from the brain; the excision of the entire tongue, the larynx, and of the thyroid body; removal of portions of the ribs for the drainage of empyema; the extirpation of the spleen, the kidney, the uterus, and its appendages; of the pylorus, of portions of the intestines, and vesical tumours; operations of various kinds on the liver and gall-bladder; and, finally, the perfection of ovariectomy. To this long list may be added numberless minor operations, with the recapitulation of which I need not detain you, but not one of which will be found to have been practised by Liston and his contemporaries, or alluded to in their works. These great triumphs in the past might lead to the hope that equally great ones were in store in the future, to those who had the skill, the ingenuity, and the courage, to follow out the same lines. But this would be a grievous error; the very success in the past has made further progress in the future difficult, if not impossible; and the surgeon of the future must be content to be the follower of his predecessor. What has once been gained can never be lost. Our standpoint is always carried forward, and from it the final limits of the field of operative surgery may now easily be reached. For skill in art is hereditary; it is transmitted from master to pupil, is become hereditary in that profession by which it has been created, and in which it continues to be practised. That the final limits of surgery have been reached in the direction of all that is manipulative and mechanical, there can, I venture to think, be little doubt. Within these limits there may be much of movement, of change, of modification in the *technique*, if I may borrow that word from art; but movement is not necessarily advance; it is often the mere restlessness engendered by dissatisfaction with established methods—change may be the outcome of mere personal vanity, or of more unworthy motives. It sounds like a platitude to have to say to you that every artery in the human body accessible to the surgeon's scalpel has been tied, and some have reached the final limit in operations on the arterial system. But within these limits there has been, and probably still will be, much of modification and much of change. Every artery has been tied by every kind of ligature which the ingenuity of man could possibly invent; by permanent and by temporary ligatures, by ligatures of reserve, by hemp and by silk, by narrow threads and by broad tapes, by metallic wires of all kinds, by catgut, silkworm gut, strips of deer-skin, kangaroo tendon, and of aorta. Every limb has long since been amputated up to its highest point, and some have reached the limits of advance in this respect. But the operations have been modified by every form of incision that could be invented, circular, flap, oval,

quadrilateral, and by every conceivable combination of these. It is needless to say that every large joint has been excised. These operations also have been modified in every possible way; the incisions have been practised by incisions which were straight, curved, semi-lunar, oblique, L, T, and H shaped. The extraction of the cataractous lens has long been done successfully, but the ingenuity of ophthalmic surgeons has devised no fewer than fourteen different methods by which this single operation can be effected. Vesical calculi have been extracted from the bladder by every channel through which that organ can possibly be reached. We have thus reached, in many of our most important operations, the final limit to which surgery can be carried.'

To men of eager restless temperament, to men of progressive minds, it is not pleasant to be told that progress can never more take place, that the goal of surgery is reached. But need we fear that this is the case? Surgery has advanced and is advancing; in the last few but eventful years solid progress has exceeded anything that could have been anticipated. We cannot tell when a new departure will be made, but we are convinced that no limits can practically be put to the possible triumphs of surgery, and that discoveries equal in daring and importance to any that have invested the past forty years with undying interest will reward the coming generation. A thousand eager hands, a thousand keen eyes, a thousand trained intellects are working; and though it is not probable that many possess the capacity to originate anything useful, some are thus capable and will be thus fortunate.

The increased power of saving diseased or maimed structures—in other words, conservative surgery—and the increased power now possessed of removing deformities, promise still greater results, and will prevent incalculable misery. Plastic or constructive surgery is also advancing by leaps and bounds. Of the former, the saving of diseased joints which would formerly have been excised or amputated, is most conspicuous; of the latter, the straightening of crooked limbs; this last is one of the most notable advances of our time. The radical cure of hernia means that thousands of sufferers are having, and still larger numbers will have, their utility and enjoyment of life completely restored by a simple and not particularly dangerous operation, which, undertaken sufficiently early, completely corrects the displacement, and prevents the disease from increasing until life becomes a burden and death a relief.

Now we approach a branch of surgery with which the name of Lawson Tait, of Birmingham, is connected—those

marvellous operations which we could not with propriety particularise here, as details would be out of place, and comparatively few of our readers could follow them. To quote the generous words of Oliver Wendell Holmes :—

‘ Among the guests whom I met in the grounds was a gentleman of the medical profession, whose name I had often heard, and whom I was very glad to see and talk with. This was Mr. Lawson Tait, F.R.C.S., M.D., of Birmingham. Mr. Tait has had the most extraordinary success in a class of cases long considered beyond the reach of surgery. If I refer to it as a scientific *kari kari*, not for the taking but for the saving of life, I shall come near enough to its description. This operation is said to have been first performed by an American surgeon in Danville, Kentucky, in 1809. So rash and dangerous did it seem to most of the profession, that it was sometimes spoken of as if to attempt it were a crime. Gradually, however, by improved methods, and especially by the most assiduous care in nursing the patient after the operation, the mortality grew less and less, until it was recognised as a legitimate, and indeed an invaluable, addition to the resources of surgery. Mr. Lawson Tait has had, so far as I have been able to learn, the most wonderful series of successful cases on record; namely, one hundred and thirty-nine consecutive operations without a single death. As I sat by the side of this great surgeon, a question suggested itself to my mind which I leave the reader to think over. Which would give most satisfaction to a thoroughly humane and unselfish being of cultivated intelligence and lively sensibilities—to have written all the plays which Shakespeare has left as an inheritance for mankind, or to have snatched from the jaws of death more than a hundred fellow-creatures, almost seven scores of suffering women, and restored them to sound and comfortable existence? It would be curious to get the answers of a hundred men and a hundred women, of a hundred young people and a hundred old ones, of a hundred scholars and a hundred operatives.’

We must confess that Mr. Holmes’s question startles us. He is something more than a successful doctor and a respectable teacher of anatomy; some of his contributions to letters are of high merit, and will take an enduring place in the literature of the age. If it comes to asking which one you would prefer—the perfecting of ovariectomy or the creation of Hamlet, the Sistine Madonna, the Duomo of Florence, or the Divine Comedy—there can be but one answer. The indescribable delight of giving pleasure to countless millions, of inscribing one’s name among the most glorious ornaments of the race, those who belong to no country and no age, but to all time, would be a temptation no one could resist. The victories of the doctor are very different; at best his fame is limited, and comparatively few profit by the most brilliant discovery which has ever rewarded the art of

the surgeon and the physician. While millions visit with reverence the resting place of Shakespeare, Dante, Raphael, Milton and Michel Angelo, while the heart becomes tender and the thoughts rise heavenward as the feet tread the soil once pressed by Francis of Assisi and Savonarola, few among the general public will ever look with even passing interest on memorials of John Hunter, Robert Liston, Ambroise Paré, and Mondino. Dr. Jenner and Sir James Simpson are without doubt two of the greatest benefactors to humanity, the one by checking the ravages of small-pox, the other by stilling the agonies of pain; but even these honoured names do not excite in men's minds the enthusiasm bestowed on the statesman, the warrior, the artist, and the poet. The doctor does not compete where world-wide fame is the reward of success.

Ophthalmic surgery has been almost revolutionised by the discoveries and improvements of recent years. The most striking advance in this direction has unquestionably been the introduction of cocaine by Kohller of Vienna. The preparation most commonly used is the hydrochlorate of cocaine; this is an alkaloid obtained from the leaves of *Erythroxylon coca*. Coca has long been known by repute, and most interesting accounts of its properties appeared from time to time in English publications; the late Sir Robert Christison tested it with characteristic care, and published some admirable papers. He was greatly struck by its action in enabling steep ascents to be made with less inconvenience and difficulty of breathing than usually attends such exertion. But its medical value has not been long recognised, and its use for deadening or, more accurately, anæsthetising mucous membranes has only just become general. Coca among the Indians of South America was in much favour as a narcotic; its use dates from times long prior to the arrival of the Spanish conquerors: they were astonished to find these people chewing coca leaves whenever they could get a few minutes' repose for the purpose. Coca, like opium, hemp, and some other narcotics, seems to need rest to develop the full enjoyment of it. It is an article of extensive commerce among those tribes, and many thousand acres of rich and fertile land are set apart for its cultivation. Europeans, or rather white Peruvians, often indulge in it. The people who take it habitually are called Coqueros, and distressing accounts have been published of the ruin effected mentally and physically by this pernicious habit. On the other hand, some equally well-informed authorities deny that

evil consequences result, and assert that while greatly augmenting the enjoyment of existence and soothing the natural melancholy said to be so striking a feature of the Indian character, it does not injure. Some of the reports as to the influence of coca in enabling severe exertion to be undergone while little food was taken are almost incredible, and are not confirmed by experiments that have been made in England: had they been confirmed, they would have been inexplicable, and would have conflicted with those facts as to the connexion between exertion and waste with which everyone is familiar. Other reports deny that coca enables the labourer to do with less food. Dr. Weddell, a cautious and able investigator, denies that it satisfies the appetite, and he observed that the Indians who accompanied him, though they were chewing the leaf all day long, ate, at a single meal, as much food as would have lasted him a couple of days.

Its services to ophthalmic surgeons in operations have immensely enlarged that branch of surgery: instead of administering powerful anæsthetics, particularly dangerous to aged people with feeble action of the heart, a few drops of a two or four per cent. solution of hydrochlorate of cocaine are placed on the surface of the eye, and in a few minutes, without any danger to life, inconvenience to the surgeon, or disagreeable after consequences to the sufferer, the eye becomes dead to pain, and the most serious operations can be leisurely undertaken. Cocaine is also invaluable in deadening pain of the eye. What a boon it has been to sufferers from eye-complaints attended with pain and inflammation, we can only faintly conjecture. One drop of a solution containing only one grain in an ounce of water will soothe an eye inflamed by dust, or by the blow of a stone or by a sting, and in two days all trace of inflammation vanishes.

Eserine is another powerful modern agent; it contracts the pupil instead of dilating it as do cocaine and belladonna; and though its uses are less numerous, it is also invaluable to the surgeon. Eserine or physostigmine is an alkaloid obtained from the Calabar bean; it has been long known, but in this case also its application to the treatment of disease on a large scale is of yesterday, and its value has only been recognised a very few years; indeed, many elderly practitioners have probably never prescribed it, and still regard it with the intolerance of old age, as one of those innovations which for a brief time are much talked about, and which are then displaced by other and equally belauded

drugs. But both cocaine and eserine have established a position which they can never lose, unless through the introduction of still more valuable agents. A very interesting point in pathology, almost but not absolutely certain, and now being warmly discussed, is that the disorder known as sympathetic inflammation of the eye is caused by the migration of micro-organisms from the injured eye to the meninges of the brain, and thence down the optic nerve sheath to the other eye. Another matter most interesting to the oculist, and which needs public attention, is the undoubted connexion between school work and myopia, and the increasing prevalence of shortness of sight as the result of growing educational activity.

In this branch of surgery, in spite of fourteen ways of performing the operation for extracting a cataractous lens and of evisceration and enucleation, and we know not what else, surgeons are clearly perceiving that, after all, it is better to preserve the eye in its highest natural vigour and fitness for work, and to avoid those risks and diseases that necessitate operations and lead to impairment of its powers. There is a wide difference between defective hearing and defective sight, as far, that is, as the enjoyment of life is concerned, though none in their effect on the sufferer: imperfect hearing cannot be concealed, and the deaf man is unconsciously shunned by his friends, and finds himself unable to follow conversation unless he insists on everything being repeated two or three times for his special benefit. The victim of bad sight, on the other hand, goes through life failing to see much that others enjoy, and one of the chief inlets of knowledge is closed; but this defect passes without attracting general attention. Bad vision is far more common than bad hearing, but it admits of more certain prevention if taken in hand early enough, while it can be far more easily relieved. Unfortunately bad sight, especially in towns, is becoming far more common, and there is but one effectual remedy—not overstraining the sight in early life. Nothing can exceed the delicacy and accuracy of the means for measuring the focal length of the eyes, examining and ascertaining their condition and adapting glasses to rectify imperfections of vision. Visual defects are rapidly becoming more common, and their severity is increasing, and yet they can often be altogether prevented, though if once allowed to develope rarely indeed can they be cured. Mr. Priestley Smith, whose labours have placed him in the front rank of English ophthalmic surgeons, has given much atten-

tion to this subject, and dealt with it in a lecture before the Birmingham and Midland Institute on 'Eyesight, and how we lose it.' Some passages are of such excellence that they deserve attention from all parents and teachers. .

'To make this matter of short sight quite clear, let me sketch the course of a myopic scholar through his school life. I need not introduce him to you as a baby, for short sight is not met with in babies or in very young children. Picture him to yourselves as a boy of five years old. Up to the age of five or six, at least, he sees distant objects as well as anyone. By this time he is beginning to know his letters well, and perhaps to read and write a little every day; but the lessons are short, and there is plenty of play between times, and all goes well with the eyes for another year or two. But as time goes on he is expected to do more; he has to sit for a good many hours every day with his head bent over his book, his slate, or his paper. When we look at a near object we turn both eyes inwards, and this is done by the pull of the muscle attached to the inner side of the eyeball; this pull tightens up the eye, as it were, and puts the coats a little more upon the stretch. Of course there is not the slightest harm in this in moderation; our eyes are made to look at near as well as at distant objects; but in young people the coats of the eye are not so tough as they are in adults, and if a severe strain is put upon them for many hours every day, week after week, and month after month, they are apt to stretch, the eye is thereby elongated; in other words, it is made shortsighted. To return to our schoolboy. Please to imagine that he is fond of his books, and that he works hard at school in the daytime, at home in the evening. Imagine also that his schoolroom is not very well lighted, that his school books are printed in small type, that his seat is not a very comfortable one, and that he is growing fast, and that his back is not very strong; that at night he has to study as best he may by the light of a flickering gas burner or a single candle. Under such circumstances, what wonder if he gets into the habit of lolling forward over his work and putting his eyes very close to it? The strain is more than the eyes can bear; little by little the coats stretch, and short sight begins. The boy can now no longer distinguish distant objects quite so clearly as his companions can. For awhile this is hardly noticed, either by the lad himself or by those about him. As time goes on he rises from class to class, and gives more and more time to his books. Now he is unable to see what the master writes upon the blackboard, and he stoops over his work even more than before. He is told to "sit up," of course; but he cannot sit up, for if he does so he cannot see his book. And so things go on from bad to worse, and the more shortsighted he becomes the more he stoops, and the more he stoops the more shortsighted he becomes. He is not very good at outdoor games, of course, so he takes to his books more and more for company. He leaves school with a head full of knowledge, a pale face, and round shoulders, and lives for the rest of his life in a pair of spectacles. This is not a mere fancy portrait. . . . *To prevent short sight, prevent young people from using their eyes too long and too*

closely on near objects. That is a simple rule, but it is not easily put into practice at the present day. Please notice that what we want our schoolboy to do is to work in a natural healthy position, with his shoulders square, his head upright, and *his eyes at least twelve inches from his book.* You can't make him do this by scolding him, but you can make him do it by more reasonable means. 'These are the means: He must have a comfortable seat with a support for the lower part of his back. He must work at a sloping desk, not at a flat table. He must be so placed that there is plenty of light upon his work, and that he is not dazzled by light in his eyes. His books must be printed in good large clear type, so that he may be able to read them without the slightest difficulty at the proper distance. He must be accustomed to read with the book propped well up in front of him, so that he may not need to stoop over it. He must be taught to write sitting square to the desk and upright, not twisted to one side and bending over it. These things must be attended to at home as well as at school.'

Mr. Priestley Smith has introduced some instruments for showing the mechanism and power of adaptation of the eye. These instruments are remarkable for their simplicity, but are so well conceived and ingenious that half an hour's explanation conveys to the average medical student a thorough insight into a subject not always perfectly understood by experienced medical practitioners. Mr. Priestley Smith has also elucidated the pathology of glaucoma, that terrible and destructive disease which leads to great fullness, or rather distension, of the eye, and too often to total blindness. Conical cornea—the unnatural growing, that is, of the cornea until it forms a sharp cone—is now successfully treated by means of needle-cauterisation as well as by galvano-cautery; the needle is inserted in its apex, and burns away a little of the redundant growth; this is a better method than the older operation of slicing off the apex of the cone. Conical cornea is attended with such serious impairment of vision that it is a grievous trial to the sufferer. There is at present no possibility of telling what gives rise to it, though some connexion exists between this disease and weakening constitutional complaints, such as rheumatic fever; or, at any rate, conical cornea is more often met with among persons who have had diseases of malnutrition.

It has been said that the advance in medicine has not equalled that in surgery, and can hardly be placed in comparison with it. In the ordinary practice of the art such advance as has been made shows itself chiefly in greater skill in diagnosis and prognosis, and in the possession of more palatable drugs, and of instruments of precision like the sphygmograph, an ingenious instrument for recording the

frequency, force, and character of the pulse beats ; and the clinical thermometer.

Medicine, moreover, has had its field greatly curtailed of late. Many obscure and obstinate diseases, which were included in its province, and for which very recently comparatively little could be done, have been transferred to the realm of the surgeon ; and, while obstinately intractable as long as medicines were alone administered, are found to admit of ready and successful treatment at the hands of the surgeon. Physicians can no longer claim to be the gentlemen and scholars of the profession, and to regard surgeons as their humble dependents. Thirty or thirty-five years ago surgeons, as a class, were admittedly worse educated and enjoyed fewer advantages than physicians ; but all is now changed, and a large proportion of the younger surgeons have had every advantage of training and culture that their medical compeers enjoy. Great academical distinction and high qualifications are as frequently possessed by surgeons as by physicians.

Still there have been triumphs, of which we may mention a few : the treatment of rheumatic fever with salicylate of soda, the 'knocking down' of high temperatures with antipyrin, the induction of sleep with chloral, paraldehyde, urethan, and hypnone, and the introduction of cocaine, the last invaluable as an internal remedy. The knowledge of the causes and course of disease is daily becoming fuller and more accurate ; but the treatment by means of drugs is not advancing as rapidly as could be wished, and in too many instances the physician can watch, but he cannot relieve, or if he is fortunate enough to relieve he cannot control, the complaint, and conduct the patient to recovery. The fact is that many diseases are the results of fundamental changes in the structure of the body, of deterioration of important organs, and not merely the outcome of disordered functions, so that by the time the physician is called to the rescue it is too late. The greatest triumphs will, no doubt, await the endeavour to control the causes of certain diseases, and in that respect no small progress has been made.

The amazing results of the researches and experiments of M. Pasteur and his numerous disciples, which appear to be better known on the Continent than in this country, warrant a confident expectation that we are on the eve of one of the greatest revolutions that have ever taken place in medical science. Hitherto medicine has been in a great measure

empirical. M. Pasteur goes to the root of the science by demonstrating what are the causes of disease. Therapeutics, or the treatment of diseases, will follow a knowledge of the cause. The theory, or, to speak more correctly, the discovery, of *microbes*, which is now styled the science of 'bacteriology,' has shown experimentally that the acute diseases known as eruptive fever, typhoid fever, abscesses, and even pulmonary phthisis are caused by the penetration into the system of parasitic atoms, endowed with a species of vitality akin to that of fermentation, inconceivably diminutive, but capable of enormously rapid growth and reproduction. These are called *microbes*. Their presence determines mechanical and chemical changes in the body which is the seat of disease. It is held that all contagious diseases are the result of the transmission or propagation of these atoms. Nor is this mere theory. The actual microbe of tuberculosis was discovered by M. Koch in 1882, and he is also believed (though this is disputed) to have discovered the microbe of Asiatic cholera. The microbe of typhoid fever was rendered visible and proved to exist in 1886 by M. Gaffky. These researches have been followed by the discovery that the principle of vaccination is capable of a large extension, and that the virulence of other diseases may be mitigated or prevented by the introduction into the system of a milder form of the same malady. That is the basis of M. Pasteur's well-known treatment of hydrophobia, and of anthrax or coad in sheep and cattle, which were described in a recent number of this Review.* When these facts are fully substantiated, it would follow that the treatment of diseases would consist in the application of remedies or conditions under which the poisonous microbes lose their vitality. It is obvious that these discoveries open a field of inquiry and practice which would place the science of medicine on a more certain basis than it has hitherto acquired. Our limits forbid us to enter fully on the subject, but we may refer our readers to a most valuable article by M. Jules Héricourt in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' of September 1.

To return, however, to less speculative topics. Another advance is the constant use of the microscope, and the perfection of instruments for making fine microscopical sections. Among these the sliding microtome of Professor Thomas is distinguished for its great exactitude, simple construction, and convenience of handling. With its help

* See *Edinburgh Review*, No. 332, for October 1885.

sections can be obtained whose thickness varies from $\cdot 05$ to $\cdot 005$ of a millimetre.

Much greater discrimination has been shown of late in the selection of health resorts; and though medical fashion changes with at times startling suddenness, and often with slender show of reason, guiding principles are being evolved from the lessons gained of late years, and there is less chance of places making a great reputation and then losing it with almost meteor-like rapidity. New watering places and fresh health resorts are springing up in all directions, it is true, but it is being more clearly understood that special care is needed in the selection of the place to which to send a particular sufferer; and even the local practitioners, whose incomes are peculiarly concerned, are often most conscientious in tendering sound advice and warning certain classes of sufferers not to approach within their lines.

The art of the scientific pharmacist has also improved in an unprecedented degree; this was a department admitting of great advance. English medicine was said to be at a signal disadvantage compared with French, in that our neighbours paid more attention to the preparation of palatable and simple remedies, technically called elegant preparations. A cursory inspection of any surgery or chemist's shop showed that something was radically wrong, and that with care and intelligence many unpalatable drugs should admit of such preparation as to be less bulky, more palatable, and far more certain in their action. New and most powerful remedies are now being prepared with which the physician can treat his patients with a precision and confidence impossible half a generation ago. The age is fastidious: people will take medicines readily as long as they are palatable; but when medicines are unpalatable, they are not taken regularly; and the physician, often to the injury of the patient, is compelled to combine many drugs in one formula, his object being to restrict the number of doses, so that only two or three in the course of a day should be taken. Many drugs act far more certainly and rapidly in minute doses, taken many times a day, and it is more scientific not to combine in a prescription half a dozen incompatible ingredients. Dr. Sidney Ringer has not ceased to reiterate that the best prescribing generally consists in the exhibition of frequent minute doses: this is far better than the inhibition of two or three large doses at long intervals. Were it possible to obtain the active principle, and could it be taken several times a day in the proper quantity, the boon

to the patient would be immense. This is precisely what modern progress is successfully trying to accomplish. The active principle is much more often than formerly separated, weighed, and prepared, so that it can be taken in the proper dose just when needed. One form is in pills, and most drugs, unless very bulky, can be and are prescribed in that shape; another is in the small compressed masses prepared on the Wyeth system, called tablets or tabloids, which meet the requirements of a scientific age. Greater care than ever is taken to obtain perfectly pure drugs, and the British pharmacist has the world at his command. Some medicines are imported from America, others from the Continent, and some are obtained from English makers. The drug is weighed, sometimes by machinery, at other times by hand, and compressed by a powerful machine, the finished tabloid being turned out dry, usually white, palatable, firm, and ready for use. Nothing looks simpler than the machinery, which pours out so continuous a stream of finished pills or tabloids, that, in spite of the omnivorous British appetite for drugs, the wonder is where consumers are to be found. Hundreds of kinds of coated and uncoated pills, and forty or more kinds of tabloids, are manufactured, among them quinine, bromide of potassium, chlorate of potash, Dover's powder, ipecacuanha, cascara sagrada, saccharine, and cocaine: most are for internal use, others for the throat, and the bulky preparations of our childhood have been superseded in great measure. Minute discs for hypodermic injections are also made, most convenient to the practitioner, and there is no possibility of making mistakes as to the dose. The contrast between rows of medicine bottles full to the cork of strong-smelling and nauseous drugs, and a neat little case containing twenty or thirty charming bottles of minute tabloids, can be readily understood. The hour for taking medicine ceases to be a misery, no loathing is excited, and the recovery of the sufferer is actually promoted. Even the chemist need not suffer; he can act as the middle man, retailing the tabloids, pills, and slimy principles, which he receives from wholesale houses. Drugs in these forms do not get mouldy or decay, nor do they acquire an unpleasant taste; they can be kept ready for use, and take up little room; and, most wonderful of all, they can be carried in tiny bottles in the pocket, a convenience which invalids appreciate. The administration of drugs by a hollow hypodermic needle is also becoming far more frequent: minute doses of the drug act in this way with magical rapidity and

certainly, and sufferers, long past taking drugs by the mouth, can be treated by means of hypodermic injections.

In Sir Henry Roscoe's review of chemistry at the meeting of the British Association at Manchester, last September, a passage which struck many readers with surprise was the one in which he spoke of saccharine, the curious sweetening agent, 250 or 300 times as sweet as cane sugar. Most people knew that the advance of chemical science had been rapid beyond precedent, and that coal tar had been the inexhaustible mine from which the modern chemist had obtained colours, scents, and flavours that had revolutionised the arts, increased the elegances and comforts of life, and shorn sickness of many of its terrors. But few knew that the scientific chemist could almost see a time when many valuable adjuncts to human food would be built up in the laboratory and in any quantity desired. Saccharine is an agent that is being used as a drug and an adjunct to food in increasingly larger quantities; its value as a therapeutic agent is better understood every day, and to sufferers from diabetes and many forms of dyspepsia it is a blessing which they alone can appreciate. Saccharine is also prepared in tabloid form, a minute mass not larger than a millet seed being enough to sweeten a large cup of tea or coffee; and its use is not followed by those discomforts and dangers that attend the resort to cane sugar.

To conclude. We have said enough to show that the progress in medicine and surgery keeps pace with that of science. No one need fear that all the discoveries and advances that will hereafter reward the ingenuity and research of man have been made. Though much has been effected, enough remains to be done to satisfy the ambition and fill the life of all the noble intellects and generous hearts whom medicine will attract. Fifty years hence our descendants will perhaps look back on our knowledge with much the same wonder and pity with which we regard the state of things obtaining when Robert Liston was in his glory, and Sir Henry Hallford and Sir Henry Holland were at the head of their branch of the profession.

ART. IX.—*Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple*: 1652–54. Edited by EDWARD ABBOTT PARBY. 1 vol. 8vo. London: 1888.

AMONG the private papers of Dr. Jonathan Swift, who in his youth had acted as amanuensis to Sir William Temple, there was discovered after his death a small folded packet, neatly tied, and marked on the outside ‘Only a woman’s ‘hair.’ Stella’s, or Vanessa’s, whichever it may have been, the relic received from the cynical Dean of St. Patrick’s but a half scornful endorsement. Among the papers of the Dean’s former master, of the accomplished Sir William Temple, there was found a much more bulky parcel. This time it was no question of a curl that might have lost its glossiness, since the ‘meeting points’ had dissevered it ‘from the fair head for ever and for ever.’ Neither did it contain the fading frail memorial of a withered posy; ‘a rosebud and a pair of gloves.’ There were here seventy letters from a woman: a long series of those addressed to William Temple by Dorothy Osborne of Chicksands, during the Commonwealth, and during the years when the course of the true love that existed between those two virtuous young persons ran very far from smoothly.

In 1836, when Mr. Courtenay was preparing his voluminous ‘Life, Works, and Correspondence of Sir William Temple,’ he was allowed access to this parcel of letters, which was then, as it is now, the property of the Rev. Robert Longe. Their perusal gave the biographer extraordinary pleasure, and no wonder, since after nearly two hundred years he was allowed to explore the haunts and friendships, the loving anxieties, the pretty jests, and the native wood notes wild of this charming English girl. But Mr. Courtenay seems to have been half ashamed of the pleasure he felt, and it was to an appendix that he consigned the forty-two extracts which he permitted himself to make from the Osborne correspondence. When Macaulay came to review Mr. Courtenay’s book (in the pages of this Review in October, 1838), the great critic fastened at once on Miss Osborne’s letters. He was fascinated by their matter as well as by their manner, by their wit and good temper, and by the ‘English undefiled’ which Miss Osborne wielded with such a happy mixture of gravity and mirth. Lord Macaulay went so far as to say that he wished ‘the epistles inserted had been twice as many.’ He wished, in fact, to be as rich

as we are to-day through Mr. Parry's collection, and he gave as a reason for his desire 'that very little of the diplomatic 'correspondence of that generation was so well worth reading.' The published letters of Dorothy Osborne are now seventy in number, and though a great number of them are undated, they clearly begin in 1652, and belong to the later years of that courtship which was so long on foot.

We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Parry has rendered a real service to English literature and to our acquaintance with the seventeenth century in revising and publishing this complete edition. The letters of Lucy Hutchinson we have, but they are much less ingenuous than these pages, which though they cannot be termed artless, have yet a nameless grace and freshness. Mr. Parry is evidently a warm admirer of the young Royalist lady who had Henry Cromwell among her suitors, and who lived to reckon Queen Mary of England, Princess of Orange, among her friends. It was, Mr. Parry tells us,

'the passage in Macaulay's Essay that first led him to study the forty-two extracts in Courtenay's Appendix; and it was the literary and human charm of the letters themselves that suggested the idea of stringing together into a connected story the love affairs of Dorothy Osborne. This was published in 1886 in "The English Illustrated Magazine," and happened to fall into the hands of an admirer of Dorothy, who, having had access to the original letters, had made faithful and loving copies of each one—accurate even to its old-world spelling. Those labours had been followed up by much patient research, the fruits of which were now to be generously offered to the present editor, on condition that he would prepare the letters for the press. The owner of the letters having courteously expressed his acquiescence, nothing remained but to give to the task that patient care which it is so easy to give to a labour of love.'

We think that something more remained to be done—viz. to give an account of the derivation of the book. If our age is less than its predecessors an age of literary impostures it is so because it is an age of keen and searching literary criticism. A fraud would not now be an easy thing to perpetrate, yet Mr. Parry ought to have guarded himself against any suspicion that his edition might not be a genuine one, and the circumstance that it has been impugned in one quarter must have been painful to him. The letters are, no doubt, able to stand any number of critical and exegetical tests, and they are beyond all question genuine, from the first word to the last one. As they are often undated, there may have been trifling errors made in

assigning to them the order in which they now stand, but Mr. Parry only says of that order that 'it is approximately 'correct.' On p. 192 there occurs what does at first sight seem an anachronism. It is when Dorothy sends to her lover an extract 'from a new thing of Cowley's.' The poem in question, the 'Davideis,' was not published till at least two years later, but, then, we know that Cowley wrote it as early as 1640. He was intimate with Miss Osborne, and might, therefore, have permitted her to see the MS., and to extract from it the lines which she sent for her lover's consideration. We think, all the same, that Mr. Parry has not done himself justice in the Introduction to the first edition, and we regret that that edition has been followed by three others without his finding time to give such an account of his treasure-trove, and of its *unde derivatur*, as must satisfy at once the most captious and the most sympathetic of his critics.

In the meantime let it be repeated that these seventy letters are not only genuine, but that their originals repose at this moment under the same roof as they did when Mr. Courtenay first had access to them, and first betrayed to the world how William Temple's lady-love thought and felt and wrote. The letters were then, and are now, in Coddendam Vicarage, and owing to the great age of the more than octogenarian vicar, the Rev. Robert Longe, they have only changed hands three times since they left those of Dorothy's widower. The Rev. Nicholas Bacon, great grandson of Sir William Temple, first acquired them by direct inheritance. He, dying childless, bequeathed them, along with Coddendam, to his brother-in-law, the Rev. John Longe, father to the present owner of both house and papers, the Rev. Robert Longe. Macaulay for some strange reason assumed that there were no more Osbornes in Chicksands, and even stated his impression as a fact. But the present owner of Chicksands, Sir G. R. Osborne, Bart., is the sixth baronet since Sir Peter, and the ninth since a certain Peter Osborne of Tyld Hall, Privy-Purse to King Edward VI., purchased Chicksands Abbey in 1576. The charter chests of Dorothy's house have been recently ransacked to discover if any duplicates or documents illustrative of her correspondence existed; but the search produced only two or three letters of Lady Temple's, and they, like the six preserved in the British Museum, are either unimportant or of no great interest.

Mr. Parry and the obliging copyist of Coddendam have

both done much to clear up the allusions in Miss Osborne's letters, and Mr. Parry's notes are often useful. It is a pity that their style is rather affected. While we echo Lord Macaulay's philippic against 'that vile phrase the dignity of 'history,' while we hold that 'the mutual relations of the two 'sexes are as important as the mutual relations of any two 'Governments in the world,' while we admire Dorothy Osborne as a lively, high-minded, accomplished, generous, and affectionate young woman, we think that a gushing and self-conscious style is inappropriate, not only to the famous 'dignity of history,' but to the dignity of an English gentlewoman. As his paper was originally prepared for an illustrated serial, Mr. Parry was easily led into this error, and he might easily have renounced it when he set to work to prepare a book as likely to live as this edition of the Letters; but we do not understand how he came to take it for granted that Mr. Courtenay's volumes were forgotten, or that the facts about Dorothy were new. Mr. Courtenay's book is a dull one, and no book really succeeds that does not bear the tool-marks of genius; but, on the other hand, it is a mine of matter, the quarry from which materials have ever since been drawn, and it has acquired, thanks to Lord Macaulay's article, a genuine immortality. To all readers of Macaulay's matchless essays Miss Osborne has long been so well known that there was not much left to say about her. The story of Miss Osborne's youth, of her always deepening attachment to young Temple, of the loss of her beauty by the small-pox, of her wifely gentleness, of her position of comparative inferiority to her clever sister-in-law, Lady Giffard, of her friendship with the Princess of Orange, of her anguish after the suicide of her son, and of her death at Moor Park in the spring of 1694, requires but little amplification to enhance its interest or its pathos. Dorothy is really a lily that asks for no gilding, and the charm of this volume consists not in what is said of her, but in what she says of herself. In truth, she excels in telling her own tale. In an age when the comic dialogue of the stage was generally unfit for the lips and ears of a modest girl, when even all the pages of Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Living and Holy Dying' were not adapted to family reading, this young lady's letters were as pure as her life. The carrier in the Bedfordshire lanes who was her Mercury, her Cousin Molle, and even the old knight Sir Peter himself, might have read every line that Dorothy ever traced, and had they read they could but have honoured more profoundly the girl who knew how to

make such a use of her liberty. If she seems outspoken and shrewd, it is because she is what the Governess of Brittany, Mme. de Chaulnes, professed herself to be, 'witty, by the 'grace of God.' In fact, Dorothy is so sprightly, so winning, so affectionate, and yet so self-reliant, that we fancy we have met her before 'in a forest in Arden,' for she has Rosalind's fun and Rosalind's high breeding.

Yet the background of this girl's life had been deep-coloured almost to sombreness. She had been nurtured in civil war, and had seen English blood spilt by Englishmen on English fields before a sovereign was beheaded in the streets of London. She had seen the snow fall as one king's shroud, and the oak leaves of Boscobel shelter another after Worcester's bloody day.

Her father, Sir Peter Osborne, of Chicksands, in the county of Bedford, was created Governor of Guernsey in 1621. When the Civil War broke out he had to stand a siege in Castle Cornet, while Lady Osborne, *née* Danvers, and her daughter Dorothy lived at St. Malo, and did their best to victual the place from the mainland. Harassed by the malice of his neighbour, George Carteret of Jersey, the Royalist Governor had also to suffer from the weak policy and the broken promises of the King, and resigning his command he retired to Chicksands. There this good servant of a ruined house and discredited cause died in March 1654. Dorothy was with him at his departing. The girl's letters are full of little tender touches, echoes of the sick-room, and expressions of her own solitude once her father was removed. Lady Osborne was dead, and her sisters were married—one of them to Sir Henry Peyton, a notable Kentish Royalist, and the daughter who folded Sir Peter's hands, and who said of him that 'he was a friend to the poor, a lover of learning, 'and a maintainer of divine exercises,' was herself engaged to be married, and only not yet affianced because her choice had never been accepted by her family.

When young Mr. William Temple was on his road to France, that road seems to have lain by the Channel Islands; and there he saw and loved Sir Peter Osborne's daughter, then in her twenty-first year. Temple was only twenty, and his family belonged to the other side in politics—to the winning side, it is true; but to Miss Osborne's father and brothers his youth and his family principles did not commend him as a suitor. Royalists, who had in Castle Cornet learnt to live 'on one buiscuit a day, with a little porrage for 'supper,' did not appreciate the rule of a Presbyterian

democracy or being 'bullied by a usurper.' Young Temple, perhaps to conciliate Miss Osborne, professed himself to be personally favourable to a monarchy. This was so far well, and he was said to have been carefully educated by Dr. Hammond, his maternal uncle; but still there was nothing to distinguish this son of Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, from any other young man of twenty who had just taken his degree. And there were other suitors in the field. It is the clashing of opinions about her settlement in life that breaks the monotony of existence in Bedfordshire during the ascendancy of a Puritan Lord High Protector, and Dorothy's letters are full of descriptions of her gallants. If these did not frighten Mr. Temple, they ought to have amused him. Perhaps they were intended to do both, and Dorothy, with a pardonable coquetry, took care to let him understand that if she preferred him it was not because she was either unasked or unsought.

The first letter which Temple preserved refers to this engrossing topic. The lovers had evidently just met in town, and parted at Goring House, that residence of Mr. Secretary Bennet which stood where the present Arlington Street now stands. Temple and Lord Arlington lived to be very intimate, but it is pleasant to associate the Secretary's house with the romantic episodes of Dorothy's youth and of his own.

'I will give you an account of myself, and begin my story, as you did yours, from our parting at Goring House. I came down hither not half so well pleased as when I went up, with an engagement upon me that I had little hope of shaking off, for I had made use of all the liberty my friends would allow me to preserve my own, and 'twould not do—he was so weary of his that he would part with it on any terms. As my last refuge, I got my brother to go down with him to see his house; who, when he came back, made the relation I wished. He said the seat was as ill as so good a country would permit. . . . I had no quarrel with his person or his fortune, but was in love with neither, and much out of love with a thing called marriage; and have since thanked God I was so, for 'tis not long since one of my brothers sent me word of him that he was killed in a duel, tho' since I have heard that it was the other that was killed, and he is fled upon't, which does not mend the matter much. Both made me glad I had escaped him, and sorry for his misfortune; which in earnest was the least return his many civilities to me could deserve.

'Presently, after this was at an end, my mother died; and I was left at liberty to mourn her loss awhile. At length my aunt (with whom I was when you last saw me) commanded me to wait on her in London; and when I came she told me how much I was in her care, how well she loved me for my mother's sake, and something for my

own, and drew out a long set speech, which ended in a good motion (as she called it), and truly I saw no harm in it, for by what I had heard of the gentleman I guessed he expected a better fortune than mine. And it proved so. Yet he protested he liked me so well that he was very angry my father would not be persuaded to give 1,000*l.* more with me; and I him so ill that I vowed if I had 1,000*l.* less I should have thought it too much for him. And so we parted. Since he has made a story with a new mistress, which is worth your knowing, but too long for a letter. I'll keep it for you.

'After this, some friends that had observed a gravity in my face which might become an elderly man's wife (as they termed it) and a mother-in-law, proposed a widower to me, that had four daughters, all old eno' to be my sisters; but he had a great estate, was as fine a gentleman as ever England bred, and the very pattern of wisdom. I, that knew how much I wanted it, thought this the safest place for me to engage in, and was mightily pleased to think that I had met with one at last that had it eno' for himself and me too. But shall I tell you what I thought when I knew him (you will say nothing on't), 'twas the vainest, impertinent, self-conceited, learned coxcomb that ever I saw; to say more were to spoil his marriage, which I hear is towards, with a daughter of Lord Coleraine's; but for his sake I shall take care of a fine gentleman as long as I live. Before I had quite ended with him, coming to turn all that and some other occasions of my own, I fell in Sir Thomas's way; and what humour took him I cannot imagine, but he made very formal addresses to me, and engaged his mother and my brother to appear in't. This bred a story pleasanter than I have told you yet; but so long a one that I must reserve it till we meet—or make a letter of itself.

'The next thing I designed to be rid on was a scurvy spleen that I have been subject to, and to that purpose I was advised to drink the waters. There (at Epsom) I spent the later end of summer; and at my coming home found that a gentleman (who has some estate in this county) had been treating with my brother: and yet it goes on fair and softly. . . . Thus you have all my late adventures.'

Light as Dorothy made of these offers of marriage, William Temple once had a really formidable rival—not poor old Sir Justinian Isham, whom she generally nick-names 'the Emperor,' and whose four daughters she sometimes offers to Temple as possible matches for himself, but Henry Cromwell.

How Dorothy Osborne came to be acquainted, all Royalist as she was, with the second son of the Lord High Protector it is impossible now to discover. Evidently the young gentleman did not belong to 'the straiter sort,' and accordingly Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson has not a good word to say for him, but stigmatises him as 'a debauched and ungodly 'Cavalier.' He was the same age as Dorothy, a man of the world who had been a captain in Harrison's Horse in 1647,

and had also served in Ireland under his father, where he attained the grade of colonel in 1649. The rough life and the theological pretensions of those strange camps were not to Henry Cromwell's taste, and his marked indifference to 'ordinances' made him suspected by the Hutchinsons. To all such zealots he preferred Miss Osborne. The lively, courageous temper of the young Royalist lady, as she laughed at all whims and pretensions, her pleasant circle of friends and of well-bred gossips, and her taste for open-air amusements and big dogs, all attracted him. He got greyhounds from Ireland for her, and was a friend well worth having in those troubled times. Dorothy was also touched by his faithful service to herself. She is not tempted by any mere worldly advantage which such a match had to offer.

'If,' she writes, 'I had been so wise as to have taken hold of the offer made me by Henry Cromwell, I might have been in a fair way of preferment; for, sure, they will be greater now than ever. . . . My own judgement would preserve me from doing anything that might be prejudicial to you or unjustifiable to the world; but, if these be secured, nothing can alter the resolution I have taken of settling my whole stock of happiness upon the affection of a person that is dear to me, whose kindness I shall infinitely prefer before any other consideration whatever. I shall not blush to tell you you have made the whole world besides so indifferent to me that, if I cannot be yours, they may dispose of me how they please. Henry Cromwell will be as acceptable to me as any one else.'

There are frequent references to 'the General's son,' who plainly interested Miss Osborne, if he failed to replace Temple in her affections. Henry persevered in his suit, but at last had to accept her refusal of it, and in 1653 he wedded, perhaps in pique, and at Kensington Church, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Russell, of Chippenham. He returned to Ireland, and there for a year ruled as Lord Deputy. But he was only a meek representative of the great statesman of whom Macaulay says that he came 'like an avenging angel with a high commission of destruction and renovation. Clarendon, no friendly witness, says that under that iron hand, and in two years' time, buildings were raised in Ireland for beauty as well as use, plantations of trees, fences, and enclosures raised, purchases made by one from another at very valuable rates, and jointures made upon marriages and all other conveyances and settled as if in a kingdom at peace within itself, and where no doubt could be made of the validity of titles.'

But all this progress seemed to the people as 'the curse of

‘Cromwell,’ and the government of Ireland was then, as it is now, a problem which overtasks the energy and the statecraft of its rulers. To transplant and eradicate the native Irish seemed to Henry Cromwell an odious task, and to plant new Saxon settlers was one which he averred ‘brought him nothing but disquiet of body and mind.’ Perhaps, in contemplating his son Henry as well as his son Richard, ‘the General’ might have been justified in complaining that his race followed the mother’s till it became effeminate; but there was no help for it, for some natures resist having greatness forced on them. In 1658, Henry, declaring that the sorrows of Erin could not be healed by him, retired from office, and even after the Restoration this legislator against the grain lived and died unmolested in one of the Eastern counties. Yet Dorothy Osborne, so far from despising Henry Cromwell, recalled his image in the saddest hours of her maiden life. About Christmas 1653, a misunderstanding arose between herself and Mr. Temple. How begun or how bred it is impossible now to discover; but it went very hard with Dorothy, a woman by no means given to despondency, or to vague talk about an early grave. But Miss Osborne then said that she thought they had better sever the tie between them.

‘Leave this to me, and seek a better fortune. I beg it of you as heartily as I forgive you all those strange thoughts you have had of me. For God’s sake do take any course that may make you happy, or, if that cannot be, less unfortunate than your friend and humble servant. . . . A thousand accidents might well have taken me from you, and you must have borne it. . . . You are kind in your good wishes, but I aim at no friends, nor princes—the honour would be lost upon me. I should become a crown so ill that there would be no striving for it after me; and sure I should not wear it long. Your letter was a much greater loss to me than that of Henry Cromwell.’

There can be no doubt that, whether Temple admitted it or not, this Henry Cromwell had been a friend worth having and worth keeping; for ‘Merrie England’ was at that moment anything but ‘merrie,’ and not only were things grown, as Evelyn says, ‘to a dangerous crisis,’ but Royalists held their estates by a very uncertain tenure. Their lands were suffering for want of some friend to rescue them out of the power of the usurper, so as to preserve their interests. It was also at this conjuncture a rare thing to find a priest of the Church of England in a parish church. Pulpits were for the most part held by Independents and fanatics, and served as ‘drums ecclesiastic,’ churchings and baptisms being per-

formed in secret, while a populace, growing ignorant of Christian principles, was fed on discourses full of speculative and rational things. Persons who, like Evelyn and Sir Peter Osborne, were maintainers of the old order had to stay at home to catechise and instruct their family. And yet the darkest hour for the Church of England had by no means struck. An Act of Oblivion to all that would obey the Government had been published in 1652. James Usher, the learned Primate of Ireland, whose rather primitive chronology of the Bible was so long accepted by Englishmen, was still suffered to preach in Lincoln's Inn, and Dr. Jeremy Taylor at St. Gregory's; but two years later no churches or public assemblies were open on Christmas Day, while, *per contra*, Cromwell chose Ash Wednesday for a demonstration in his own honour. 'In contradiction to all custom and decency, the usurper feasted at the Lord Mayor's; riding in state thro' the city, and on Xmas Day, 1654, a proclamation was issued that "none of the Church of England should dare either to preach or administer Sacraments, teach schools, etc. etc., on pain of imprisonment."' The press, however, either with or without authorisation, continued to print the writings of Churchmen; and Dorothy Osborne quotes from those of Jeremy Taylor. The quaint style, the otherworldliness, and the rules for practical holiness which distinguish the Bishop's pages all served to commend him as a friend for a woman too often left alone with her dying father, her ruffling brothers, her cousin Moll, her niece Jane, her 'high Hall-garden,' and her own anxious thoughts.

But it would be to misrepresent Dorothy Osborne to describe her as low-spirited. Her portrait by Kneller gives the idea of a woman above the middle height, more quick-witted than dignified, and with a clear, honest gaze that speaks volumes for her directness of purpose and self-respect. Her letters owe nothing to fine phrases:—

'All letters, methinks, should be free and easy as one's discourse, and not made up of hard words, like a charm. 'Tis an admirable thing to see how some people will labour to find out terms that obscure a plain sense. Like a gentleman I knew, who would never say, "The weather grows cold," but that "Winter began to salute us." I have no patience for such coxcombs, and cannot blame an old uncle of mine that threw the standish at his man's head because he writ a letter for him where, instead of saying (as his master bid him) "that he would have writ himself but he had the gout in his hand," he said "that the gout in his hand would not permit him to put pen to paper." The fellow thought he had mended it mightily; and that putting pen to paper was much better than plain writing.'

Dorothy's style is perfectly plain ; and it is a curious thing, and one not yet satisfactorily explained, that at the end of the eighteenth century the style in vogue in letters and magazine articles was very much more pedantic and affected, and further removed from *naïveté*, than it had been at the time of the Restoration. Who was to blame for this fashionable departure from 'plain writing'? Was it Lord Chesterfield? or was it an awful echo of Dr. Johnson?

Miss Osborne's correspondence began to provoke the comments of her family. They wot not that she was earning immortality for herself when she sat up 'at night with a 'poor moped fellow that served her father;' and, even if they did not object to Mr. Temple, they objected to being kept out of the secret.

'Would you had heard how I have been catechised for you and seen how soberly I sit and answer to interrogatories. Would you think that upon examination it is found that you are not an indifferent person to me? But the mischief is, that what my intentions and resolutions are is not to be discovered, tho' much pains has been taken to collect all scattering (*sic*) circumstances; and all the probable conjectures that can be raised from thence has been urged to see if anything would be confessed. And all this with so much ceremony and compliment, so many pardons asked for undertaking to counsel and inquire, and so great kindness and passion for all my interests professed, that I cannot but take it well, tho' I am very weary on't. To all this I make no reply, but that if they will needs have it that I am not without kindness for you they must needs conclude withal that 'tis no part of my intention to ruin you—and so the conference breaks up for that time.'

Sometimes Dorothy carries the war into the neighbouring country, and gives her opinion on the lives and marriages of her friends.

'My aunt is still in town, kept by her business, and my precious uncle does so visit her, and is so kind, that without doubt some mischief will follow. Do you know his son, my cousin Harry? 'Tis a handsome youth, and well natured, but such a goose! and she has bred him so strangely that he needs all his 10,000 a year. I would fain have him marry my Lady Diana Rich. . . . But my Lady Isabella, that speaks and looks and sings and plays all so prettily, why cannot I say that she is as free from faults as her sister (Diana) believes her? No, I am afraid she is not, and sorry that those she has are so generally known. My brother did not bring them for an example, but I did—and made him confess she had better have married a beggar than that beast with all his estate. She cannot be excused; but certainly they run a strange hazard that have such husbands as make them think they cannot be more undone whatever course they take. Oh, 'tis ten thousand pities, and were I as she I should

hide myself from all the world ; I should think all people that looked on me read it in my face and despised me in their hearts ; and at the same time they made me a leg or spoke civilly to me I should believe they did not think I deserve their respect. . . . But is it possible that they say that my Lord Leicester and my Lady are in great disorder, and that, after forty years patience he has now taken up the cudgels and resolved to venture for the mastery ? Methinks he wakes out of his long sleep like a froward child that wrangles and fights with all that comes near it. What an age do we live in when 'tis a miracle if in ten couples that are married two of them so as not to publish to the world that they cannot agree. . . . When we have tried all ways to happiness, there is no such thing to be found but in a sound conformance to one's condition, whatever it be, and in not aiming at anything that is either impossible or improbable : all the rest is but vanity and vexation of spirit, and I durst pronounce it so from that little knowledge I have had of the world, tho' I had not Scripture for my warrant. There can be no pleasure in a struggling life, and that folly which we condemn in an ambitious man, that is, ever labouring for that which is hardly got and more uncertainly kept, is seen in all according to their several humours ; in some 'tis covetousness, in others pride, in some a stubbornness of nature that chooses always to go against the tide, and in others an unfortunate fancy to things that are in themselves innocent till we make them otherwise by desiring them too much. Of this sort you and I are, I think. We have lived hitherto upon hopes so airy that I have often wondered how they could support the weight of our misfortunes ; but passion gives a strength above nature ; we see it in most people, and, not to flatter ourselves, ours is but a refined degree of madness. . . . But, *à propos* of Mr. Smith, who would ever have dreamt he should have had my Lady Sunderland (Waller's Sacharissa), tho' he be a very fine gentleman and does more than deserve her ? I think I shall never forgive her one thing she said of him, which was that she married him out of pity ; it was the pitifullest saying that ever I heard, and made him so contemptible that I should not have married him for that reason. . . . I am altogether of your mind that my Lady Sunderland is not to be followed in her marrying fashion, and that Mr. Smith never appeared less her servant than in desiring it ; to speak truth it was convenient for neither of them, and in meaner people had been plain undoing one another, which I cannot understand to be kindness of either side. She has lost by it much of the repute she had gained by keeping herself a widow ; it was then believed that wit and discretion were to be reconciled in her person that have so seldom been persuaded to meet in anybody else. But we are all mortal.'

If wit and discretion ever really met, we are ready to say that they did so in Dorothy Osborne. She is very just in her estimates, and though staunchly royal and loyal at heart still metes out full measure of praise to Algernon Sydney.

'I am wholly ignorant of the story you mention. . . . I should

have guessed it Algernon Sydney, but that I cannot see in him that likelihood of a fortune which you seem to imply by saying 'tis not present. But if you should mean by that that 'tis possible his wit and good parts may raise him to one, you must pardon if I am not of your opinion, for I do not think these are times for anybody to expect preferment in that he deserves it, and in the best 'twas even too uncertain for a wise body to trust to.'

His name appears again in the most important letter of this collection. Cromwell had dissolved the Long Parliament, and Miss Osborne comments on it thus:—

'Sir,—That you may be sure it was a dream that I writ that part of my letter in, I do not now remember what it was I writ, but seems it was very kind, and possibly you owe the discovery on't to my being asleep. But I do not repent it, for I should not love you if I did not think you discreet enough to be trusted with the knowledge of all my kindness. Therefore, 'tis not that I desire to hide it from you, but that I do not love to tell it; and perhaps if you could read my heart, I should make less scruple of your seeing on't there than in my letters.

'But bless me, what will become of us all now? Is not this a strange turn? What does my Lord Lisle? Sure this will at least defer your journey? Tell me what I must think on't; whether it be better or worse, or whether you are at all concerned in't. For if you are not, I am not, only if I had been so wise as to have taken hold of the offer was made me by Henry Cromwell I might have been in the fair way of preferment, for, sure, they will be greater now than ever. Is it true that Algernon Sydney was so unwilling to leave the House that the General was fain to take the pains to turn him out himself? Well, 'tis a pleasant world this. If Mr. Pim were alive again, I wonder what he would think of these proceedings, and whether this would appear so great a breach of the privilege of Parliament as the demanding the five members? But I shall talk treason by-and-bye if I do not look to myself. 'Tis safer talking of the orange-flower water you sent me. The carrier has given me a great charge to tell you that it came safe, and that I must do him right. As you say, 'tis not the best I have seen, nor the worst.

'I shall expect your Diary next week, though this will be but a short letter; you may allow me to make excuses too, sometimes; but, seriously, my father is now so continuously ill that I have hardly time for anything. 'Tis but an ague that he has, but yet I am much afraid that is more than his age and weakness will be able to bear; he keeps his bed, and never rises but to have it made, and most times faints with that. You ought in charity to write as much as you can, for, in earnest, my life here since my father's sickness is so sad that, to another humour than mine, it would be unsupportable; but I have been so used to misfortunes that I cannot be much surprised with them, though, perhaps, I am as sensible of them as another. I'll leave you, for I find these thoughts begin to put me in ill-humour; farewell, may you be ever happy. If I am so at all, it is in being

'Your . . .'

Everything comes to an end at last, even such a long courtship as this between young Mr. Temple and Sir Peter Osborne's daughter. Her other suitors have ere this consoled themselves, and wedded.

'What a multitude of willow garlands I shall wear before I die. I think I had best make them into faggots for the cold weather; the flame they would make in the chimney would be of more use to me than that which was in the hearts of all those that gave them me and would last as long.'

There are changes also in Dorothy's home circle. Her brother Robert was dead, and so was Lady Peyton, her eldest sister, and Mr. Temple had gone to Ireland with his father.

'I find it much easier to talk of your coming back than of your going. You shall never persuade me I send you this journey. No, pray let it be your father's commands, or a necessity your fortune puts upon you. . . . No, my dear, this is our last misfortune; let us bear it nobly. . . . 'Tis not that I have less kindness or more courage than you, but that mistrusting myself more (as I have more reason) I have armed myself all that is possible. I have thought that there is not much difference between your being at Dublin or at London, as our affairs stand.'

The affairs mended at last, but not till Miss Osborne was alone in the world after Sir Peter's death, and after a final and terrible altercation with her brother as to her choice of a husband. He contended that Mr. Temple held my Lord-Lieutenant's principles, that religion and honour were things he did not consider, and that he would take any engagement, serve on any employment, and do anything to advance himself. One is tempted to ask, How far was Miss Osborne over-partial or her brother harshly unjust to Temple? The aspirant to her hand seems at that time to have been too young to give the Osbornes any just cause of dislike or ill-will, yet it is impossible to deny that there were in his wary, observant, and quietly selfish nature traits that might tempt the brother to call him a selfish timeserver himself. .

'I had no patience for this. To say you were a beggar, your father not worth 4,000*l.* in the whole world, was nothing in comparison of having no religion, nor no honour. I forgot all my disguise, and we talked ourselves weary. He reprov'd me, and I defied him, but both in as civil language as it would permit; and parted in great anger; with the usual ceremony of a leg and a courtesy, that you would have died of laughing to have seen us. The next day, I, not being at dinner, saw him not till night; then he came into my chamber, where I supped but he did not. Afterwards Mr. Gibson and he and I talked of

indifferent things till all but we two went to bed. Then he sat half an hour and said not a word; nor I to him. At last, in a pitiful tone, "Sister," says he, "I have heard you say that, when anything troubles you, of all things you apprehend going to bed, because then it increases upon you, and you lie at the mercy of all your sad thoughts, which the silence and darkness of the night adds a horror to."

'I am at that pass now—I vow to God I would not endure another night like the last to gain a crown—I who resolved to take no notice of what ailed him, said 'twas a knowledge I had raised from my spleen, and so fell into a discourse on melancholy and the causes, and from that (I know not how) into religion, and we talked so long and so devoutly that it laid all our anger. We grew to a calm and peace with the world. He asked my pardon and I his, and he promised me never to speak of it to me whilst he lives, but leave the event to God Almighty: until he sees it done he will always be the same to me that he is; then he shall leave me, he says, not out of want of kindness to me, but because he cannot see the ruin of a person that he loves so passionately. . . . These are the terms we are at.'

Temple probably had no inherent reverence for the persons and institutions which were so dear to the Osbornes, he was susceptible rather than eager, and ever preferred the maxims of toleration to the din of polemics. Graceful and accomplished, he outran most of his generation in his power of advancing himself; yet if self-advancement was the main-spring of his conduct, he never gave Dorothy any reason to complain either of want of faith or want of kindness. A learned, benevolent, cautious, and very useful man, he must have been prematurely grave when at twenty years of age he first won the regard of the Cavalier's daughter. He remained faithful to her, though she brought him no fortune, and though he married her after the smallpox had destroyed her beauty. Dorothy was happy with him, none the less that she had laid down as the pattern for married life 'a kindness that should increase every day, if it were possible, but never lessen.' They were married in the winter 1654-5.

This is not the place for discussing their married lives. Our business to-day is strictly limited to the love letters of Dorothy Osborne written before their happy union. 'What do you mean,' asks the writer of her lover, 'to do with all my letters?' '*Leave them behind you? If you do, it must be in safe hands.*' We congratulate Miss Osborne on the hands into which her correspondence after two centuries has fallen.

ART. X.—*The Life of the Right Honourable William Edward Forster.* By T. WEMYSS REID. Two volumes, 8vo. London: 1888.

MR. REID, in presenting the public with an account of the life of the late Mr. Forster, must have felt the task he had undertaken was in some respects a difficult one. The great events in which Mr. Forster, in the last years of his life, played so prominent a part are quite recent. They constitute, moreover, but the opening scenes of a drama which is still in possession of the political stage, and by which the public mind is still deeply moved. An inferior author might have yielded to the temptation to administer to the public appetite of the moment, for which his materials must have afforded ample opportunity, rather than to give to the world a picture in true perspective of the whole life of a statesman whose career was a singularly useful and honourable one, which assuredly deserves to be recorded for the benefit and instruction of his fellow-countrymen. Mr. Reid has dealt necessarily with those political questions of the day which are the subject of the sharpest controversy amongst politicians. Yet he has avoided the spirit and temper of the political partisan, and he has maintained throughout the character of an appreciative yet honest biographer, whose main purpose it has been to make Mr. Forster, the statesman and the man, stand out, such as he was, before the minds of all who read this biography.

Mr. Forster, considered as a statesman, died young; and he has only lately died; hence it is that we rise from the perusal of Mr. Reid's volumes with the sense that we have made acquaintance with a type of statesman new to English political biography, though playing a great part on the political stage of the day, and perhaps destined in the future to play a still more important part in the Parliamentary history of the country.

The son of an eminent missionary preacher amongst the Quakers, William Edward Forster was born in the year 1818 in Dorsetshire, not far from Bridport, a place not very accurately described by Mr. Reid as a small fishing-village on the coast.* His mother, a sister of Mr. Buxton, after-

* Bridport is, in fact, an inland town of some little importance, and was represented in Parliament till three years ago. The name and the voice of the last member for Bridport (Mr. Warton) were very well known to all members of the Parliament 1880-85.

wards Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, was also a 'Friend' and a preacher; and the lives of both parents were in a singular degree determined by their convictions of the special work to which from time to time Heaven had called them. Mr. Forster the elder had been only a short time married, and his child was only a few months old, when he felt that he was 'called' to undertake a religious mission to 'the Friends' in the United States. Characteristically trampling on 'the weakness of the flesh,' he tore himself from wife and child, and for five long years remained devoted to missionary work in America. A story is told that when Forster was a mere child, travelling in charge of a nurse, an old gentleman, their fellow-traveller in the coach, addressed to the boy the question, 'Where is your papa, my dear?' 'Papa is preaching in America,' was the reply. 'And where is your mamma, then?' 'Mamma is preaching in Ireland.'

Nothing, it is said, could exceed the affection and care of both these strange parents for the welfare of their son, but the course of his education was calculated rather to preserve him from all risk of contamination than to fit him at an early age to take his part in the world. He left home at thirteen to attend a private school at Bristol kept by a 'worthy Friend, who erred, if at all, only on the side of 'omniscience'; and after a year and a half he was transferred to a higher class establishment, also under Quaker rule, at Tottenham, close to the old home of his father's family, where he spent the remainder of his school-days. Having reached his eighteenth year, pending a decision as to his future career he read with a friend of his own age, John Henry Gurney, under a private tutor, a clergyman at Norwich.

Long before he had 'started in life' young Forster's character and tastes were disclosing themselves. Conscientious in a high degree, hardworking, deeply interested—even from his childhood—in the political movements of the time; endowed with a clear, strong brain which he delighted to exercise, above all things, in the solution of mathematical problems, and with an ambition to take a part in public life, the boy was in this instance most truly the father of the man. At the Tottenham school amongst his themes is one 'On the Conduct of England to Uncivilised Nations,' another 'On the Advantages to Civilisation of Education,' a third on the 'Causes of Irish Misery,' a fourth on 'The Lawfulness of Rebelling against an Unjust Law.' Upon his essay on 'Tithes' is the written caution of his master—

‘Beware of acrimony, William, lest whilst inveighing against an unchristian system thou shouldest be influenced by an unchristian spirit.’ Before he had left school there was also noticed in Forster that strong love of nature, of wild flowers, of wild birds and beasts, and, above all, of fine scenery, which was one of his strongest characteristics to the end of his life, and which added so greatly to the happiness of his holidays when in later years he was able now and then to cast off the dust of his labours at Bradford and Westminster, and gain fresh health and strength amidst the glories of the Alps and the Dolomites. The work and the holidays of Forster’s manhood were in a singular degree the realization of his boyish hopes and wishes, and to him, if to anyone, is Wordsworth’s description applicable:—

‘His is the generous spirit, who when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought.’

Forster’s education, so far at least as it was due to the regular teaching of masters, was very little. But he had acquired, or perhaps been endowed with, a deep thirst for knowledge and an immense power of application. He would never content himself with *half-knowledge* of any subject with which he had to deal, and it would be strange if a youth of eighteen, with a character such as this, did not before many years elapsed surpass in information, and possibly even in learning, most of his contemporaries who in their youth might have received much more regular educational training. The experience, indeed, which most boys get at school, and afterwards at a university, was not for him. His parents were clearly people of liberal minds as well as of fervent piety; but nevertheless, his breeding and education were conducted in a somewhat narrow circle, and he can have had but singularly little knowledge of the world outside the society of Friends before the beginning of his Bradford life. His nature was of a kind not easy to cramp within narrow limits. He was a Quaker, but he was also an Englishman, and if ever the two characters were to be forced into seeming conflict, there was no doubt which would go to the wall. With him the wider sympathy always prevailed over the narrower interest. Thus, man of peace as he was, he shared with his countrymen, during the Crimean War, the conviction that the struggle of his own free nation against the autocratic power of Russia was an eminently righteous one. Whilst still a Quaker of the Quakers, he

would not have scrupled, by force of arms if necessary, to suppress the slave trade; though all the peace party of the kingdom might be against him. In later years he even became an ardent volunteer, and went through a course of musketry instruction at Hythe. A strong and earnest Liberal, he would not let the zeal of the party politician deaden him to the wider claims of his country. Nor would he suffer his prejudices as an Englishman and a European to make him indifferent, when dealing with native races, to the broad sympathies of humanity. There was in Forster's nature no sectarianism, religious or political. In his conduct it was certain that the Christian would be too much for the sectary, the statesman for the party politician.

His wish as a boy and as a young man was to go to the Bar, not so much from a liking for the profession, as from the belief that in this way he would be able to make his way into the House of Commons, always the great object of his life. His excellent father, however, thoroughly convinced that Providence specially directed every step in his own life, and accordingly setting aside for himself every predilection of his own, gave his own wishes the rein when he had to consider the course of life of his son. He forbade the Bar. He had hopes of getting the lad into a London bank, where he had some interest, and in the meantime he must take to business. Young Forster, therefore, was soon settled at Norwich, in the camlet manufactory of 'a Mr. Robberds,' who is still remembered as not merely a successful manufacturer, but as a man of considerable cultivation and literary taste. Here, on his nineteenth birthday, he attained the position of salaried clerk at 60*l.* for that year, and a prospect of 100*l.* the next. Soon a more promising place was found for him in the woollen mill of the Peases at Darlington, whence in July 1838 he writes to his father that he is regularly employed as a wool-sorter, working in slip-paper cap and shears from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M., with intervals only of an hour for breakfast and an hour and a half for dinner. Two months later he asks his parents to send him Abbot's 'Trigonometry,' Hamilton's 'Conic Sections,' Lacroix's 'Differential Calculus,' and, above all, Taylor's 'Elements of Algebra,' so that he might to some purpose employ his evening hours. It was whilst employed by the Peases at Darlington that he first made himself known in public life by writing and speaking in the cause of the suppression of the slave trade, under the leadership of his distinguished uncle,

Mr. Fowell Buxton, who thought very highly of his abilities and wished to make him his private secretary. The nephew was keenly anxious to accept the offer and come to London; but once again Mr. Forster the elder put a stopper on his son's aspirations. Nevertheless, young Forster's stay at Darlington did not last long, for July 1839 found him in London, acquiring a knowledge of counting-house work and business correspondence with Messrs. Sanderson, Fry, & Fox, in the Old Jewry. By the end of 1840, however, the long-cherished hope of his father to get him into the bank had to be abandoned; and his uncle, seeing the absolute uncertainty of his prospects, offered him a place in his brewery. Forster's conscience would not permit of his earning a livelihood by such a trade, and he turned an equally deaf ear to a proposal that he should enter some manufacturing concern which traded in slave-grown produce. His destiny, however, did not remain much longer uncertain, for early in 1841 he began business in Bradford as a woolstapler, in partnership with Mr. Fison, the son of a member of the Wesleyan body, who had a large woolstapling business at Thetford in Norfolk, and with whom, out of a chance acquaintanceship, an intimate friendship with old Mr. Forster had grown up. To Bradford and the wool-trade Forster remained constant, and his fortunes must have grown steadily.

'The two partners began as young men on borrowed capital, and amid many adverse circumstances. They had to face many seasons of anxiety and depression. They were men themselves opposed in political opinions and in their views upon many of the questions of the time. Yet from the first day to the last of that long partnership, which ended only with Mr. Forster's death, unbroken amity reigned between them.' (Vol. i. p. 104.)

The partners flourished and became, comparatively at all events, wealthy men. In 1850 Forster married Jane Arnold, the daughter of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, thereby terminating his connexion with the Friends, who in accordance with their rules, but in the most friendly manner possible, expelled him from their Society for marrying, in spite of their remonstrances, the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England!

Among the Bradford manufacturers Forster soon became known as a man much interested in the literature of the day. Great admirer as he was of the writings of Carlyle, it was a happy day for him when that philosopher and Mrs. Carlyle came down for a three weeks' visit to his house at Rawdon. Here Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Hough-

ton) had been asked to meet them, and he set himself to 'draw' Carlyle, till Forster was reminded 'of a naughty boy rubbing a fierce cat's tail backwards, and getting on between furious growls and fiery sparks, but managing to avoid the threatened scratches.' Both at Rawdon and at his new and final home at Wharfeside, Forster attracted to himself distinguished men of very various sorts. Amongst his acquaintances were Robert Owen, the socialist, and Thomas Cooper, the chartist. Working-men and Forster made friends easily; he met them on an equality, and doubtless many a keen discussion helped to enlighten the mind of the future statesman not less than that of the mill-hand, on some of the political and social questions of the day.

It need hardly be said that Forster's inclinations led him to take an active part in every kind of local political work. Always exerting himself to benefit his own workpeople, he became popular not merely with them, but with their class. With the aims of the Chartists he had very great sympathy, though always opposed to the more violent of their leaders, who advocated a resort to physical force to accomplish their objects. In 1848 he appears to have had strong leanings towards the notion of national workshops, where the deserving labourer was always to find employment at an adequate wage; but maybe what he saw of Louis Blanc's tailors during a short visit to Paris in that year somewhat damped the hopes he had been inclined to indulge in of any benefit being obtainable for the working classes by State aid of that kind. Always regarded as, in a special degree, the friend of the working-man, his first candidature for Parliament took place at the general election of 1857, when, in response to an invitation from Leeds, he came forward as a radical reformer and the friend of a national system of education; but he did not go to the poll, lest he should endanger the seat of the other Liberal candidate, the sitting member, Mr. Baines. A vacancy in the representation of Leeds occurred a couple of months later, and again Forster was disappointed, the more moderate Liberal being selected as the party candidate. It was not till the general election of April 1859 that Forster was brought forward for Leeds as the choice of the united Liberal party, but he was never destined to represent that borough, and Sir Edward Baines and a Conservative were returned. Thus it was not till after long waiting and much disappointment that he ultimately entered Parliament in February 1861 as member for

his own town of Bradford, where the representation had suddenly fallen vacant. He was elected without opposition, and, to the credit of the electors of Bradford, he remained their member till his death, a quarter of a century afterwards.

At that time the sympathies of Englishmen were much divided on the subject of the Civil War in America, and in Lord Palmerston's Cabinet were some men, and among them Mr. Gladstone, who believed that the Southern States would certainly establish themselves as an independent nation. Mr. Forster's feelings against slavery were so strong that it need scarcely be said he was a Northerner to the backbone, and both as an independent member, and afterwards when a subordinate member of the Ministry during the time of the Geneva arbitration, he did his best to promote harmony between Great Britain and the American Republic. Events seemed to be pushing him rapidly to the front in the House of Commons, and only some two years after he had become member for Bradford his ambition awoke to a possibly very brilliant future. 'The old Whig leaders were worn out. There were no new Whigs. Cobden and Bright were impracticable and un-English, and there were hardly any hopeful Radicals. There was a great prize of power and influence to be aimed at,' &c. So wrote Mr. Forster in 1863 to his wife (vol. i. p. 361). And when some twelve years later Mr. Forster was, in the eyes of many Liberals, the statesman best qualified to undertake the Leadership of the Liberal party, we can well believe that it was 'not without a pang' that he felt it to be his duty, considering the hostility towards him of the Birmingham League and its followers, to withdraw from competition with Lord Hartington, who in a singular degree enjoyed the respect and confidence of every section of the party, and who in his subsequent career, in the midst of the din of party strife and the desperate struggles of rival factions, has given evidence of courageous independence of character, and of a power to grasp the great political issues of the time, worthy of the best traditions of British statesmanship.

In 1865 Mr. Forster was appointed a member of the Schools Inquiry Commission, whose labours resulted in the passing of the Endowed Schools Act under his auspices through Parliament four years afterwards, when he represented the Education Department in the House of Commons. His first official post was that of Under-Secretary for the Colonies, offered to him by Lord Russell, who on Lord Palmerston's death, in the autumn of 1865, had succeeded

to the Premiership—an offer, however, not accepted by Mr. Forster till he had convinced himself of the determination of the Ministry to press forward a thoroughgoing Reform Bill. Forster himself was a thorough ‘household-suffrage man,’ and worked energetically with other Liberals in Opposition to mould the Disraeli Reform Bill of 1867 in that direction.

We have no space here to record, much less to do justice to, Mr. Forster’s labours in the cause of education. Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister as the result of the general election of 1868, and Mr. Forster was appointed Vice-President of the Education Committee of Council. In the autumn of 1869 he submitted to the Cabinet his first suggestions for drafting an Education Bill, and the Session of 1870 (in July of which year he entered the Cabinet) saw the triumphant passage of the Education Act. In its passage through Parliament, however, there was much that was painful to Mr. Forster. The Act was, in fact, a compromise, and it is certain that a more completely national system of education, which would have swept out of existence the denominational schools of the country, could not at that time have been set up. Forster had been throughout his life a supporter of the continued establishment of the Church of England, and his difference on this and cognate questions with the majority of Radicals was brought into great prominence in the struggles over the Education Bill of 1870. He found his bitterest opponents amongst his old friends. In his constituency his own party, or a majority of them, condemned him. The Birmingham Education League pursued him with unrelenting hostility. Nevertheless, as years went on, Forster had the great consolation of knowing that, whether his Bill were perfect or not, no measure of his day had proved so beneficial to his countrymen as the Education Act of 1870, and his friends doubtless share his biographer’s belief ‘that the best memorial of Mr. Forster’s life is to be found in the schools which, rising in every town and village in the land he loved so well, bear witness to the success of the Act of which he was the author, and in which it was his happy lot to see the realization of the cherished aspirations of his youth.’

Mr. Gladstone’s Government accomplished excellent work, but not without causing great offence to powerful interests, and his sudden appeal to the electorate in 1874 resulted in the return of a large Conservative majority. Mr. Gladstone then retired from the leadership of the party, but came to

the front again in the attacks made upon the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield, whose appeal to the country in 1880 met with a reception as unfavourable as had been the appeal of his rival six years before.

When Mr. Gladstone, at the head of a powerful majority, took office in the spring of 1880, and appointed Mr. Forster to the post of Chief Secretary for Ireland, it was felt universally that no selection could have been made more to the taste of those politicians whose boast it was that they in a special degree understood the nature of Irish discontent, and were the truest friends of the Irish people. Mr. Forster was known to be a sturdy and advanced Liberal, with keen sympathy for democratic reform. He had shown an individuality of character and a determination to prefer what was practical and useful in reform to a striving after systems of theoretic perfection; and he had doubtless in consequence run foul of the cancanes, offended many whose whole political faith was bounded by the limits of some shallow nostrum, and risked his reputation for thoroughness with many of the most earnest and active Liberals of the more fanatical and uncompromising section of that comprehensive party. His honest independence, however, and his reputation for practical statesmanship, had given him a peculiar position amongst his countrymen such as no repetition of mere party shibboleths, no self-prostration before a great name, no devotion to some abstract political idea, could possibly give to the most brilliant of self-seeking politicians amongst such a people as our own. With Irish poverty and suffering Mr. Forster, as a young man, in 1846 and 1847, had done more than merely show his sympathy. In the dark days of the famine he had laboured in the cause of starving Ireland, and with his father and other benevolent members of the Society of Friends, he had done much to draw the attention of the English people to the impending distress, and to turn their sympathy into a right channel of usefulness. Towards Irish political discontent, no less than towards Irish poverty and distress, Mr. Forster bore a pitying heart. When the foolish rising of Smith O'Brien took place, and he and John Dillon and others were proclaimed as traitors, Mr. Forster heard from one of their sympathisers that they were in hiding for their lives. His remark was in character. 'Send John Dillon to me. He would be quite safe here; no one would suspect a Quaker.'

No wonder that the Chief Secretaryship of Mr. Forster was specially approved, and indeed urged on by that section

of Liberals for whom Sir Charles Russell might be considered a spokesman. Surely at last a statesman had been found whom it would be impossible for the bitterest opponent to accuse of want of sympathy with Irish distress, or inability to make allowance for Irish discontent! A man whom all men knew to be just and honourable; a man to whom, from his very childhood, the arbitrary power of man over man, of government over subjects, the exercise of physical force under almost any aspect, had been repulsive; whose aspiration it had been throughout his life to make himself useful to the poor and the oppressed, whose own career and social position saved him from any temptation to let the selfish interests of a class or the prejudices of a minority prevail against the carrying of equitable reforms which would be beneficial to a people; a man to whom the physical suffering of others was a positive pain, who was so tender-hearted, even to animals, that he could not take part in ordinary field sports:—this was the man whom Mr. Gladstone had chosen to govern Ireland. Surely at last a brighter day had dawned, and the Liberal party were justified in thinking that at last, under a benevolent and sympathetic administration, there would in no long time flourish a well-governed and contented Ireland!

These hopes, like so many others with regard to Ireland, were bitterly disappointed. And why? Were the public and the Liberal party and Mr. Gladstone alike mistaken in their man? Were the Parnellites right in declaring, on a hundred platforms, that the Chief Secretary was in truth a bloodthirsty tyrant, animated by vindictive hostility to the Irish people, and to whom they fastened the odious nickname of Buckshot, and whom they accused in the House of Commons of taking positive delight in having women dragged out of bed at midnight by his brutal myrmidons, the Irish Constabulary? Mr. Reid's volumes testify that there was no mistake as to the honourable, sympathetic, and tender heart of Mr. Forster, but that there was much mistake on the part of the British public and of British statesmen as to the conditions of the problem with which they had to deal. Mr. Gladstone's Government had not merely to consider the necessities and wants, political and otherwise, of the people of Ireland; they were face to face with an organization largely depending on foreign support, animated by hatred of the British connexion, whose 'ultimate goal' was avowed by its leader to be the setting up of Ireland 'among the

‘nations of the earth’ and the ‘destruction of the last link which keeps her bound to England.’*

The wants of the Irish people were one thing, the demands of the Parnellite organisation, made freely enough in America, though far less frankly at home, were another. Mr. Forster at last became thoroughly aware that the Land League was not so much a political association aiming at constitutional reform, as a conspiracy aiming at the overthrow of law and the substitution of its own authority for that of Parliament. When he became convinced of this, it is but fair to Mr. Forster to say that he at once recognized that the battle must be fought out; that on such a matter there could be no compromise; that ‘two authorities were up, neither supreme;’ and there could, in his opinion, be no happiness, no peace for Ireland, till the law of the land had regained its power. As we shall see, this was not recognised till much later by some of his colleagues; and we should assign, as the main reason of Mr. Forster’s failure, his own slowness, and that of the British public, to recognize the real state of the case, and the lamentable failure of some of his colleagues in the battle, at last joined with the powers of disorder, to back him with a hearty and generous support. Mr. Forster was aware of the difficult task which Mr. Gladstone, in offering him the Irish Secretaryship, had asked him to undertake, and he knew that neither in dignity nor emolument was the place such as his previous services to the country entitled him to expect; but he was the last man to let personal objects weigh against his power of usefulness, and he undertook the Irish office because he believed he could benefit the Irish people.

The general election of 1880 had not turned on Irish policy. Lord Beaconsfield had, indeed, pointed to the coming storm, but had declined to make preparation against it by proposing to renew the Crimes Act, which was about to expire. The leaders of both parties in Great Britain, if they had alluded at all to Ireland at the general election, did so in order to repudiate any sympathy with the cry for Home Rule. From Ireland, however, some sixty Home Rulers came to take their places in the new House of Commons; of whom, if we remember right, between thirty and forty were the adherents of Mr. Parnell, and, therefore, throughout the whole of that Parliament bitterly hostile to Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party; whilst the rest, on

* Parnell’s speech at Cincinnati, February 1880.—*Irish World*.

matters of general policy, professed Liberal principles, sat on the Liberal benches, and supported the Liberal leader. As regards his Irish policy, Mr. Gladstone had received 'no mandate' from the electors; and the Queen's Speech with which he met Parliament contained no suggestion that he was about to reform the Irish land laws, though it did indicate that Irish distress was to be relieved out of the Treasury, and declared that it was the first duty of Government to provide for the security of life and property. The Government decided, and we think rightly, under the circumstances of the time, not to begin their Irish administration by renewing the Coercion Act. There was nothing new in the aim of Mr. Forster's policy. It was that of all Liberal statesmen: to redress grievances, reform abuses, govern justly, and so to draw from impossible projects all who were honest and law-abiding and loyal in Ireland, and attach them to the kingdom of which they, like Englishmen and Scotchmen, must remain an integral part. It has been stated* recently by a writer, who surely must have known as little of Mr. Forster as of the House of Commons in 1880, that he excited the righteous indignation of Irish members at the very outset by refusing to take counsel with them, and by assuming towards them an attitude of distrust and hostility. The fact is that the hostility, the abuse, the bitterness were all on the other side. The thirty gentlemen described as the 'Irish members,' had no wish whatever to be on terms with a Government whose Unionist principles were above suspicion. Mr. Forster no doubt incurred the bitter hatred of Mr. Parnell, but it should be remembered that there was no Liberal member of that Parliament, with the exception, we think, of Messrs. Labouchere, Cowen, and Bradlaugh, who when the dissolution came had not earned the enmity of the Irish leader. All of them were to be driven by Parnellite votes from Parliament, if the directions of the Parnellite leaders could effect it. To Mr. Parnell the Liberal, who is also a Unionist, has always been as hateful as he has lately become to Mr. Gladstone. That, and not any personal attributes of Mr. Forster, was the reason why Mr. Gladstone's Government stank in the nostrils of the so-called Irish party, whether his Government was represented by Mr. Forster, Lord Spencer, or Sir George Trevelyan.

Mr. Gladstone's strange statement in March 1880 that

* Westminster Review for September 1888.

'there existed in Ireland an absence of crimes and outrages 'and a sense of satisfaction such as had never been known 'in the previous history of the country,' was, on the meeting of the new Parliament, rudely put to the test. A Relief of Distress Bill had to be introduced, and some answer had to be given to demands by Irish members for agrarian legislation of a kind different from anything hitherto advocated by statesmen. The result was that Mr. Forster accepted the principle of a proposal made by Mr. O'Connor Power, and asked Parliament to enact, subject to limitations of place and time, that landlords who wished to evict on the ground of non-payment of rent (even where the rent was not 'exorbitant') should pay damages to the tenant for 'the 'disturbance' of his holding.* Such a measure could, of course, only be defended as an absolutely necessary 'relief of 'distress' Bill. It was not received with much favour in the House of Commons; it was rejected by the House of Lords, and Mr. Forster always believed that to its loss much of the future trouble in Ireland could be traced. At the time, of course, much party heat was excited by this unfortunate Bill; but looking back after eight years to those struggles, few fair-minded persons will think it strange that a measure which involved such novel principles, which was regarded with contempt by many of the Irish members, and which, it must be said, strained ordinary notions of equity to the utmost, should have failed to become law. The Opposition rightly enough disbelieved in the possibility of maintaining Mr. Forster's 'limitations'; they argued with some force that a minimum of good would be accomplished at a maximum sacrifice of sound principle, and they declared that no Government should be suffered, on the plea of inability to maintain peace and uphold law, to pass legislation of such evil precedent and such unjust operation.

Mr. Forster's reputation, however, during his two years of the Irish secretaryship depends less on the agrarian legislation which he, in common with the other members of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, proposed to Parliament, than on the measures taken to ensure the maintenance of law and order, for which he was in the first instance primarily responsible. It has often been said that the failure of Mr. Forster's Irish

* By the Act of 1870 tenants were entitled to compensation for improvements, and to compensation for disturbance, except where the eviction took place for non-payment of rent, and even then, when the rent, in the opinion of a county court judge, was 'exorbitant.'

administration to fulfil the first duty of government was due to his own incapacity or deficiencies, and that his colleagues trusted him completely, and 'gave him a free hand.' This notion, however, Mr. Reid's book completely dispels; and at the beginning of his rule in Ireland, Mr. Forster was refused that very executive authority which he declared to be essential to the enforcement of law.

Parliament had been prorogued on September 7, and Mr. Parnell and his followers at once took the field, denouncing the Government with the utmost bitterness, advising Irish farmers not to give evidence before the Royal Commission which the Government had appointed to inquire into the land-laws, and, more important than all, inaugurating the system now known as boycotting, which Mr. Gladstone a year and a half later described so admirably as 'combined 'intimidation, made use of for the purpose of destroying the 'private liberties of choice by fear of ruin and starvation,' and operating, as he went on to point out, by means of 'a sanction by which alone in the long run it could be made thoroughly effective, viz., the murder which is not to be 'denounced.' Thus neither the Disturbance Bill which the Government had tried to pass, nor the promises of remedial land legislation they had made, had done anything to soften the enmity of the Parnellite band. They sneered at the Disturbance Bill, they tried to thwart the Land Commission, and they did their best, when the Land Act had become law, to defeat its operation. Mr. Wemyss Reid rightly enough gauges the sort of feeling which arose in certain 'patriotic' breasts. A reforming Government with liberal land legislation in prospect might become popular, though they were opposed to Home Rule, and though they had no intention of allowing Mr. Parnell to govern Ireland. Would this suit Mr. Parnell and his friends? Would this suit the American-Irish upon whom they lean? The Chief Secretary, it was soon seen,

'was trying to draw towards the Government something of that feeling of enthusiasm which had hitherto only been shown by Irishmen towards the popular national leaders. He did not hesitate to speak out boldly concerning any words or acts on the part of Mr. Parnell, or his colleagues, of which he disapproved, and he had even, from the Parnellite point of view, the audacity to appeal from the declarations of the Irish members to the sentiments of the Irish people. It followed that, to a portion at least of the Irish representatives, he was even more obnoxious than his predecessor, Mr. James Lowther, had been,' (Vol. ii. p. 251.)

During the month of September public attention in Great Britain became riveted on events in Ireland, in consequence of the speech of Mr. Parnell at Ennis defying the Government and the law, followed at a short interval by the murder of Lord Mountmorris, and the seemingly unchecked influence of the Land League rapidly spreading itself over the country, with the increase of agrarian crime. As Mr. Reid tells us :—

‘The Land League had established courts of its own for the trial of land cases, and these courts, wielding the tremendous weapon of boycotting, were able to inflict at their will the severest penalties on those who fell under their ban. Outrages upon cattle, attempts at assassination, moonlighting, the sending of threatening letters, and all other forms of agrarian crime were on the increase, whilst the tone of the Land League leaders became daily more openly and aggressively defiant.’ (Vol. ii. p. 254.)

Mr. Forster reported all this to the Prime Minister at home, and urged upon him the absolute necessity of vindicating the authority of the law.

The Chief Secretary believed, it is clear, that a new Coercion Bill was ultimately inevitable; but he thought it his duty, in the first instance, to test, by prosecuting Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, Biggar, Patrick Egan, Sheridan, Walsh, and other leaders of the Land League for a conspiracy to defeat the law, how far the existing powers wielded by the Executive enabled him to proceed in the direction of suppressing this intolerable usurpation of the prerogatives of government. These men, as he observed to Mr. Gladstone, were ‘without doubt great criminals, and mischievous ‘criminals;’* but he at the same time expressed his belief (afterwards justified by the result) that it was improbable—such was the state of Ireland—that any jury would be found unanimously in favour of a conviction, though the acts of the accused might be clearly established by evidence, and the criminal character of the conspiracy clearly pointed out by the judges. So far, at all events, there is no reason to believe that any difference existed amongst members of the Cabinet. Mr. Forster, in his letters to Mr. Gladstone, had suggested the possibility of its being found necessary to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, and Mr. Gladstone’s reply of October 9 shows that the Prime Minister was rather inclined to enhance the proposed suspension by further

* Letter of Mr. Forster to Mr. Gladstone, October 8, 1880.

legislation to punish 'combinations to prevent the performance of certain duties and the enjoyment of certain rights.' These proposals had, however, not yet come before the Cabinet; and the case upon which, in Mr. Forster's opinion, their necessity rested, not having as yet been fully placed before his brother Ministers, it is greatly to be deplored that persons of authority in the Liberal party, who were of course far less responsible than he was for the peace of Ireland, and necessarily far less well acquainted with the real state of that country, were already prejudging the question and influencing the public to believe that Mr. Gladstone's Government trusted entirely to the quieting effects of promised remedial legislation, and had entirely discarded the brutal methods of 'coercion.' Nothing could be blacker than the immediate aspect of affairs in Ireland as disclosed in Mr. Forster's letters to Mr. Gladstone. Even when he is able to report a certain small diminution in the number of outrages he attributes it 'to the fact that the 'Land League is getting its way, and therefore not needing 'outrages;' and he believes it will be impossible to face January and February without special legislation involving the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

'The Irish Executive, in fact, must have power to shut up any person they think dangerous. It will require the strongest possible case to justify such action; but, unless matters mend, I fear it will be our hard fate to have to take it. As to the Land Bill, when it comes, it must be strong and comprehensive. We had better do nothing than tinker.' *

On November 8 Mr. Forster presses the same view. No one can hate suspending the Habeas Corpus more than he does, and such a policy will certainly involve him in discredit; 'but he doubts if any other way to Irish government can keep peace, protect life, and prevent anarchy.' Even to give remedial land legislation a chance it is necessary 'first to get temporary quiet.' The military and police measures he is taking may stave off a fight for a time, 'but 'if we do not stop outrages we must expect Lynch law.'

When the Cabinet met, after Mr. Gladstone's speech at the Guildhall on November 9, matters had come to a head. It had been rumoured for some time past that there was dissension in the Cabinet; and as a matter of fact the Ministry was only saved from breaking up by Mr. Forster's

* Letter of Mr. Forster to Mr. Gladstone, October 25, 1880.

surrendering his judgement to certain Ministers who had no official connexion with Ireland, but who yet refused to allow the man responsible for the peace of the country the means which he and his advisers deemed necessary to enable him to maintain the peace.

Mr. Forster gave way and returned to Dublin, and wrote thence, on November 23, to Mr. Gladstone a letter which puts on record his judgement on the policy adopted and his own reasons for yielding that better judgement to the greater firmness or obstinacy of some of his colleagues. 'My own opinion is unchanged—that it is our duty to summon Parliament without delay, and to ask them for further powers. . . . By waiting to January, we shall not only increase our administrative difficulties, but diminish our power of dealing successfully with the land question.' But ought he greatly to increase Irish difficulties either by himself and those who agreed with him withdrawing from the Ministry, or, by insisting on his own view, compelling the resignation of his opponents?

'To put the matter plainly,' he continues in the same letter, 'it is in the power of — and — to compel me either to increase Irish difficulties by a break-up of the Cabinet, or to continue my work here—hard enough under any circumstances—in a way I disapprove. I have come to the conclusion that I must take the last alternative, throwing the responsibility on my colleagues, especially upon those of them who as it were force me to do so; and I, therefore, am willing to try to get on with present powers till early in January, but I cannot undertake to do so longer.'

That Mr. Forster in coming to this decision was actuated solely by the desire to do what was best for Ireland, there is no doubt whatever; but none the less do we think the decision was an unfortunate one. The nature of the struggle had fully revealed itself to the eyes of Mr. Forster, though the public remained in darkness for some time longer. The battle was between law and order on the one side, and the Land League on the other. The question was not merely as to *how* Ireland should be governed, but as to *by whom* it should be governed. Mr. Forster had sent Mr. Gladstone on November 18 fresh returns of outrages, and had reminded him of his declaration at the Guildhall, that the 'obligation of Government was to protect every citizen in the enjoyment of his life and property.' He pointed out that the returns proved, '1st, that the outrages were not at present caused by the evictions; 2nd, that Parnell could claim

‘the credit of stopping evictions. The Land League teaching realised, the outrages and the fear of outrages have done that much.’

Mr. Forster was the Minister principally responsible for the government of Ireland, and he could not transfer that responsibility to colleagues whose ignorance of the state of the country, or whose prejudices, led them to oppose what he knew to be necessary. Even in these early days the Cabinet of 1880 was divided against itself, and weakness and vacillation of purpose were the inevitable result. Forster was regarded as an enemy by the Land League solely because he represented the authority of the law against which they were contending; and it is lamentable that in his arduous struggle his efforts should have been weakened by the faintheartedness of colleagues who had failed to recognise the tremendous issues which were at stake.

It must have been with a heavy heart that Mr. Forster resumed his residence in Ireland, and the coming months fulfilled his gloomiest anticipations. It is unnecessary here to refer to the sickening tale of outrages, which almost every day came under the notice of the Chief Secretary, and the acute suffering that their harrowing details caused him, combined with the knowledge that the Executive was powerless to put them down. Suffice it to say that when Parliament met on January 7, 1881, the necessity for giving increased power to the Irish Executive had been demonstrated; and the public voice of Great Britain and of law-abiding citizens in Ireland had made itself heard in tones that no Government could afford to disregard. Accordingly, a paragraph of the Queen's speech informing the country that legislation would be at once proposed giving increased powers to the Executive ‘necessary in my judgment not only for the vindication of order and public law, but likewise to secure, on behalf of my subjects, protection for life and property and personal liberty of action.’ This, and an intimation that it was desirable to develop the principles of the Land Act of 1870, with reference both to the relations between landlord and tenant and to the increase by purchase of the proprietary interest in land, were the principal legislative proposals with which Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet opened the stormy session of 1881. The debate on the address, which mainly referred to Ireland, lasted for eleven nights, and on the second night's debate began the long, running fight between Mr. Forster and Mr. Parnell as the

chief representative of the Land League. Mr. Parnell had moved an amendment to the Address in a speech studiously moderate in tone; and Mr. Forster had replied with a reference to the speech at Ennis, had reproached him with using one language in Ireland and a very different one in the House of Commons, and had charged him with deliberately attempting to substitute for the law of the land the unwritten law of the Land League. As regards outrages, Mr. Parnell must have known, he declared amidst violent Parnellite interruption, what would be the result of his speeches and his actions. The fact was that,

‘Mr. Forster had convinced himself not only of the close connexion between the League meetings and the outrages that almost invariably followed them, but of the tacit acquiescence of the League leaders in the acts of the outrage-mongers. Hitherto all the most prominent Parnellites had carefully abstained from denouncing outrage, and had rarely, if ever, said a word in deprecation of these violent threats against the landlords which were constantly being uttered at public meetings in their hearing.’ (Vol. ii. p. 289.)

On one thing Mr. Forster was absolutely determined, and it was a determination which entailed upon him, for the rest of his career, the bitterest personal hostility on the part of Mr. Parnell and his associates.

‘It was Mr. Forster’s object (continues Mr. Reid), if possible, to drive Mr. Parnell and his colleagues out of this position of stolid reserve, and to compel them to declare themselves frankly and honestly on either one side or the other—either as the open enemies of vice and crime, or as the active accomplices of the outrage-mongers. He believed that, whatever choice Mr. Parnell and his party might make, decided action on their part must benefit enormously the party of law and order in Ireland.’

From this determination Mr. Forster never varied a hair’s breadth, and it was due to his steadfastness of purpose in this direction that the rupture between himself and Mr. Gladstone came about some fifteen months later. Surely the determination was that of a wise statesman as well as of an upright, honourable man! And most certainly, had Mr. Forster thought there was any incompatibility between the one rôle and the other, no inducement on earth would have kept him for a single day longer in the political arena. We are, however, still dealing with the session of 1881, a session which no one who heard the debates, and witnessed the wild scenes of passion enacted on the floor of the House, is ever likely to forget. Mr. Gladstone’s proposal, on Monday afternoon, January 25, that the debate on the Pro-

tection of Life and Property Bill should have precedence over other business, was met with the most determined obstruction, his motion being at last carried, after continuous debate, at two o'clock on the following afternoon. Mr. Forster's motion for leave to introduce the measure, after being discussed for three nights, was again taken up on Monday, January 31, and after continued discussion the matter was still under debate at 9 A.M. on the following Wednesday. The time had been spent in the most flagrant and persistent efforts at delay. There was no pretence of any desire for fair discussion; and there was much behaviour of a kind that could only have been intended to bring discredit upon the House of Commons. Yet all the time it was to the letter of Parliamentary procedure that Mr. Parnell's friends appealed to enable them to reduce to a nullity all Parliamentary proceedings. When Speaker Brand resumed the Chair at 9 A.M. on the Wednesday it was to inform the House that in his judgement 'the dignity, the credit, and the authority of the House were being seriously threatened,' and that, in order to vindicate them, he felt he should best carry out the will of the House by declining to call upon any more members to speak, and by at once putting the question from the Chair. This was done, the division taken, and then Mr. Justin McCarthy, rising from his seat, and pointing to the Chair, called out, 'Privilege! privilege!' and marched out of the House followed by the nineteen or twenty other Parnellite members present, appealing in similar terms and with similar gestures for the protection of that Parliamentary usage they had themselves so grossly outraged. It being Wednesday, the House, which had read the Bill a first time at 9 A.M., met again at midday; and Mr. Labouchere's question to the Speaker as to what standing order had authorised his sudden compulsory closing of the debate elicited the prompt and dignified answer that 'he had acted on his own responsibility, and from a sense of duty to the House.'

At length the House had authorised the introduction of the Bill, but it was clear that without an amendment of the rules of procedure the *whole* time of the session would be required to get it through its other stages. Mr. Gladstone was equal to the emergency, and had on that very Wednesday given notice of new rules, to which he was to ask the approval of the House the following day. After the exciting scenes of the preceding days the House met in no calm mood; and the announcement by Sir W. Harcourt at question time that the

Government had sent back to gaol the convict Michael Davitt, who had been at large on his ticket-of-leave—an announcement received with such a shout of approval from both sides of the House as has seldom been heard in Parliament—had roused the feelings of the Parnellites to the highest pitch of passion. And they apparently so far lost their heads that they believed they had it in their power to prevent the Prime Minister from addressing the House of Commons. Doubtless there was from their point of view cause for a desperate policy on their part; for if the new rules should be carried, the weapon of obstruction would be to a great extent struck from their hands. When Mr. Gladstone rose to move the new rules, Mr. Dillon rose too. The Speaker called upon Mr. Gladstone to proceed, and asked Mr. Dillon to resume his seat. That honourable member, however, remained standing with folded arms gazing at the Speaker, who named him, and on the carrying of Mr. Gladstone's motion suspending him, ordered him to withdraw from the House. He declined, and the Speaker ordered the Serjeant-at-arms to remove him. The Serjeant-at-arms' intimation was alike disregarded, and it was only after a hand had been placed on his shoulder and a demonstration in force of doorkeepers and messengers had taken place, that Mr. Dillon consented to withdraw, and thus saved Parliament the indignity of having to witness a personal struggle on the floor of the House of Commons.

On Mr. Gladstone's again rising, and beginning his speech on the new rules, Mr. Parnell rose too, and moved 'that the 'right hon. gentleman be no further heard.' The matter evidently was to be fought out *à outrance*. The Speaker had called upon the Prime Minister to address himself to the business of the day; and Mr. Parnell and his colleagues were prepared, as it appeared, one by one to move, as soon as Mr. Gladstone opened his mouth, 'that he be no further heard.' Mr. Parnell was of course suspended; Mr. Finnigan, making the same motion, met with the same fate; and after confusion and excitement had lasted for some time, a batch of more than thirty members were suspended for disregarding the orders of the Chair. With a truly Irish love of dramatic effect, but with less than the usual Irish appreciation of the ridiculous, each suspended member declined to withdraw from the House unless removed by force. But when the Serjeant-at-arms approached him, and had displayed his posse of messengers and waiters at the door, the member's feeling was satisfied, and he withdrew, bowing theatrically

to the Chair. This work having been accomplished, the Urgency Rules were carried, and the ultimate passage into law of the Protection of Person and Property Bill was assured.

The proposed land legislation of the Government turned out to be of a more far-reaching character than the public had been led to expect by the paragraph of the Queen's Speech, which had merely announced an amendment of the Land Act of 1870. Mr. Forster's advice had been taken; and the system of the three F's—viz. fair rent, fixity of tenure, and free sales—had been adopted. The Government Bill was urged upon Parliament very characteristically by Mr. Gladstone as a complete cure for the agrarian distresses and discontents of the Irish people. Only pass his measure, and everything would be well. By Lord Hartington the advisability of passing the Bill was put upon much more modest yet much sounder reasoning. A deadlock had arrived; social war existed between landlords and tenants; the contract system for the time had failed. A *modus vivendi* must be found by means of State interference; and ultimately, by a large conversion of occupiers into owners, a healthy land system would become possible. Extreme as were the proposals of the Government, they gained it no favour with the Parnellite members. In the House of Commons and out of it the bitterest attacks were made on Mr. Gladstone's Administration, and of these, of course, Mr. Forster bore the brunt.

Experience has shown that the Act for strengthening the hands of the Executive, which it had cost such efforts to pass, was by no means well calculated to effect the object Government had in view. The Chief Secretary was by it empowered to arrest and detain up to the expiration of the Act, i.e. September, 1882, anyone reasonably suspected of crime. It was not intended by the Act to punish those suspected of having committed or abetted outrages, so much as to prevent outrages by putting it out of the power of desperate men and their abettors to perpetrate them. The great difficulty was the impossibility of getting evidence against those who committed outrages, such was the terror of the law-abiding citizen in Ireland. It is very easy for all of us to be wise after the event; but it does seem singular that it should not have occurred to the Government, that though a power of indiscriminate arrest might be extremely useful, were it intended to strike a blow, to prevent an outbreak, or destroy a particular plot, it was quite unsuited to the general

purpose of the maintenance of law and peace preservation, where society had become thoroughly demoralised, as in Ireland, and where it was necessary to prove that the law had not only protection for the law-abiding, but terrors for the law-breakers. Mr. Forster made no attempt to 'strike a blow,' and the fears which the passing of the Act had at first created amongst the outrage-mongers and their allies were soon forgotten when it was found that the worst that could happen to an offender was a few months' detainer, acquiring for him the honours of an easy martyrdom. The Chief Secretary devoted the most conscientious labour to the study of individual cases of arrest. He felt his personal responsibility in every instance. The law which he had succeeded in passing was hateful to him, as was the task of executing it; yet he toiled on doing his duty conscientiously and patriotically as best he might, grieving most of all at the disappointment of his old hope, that it would be his destiny to reconcile, by kindly treatment, generous sympathy, and remedial legislation, the hearts of the Irish and the British people.

In the month of May some sensation was produced by the imprisonment of Mr. Dillon, and in the following month Mr. Forster informs his colleagues (June 4) that 'he is arresting all those central and local leaders of the Land League who can be reasonably suspected of incitements to violence.' Nevertheless, it cannot be said that the condition of the country was becoming less lawless, or that outrages were substantially diminishing in number or atrocity. To the minds of many it appeared at the time, and further light gives additional weight to the opinion—that Mr. Forster's conduct in using the ordinary powers of government deserved more criticism than his action under the exceptional powers of the Coercion Act. We are told (vol. ii. p. 319), that Mr. Forster in May returned to the Castle to consider 'the grave question, how to warn the people that henceforth any assembly for the purpose of obstructing the officers of the law in the execution of their duty would be dispersed, if necessary, by force.' On May 27, 1881, he writes to Mr. Gladstone that 'the insults to the police are almost past bearing—for instance, many hundreds of men and women yelling like savages, throwing dirt, spitting in their faces for hours. This, of course, they bear; but when stones are thrown, actually endangering life, it is hard to keep them quiet'; on the other hand, he says, if the men fired there would be loss of life, and verdicts of murder

against the men and the resident magistrates. Again he writes to Mr. Gladstone two days later, that 'we must not allow a repetition of what took place last Saturday week in co. Limerick. Not merely must the sheriff and his officers be protected, but an obstructing, stone-throwing mob must be dispersed.' It would be interesting to have Mr. Gladstone's replies to these ingenuous remarks of his Irish Secretary. To us it appears that it should not have been left to May or June, 1881, to teach the elementary lesson, that under a civilised Government force is on the side of the law, and that those who resist it do so at their peril. Whatever may have been the cause—differences of opinion in the Cabinet, or want of vigour in the Irish administration—it remains the fact that during the first two years of Mr. Gladstone's Government, law was discredited in Ireland to an extent it is still difficult to recall without a sense of shame, and we never ceased in this Journal to protest against that weakness.

It was one of the evils of the Coercion Act that it entailed on the Chief Secretary the enormous labour of the continual examination of the details of the evidence against 'suspects.' Having decided that it was necessary to imprison, it became equally necessary to decide, from time to time, whom and when it would be safe to release. It had been Mr. Forster's practice to release 'suspects' on the ground (1) of ill-health leniently considered; (2) where local authorities consider detention unnecessary; and when Mr. Gladstone suggested that the election of a supporter in the county of Tyrone would be a favourable moment for a relaxation of coercion, Mr. Forster was able to reply that he did not see how to go much further in that direction, unless a general amnesty were given to all 'suspects' not believed to be actually guilty of murder, and he counselled even this bold step, if it were found that the Land League was losing power and the outrages diminishing. This, however, Mr. Forster, on his return to Dublin from a short holiday abroad, found was by no means the case. Mr. Parnell seemed more powerful than ever, and accompanied by the released suspect, Father Sheehy, was stumping the country with a view to prejudice the Irish people against the Land Act. The month of October found Mr. Forster convinced that unless he could strike down the boycotting weapon, the party of disorder would prevail; that 'it would be useless and weak merely to arrest local land-leaguers and to let off the Dublin leaders, especially Sexton

‘and Parnell,’ and that a blow must be struck hard enough to paralyse the action of the League ‘unless the Land League was to be allowed to govern Ireland; to determine what rent shall be paid; what decisions of the Commission should be obeyed; what farms should be taken; what grass lands should be allowed; what shops should be kept open; what laws should be obeyed,’ &c.* And to this ‘sad and saddening letter’ Mr. Gladstone replies, assenting to the connexion between ‘Parnell & Co.’ and the prevalent intimidation, but thinking that so novel an application of the Protection Act should not be undertaken without a Cabinet.† The Cabinet met on October 12, but before that day the Prime Minister in several great speeches at Leeds expounded his own views and those of the Liberal party as to the action of Mr. Parnell. ‘For nearly the first time in the history of Christianity,’ he declared on October 7, ‘a body of men had arisen who were not ashamed to preach the doctrine of public plunder.’ He pointed to Mr. Parnell as the representative of these opinions, and denounced him as demoralising a people by teaching them to make the property of their neighbours the object of their covetous desires.’ Mr. Gladstone had written privately to Mr. Forster, adjuring him to have everything in readiness for the immediate arrest of the leading land-leaguers, as soon as the Cabinet had sanctioned it; absolute secrecy was successfully maintained, and on Thursday morning, October 17, Mr. Parnell was arrested, without disturbance or difficulty, and placed in Kilmainham gaol, an event announced by Mr. Gladstone himself to the British public, at a great meeting at the Guildhall, which received the announcement with rapturous enthusiasm. Mr. Parnell’s imprisonment was immediately followed by his issuing from Kilmainham the famous ‘No Rent Manifesto,’ to which Mr. Forster at once replied by the proclamation of the Land League, whose illegality had been clearly declared by the judges in the trial of Mr. Parnell and his friends for conspiracy eight or nine months previously. Throughout this startling series of events, the Cabinet appear to have been in complete union; and Mr. Gladstone at the end of the month defended the action of the Executive in no halting terms. ‘It was idle to talk’ (he said at Knowsley, October 27) ‘of law, or order, or liberty, or

* Mr. Forster to Mr. Gladstone, October 2, 1881.

† Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Forster, October 3, 1881.

'religion, or civilisation, if Mr. Parnell's friends were to carry through the reckless and chaotic schemes they have devised. Rapine was their first but not their only object, for they wished to march through rapine to the dismemberment and disintegration of the Empire.' In plain English, whilst the agrarian schemes of the Parnellites were robbery, their political object (i.e. Home Rule) was hardly less than treason. So spoke the Prime Minister, the leader of the Liberal party.

The Cabinet as a whole, it is evident, at last fully realised what had been seen by Forster long ago—that the battle with the Land League must be fought out; and the Chief Secretary felt deeply grateful to the Prime Minister for the hearty sympathy and support he gave to him in a policy they both recognised as absolutely necessary, but as not the less distasteful to them on that account. On November 20, Mr. Forster, bitterly disappointed with the condition of Ireland, writes to his chief that were only the battle for law and order well over, and the Land Act well at work, he should wish to be replaced

'by some one not tarred by the Coercion brush. But, alas! it was but too probable that the battle would not be won when Parliament meets, and that, instead of releasing the suspects, we should have to consider whether we renew the Protection Act, or replace it by some other form of repression.'

Mr. Gladstone replies by return of post:—

'With regard to your leaving Ireland, there is analogy between your position and mine. Virtually abandoning the hope of vital change for the better during the winter, I came, on my own behalf, to an anticipation projected a little further into the future—that after the winter things may mend, and that my own retirement may give facilities for your very natural desire.'

Bitterly attacked by the Nationalists in Ireland as the cruellest of tyrants, fiercely opposed in England by the Conservative party for his alleged leniency in the treatment of lawlessness, Mr. Forster in the beginning of the year 1882 found himself exposed to hostility from a new quarter. The Irish policy not meeting with success, an attempt was made to place the failure entirely on the shoulders of Mr. Forster, and 'to induce the English public to believe that the Irish policy of the Government was not the policy of Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. Bright, or Mr. Chamberlain, but the policy of Mr. Forster alone, and every effort was made to alienate from the Chief Secretary the sympathies of his

'own party' (vol. ii. p. 383). And unfortunately there is no question of the accuracy of Mr. Reid's statement that 'as every day brought fresh tales of horror from the centres of agitation in Ireland, the policy of Forster's enemies began steadily to advance, and some of the most bitter and uncompromising of his critics showed themselves among writers and speakers attached to the Liberal party in England.'

Parliament met on February 7, three Irish members—Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, and O'Kelly—being still in prison. The difficulties of the Government were, however, not confined to the House of Commons, as the first act of the House of Lords was to discredit the Land Act, which the Ministry were straining every nerve to get into operation by appointing a committee to overhaul everything that had been done under it, before which committee Mr. Forster, we think, very properly declined to appear. In Ireland the principal event in the month of March was Mr. Forster's courageous journey into the most dangerous districts, where he went entirely unattended by police, and spoke to the people with the utmost frankness. At Tullamore, in King's County, at an open-air meeting, he freely denounced the outrages, and to a cry from the crowd of 'Let out the suspects!' gave the answer from which neither in public nor private did he ever vary. 'When outrages have ceased, when men are no longer ruined or maimed or murdered for doing their duty, the suspects will be released.' This honourable and fearless conduct of the Chief Secretary earned him, if possible, the increased hatred of the Parnellite members, who 'badgered' him with insolent questions in the House, sneered at its being supposed for a moment there could be any personal danger to him in Ireland, and accused him and his friends of having fabricated and falsified for their own purposes the circumstances of his visit.

Whilst this was the temper of the Parnellite party, the position of the Government was uneasy in the House of Commons on a question not directly connected with Ireland. Mr. Gladstone had proposed the Closure Rule of Procedure, which excited the most violent opposition on the Conservative side of the House, and which was obnoxious also to the Parnellites, as it would greatly facilitate the renewal or reintroduction of coercion. If coercion was the Government policy in Ireland, the Parnellites would combine with the Conservatives against the closure. Some Liberals were

expected to abstain from the division, and hence a Government defeat was a possibility. Mr. Gladstone's letter to Mr. Forster of March 24 is not fully published, but the answer of the latter on the following day is very important in the light of subsequent events. It would never do, writes Mr. Forster, to give a pledge at that time against the renewal of the Protection Act, which pledge would practically oblige the Government to release the suspects at once.

'It is true,' he continues, 'that the Land Act is working, that there is no open resistance to processes, and that rents are increasingly paid; but outrages continue, and the Protection Act is our best weapon against secret societies, and also against boycotting. Undoubtedly the Protection Act has checked, though it has not prevented, outrages. For instance, it is only by actual arrest in Loughrea that we have checked actual murder. Then, again, there is the question of time. Ireland will certainly be ungovernable if we give up the Protection Act, without replacing it by other strong measures. If, therefore, we let it be known that it will be given up, and therefore deprive it of power, we must be prepared simultaneously with our statement, to bring in our replacing Bill. Are we prepared to give the Parliamentary time for this? It is too early to form a definite opinion; but my impression is (1) that, late in the session, we shall bring in a Bill supplementing the ordinary law, and renewing the Protection Act for a year—if possible for a less time; but (2) that we should pledge ourselves to release all the suspects on the passing of such Bill, stating at the same time that we could not face the recess without the power of rearrest if absolutely necessary. I am well aware of the great importance and urgency of the approaching division, but I trust we shall not buy votes by any concession to the Parnellites. I see signs everywhere of the approaching defeat of the conspiracy, but we are in the crisis of the conflict, and any such concession just now would be fatal.*

Mr. Forster two days later offers to Mr. Gladstone to resign at once if he thought such a course would benefit Ireland, which produced a letter from Mr. Gladstone repudiating the notion that Mr. Forster had failed, and saying that there was only one course which tempted him to the acceptance of his offer. 'It is that if you go, and go on Irish grounds, surely I must go too. At the winter end of 1880, we might have parted for cause; I do not see how we can now.' On April 7, Mr. Forster again states† very fully his view of the state of Ireland and of the necessities of the case:—Rents better paid. Less open resistance to law. Defeat of

* Mr. Forster to Mr. Gladstone, March 25, 1882.

† Mr. Forster to Mr. Gladstone, April 7, 1882.

Land League attempts to fix amount of rents, and to prevent payment of rents. Diminution of boycotting. Increase of agrarian crime, attributable to the 'No Rent' struggle inaugurated by the Land League leaders, and to the immunity from punishment; which latter cause was 'gaining strength by continuance.' He would deal with this state of things by altering the law so as to be able to try agrarian offences in certain districts without juries and by re-enacting certain provisions of the Peace Preservation Act, 1870. He concludes as follows :—

'Can we let the Protection Act expire? I dare not face the autumn and coming winter without it. As yet it is our only weapon against demagogues who try to enforce their unwritten law; the boycotters; the murderous members of the secret societies. . . . The Act does not deter murderers for fear of punishment, but it enables us to lock them up. . . . I would renew the Act for a year, and promise to let out the suspects immediately on the passing of our new Bill. Let us try if we can do without the Act, but let us keep it in reserve.'

Three days afterwards Mr. Forster released Mr. Parnell on parole, in order that he might attend the funeral of a nephew of his who had just died in Paris.

On April 12, Mr. Forster writes that the constabulary reports are very bad, and 'that immunity from punishment' was spreading like a plague. I fear it will be impossible to 'prevent very strong and immediate legislation.'

At this time Lord Cowper, the Lord Lieutenant, resigned, and Mr. Forster's suggestion that he should be succeeded by Lord Spencer was accepted. Indeed Mr. Forster had for some time felt that his position would be strengthened were his Lord Lieutenant a Cabinet Minister, especially one with the Irish experience of Lord Spencer. Nevertheless Lord Spencer's appointment when it was announced was hailed by Mr. Forster's enemies as a blow to the policy of the latter, which they persisted in representing as personal to himself and distinct from that of the Government.

At this time began those singular negotiations (if Mr. Gladstone will permit us to use the word) which resulted in the so-called treaty of Kilmainham, and the resignation of Mr. Forster. Captain O'Shea, an Irish member of Parliament, in the intimate confidence of Mr. Parnell, wrote a letter, couched in friendly terms, to the Prime Minister, by whom it was forwarded to Mr. Forster, who in returning it took the opportunity of impressing on Mr. Gladstone his own views of the subjects to which it related, viz., the question of arrears of rent, and the treatment of Mr. Parnell

and the other suspects. As regards the latter question he wrote as follows* :—

‘I expect no slight pressure for their immediate unconditional release ; and if Parnell returns after behaving well, his so acting will be the opportunity for pressure, in which men of different sides may join. My own view on this question is clear. I adhere to our statement that we detain these suspects, and all suspects, solely for prevention, not punishment. We will release them as soon as we think it safe to do so. There are three events which in my opinion would imply safety:— (1) The country so quiet that Parnell & Co. can do little harm ; (2) the acquisition of fresh powers by a fresh Act which might warrant the attempt to govern Ireland with the suspects released ; (3) an assurance upon which we could depend, that Parnell and his friends, if released, would not attempt in any manner to intimidate men into obedience of their unwritten law. Without the fulfilment of one or other of these conditions, I believe their release would make matters much worse than they are. At any rate, I am sure I could not, without this fulfilment, administer affairs as Irish Secretary with advantage ; but I do not say it would be impossible for some other man to make this new departure.’

Next day Mr. Forster left Dublin, owing his escape from assassination at the railway station (as was discovered afterwards) to a sudden change of a few hours in the arrangements for his departure. On his arrival in London he found his fellow-ministers willing to allow Mr. Chamberlain to negotiate with Captain O'Shea both on the subject of the arrears, and of Mr. Parnell's release ; and agreed also *not* to allow the release unless Mr. Parnell gave a *public* assurance of his resolution to put an end, so far as he could, to intimidation and boycotting.†

On April 28 Lord Spencer's appointment was made public, and, as we have seen, led the public to believe that a startling ‘new departure’ was in contemplation. Then, according to Mr. Reid, the ‘Cabinet was divided, and wavered in opinion, but Mr. Forster stood firm. . . . Mr. Chamberlain's negotiations with Captain O'Shea were being continued, and Forster saw clearly that unless the current ‘changed, he must in the end be beaten.’ Mr. Gladstone, in the September number of the ‘Nineteenth Century,’ falls foul of these passages.‡ The wavering in the Cabinet is ‘a

* Mr. Forster to Mr. Gladstone, April 18, 1882.

† Vol. ii. p. 430.

‡ Since writing the above we observe that Mr. Reid has, in the October number of the ‘Nineteenth Century,’ corroborated by additional evidence the accuracy of the statements impugned by Mr. Gladstone.

'myth'; there never was any 'negotiation' with Captain O'Shea. 'How could Mr. Forster stand firm,' he asks, 'with no one against him? That Mr. Forster saw clearly 'that he must be beaten was a figment,' and so on. Except on the theory of 'the myth,' Mr. Gladstone cannot explain Mr. Forster's resignation; for his condition for releasing Mr. Parnell was fulfilled by the latter's pledge in the letter to Captain O'Shea. Let us return to *facts*, and then consider whether Mr. Reid or Mr. Gladstone is in error. There is no reason to believe that on April 29 Mr. Forster was labouring under mental delusion. On that day he writes to Mr. Gladstone in the evident belief that his views were not universally shared by his brother ministers, and *Mr. Gladstone himself* replies that were he to decide at once he would *disagree* with Mr. Forster. Mr. Forster's letter was, in truth, a distinct statement of his often-repeated views, with a very unmistakeable intimation that he would resign if these views were overborne. Let him speak for himself.

'Irish Office, April 29, 1882.

'My dear Mr. Gladstone, --I fear I must trouble you with my views with regard to the release of Parnell and the other M.P.'s, and indeed I think I ought to do so, before our Cabinet on Monday, especially as it will be followed so soon by the debate on Tuesday. It is possible that O'Shea may bring back from Dublin a declaration by Parnell, *which may be published*, that he will not in future aid or abet intimidation, and so expressed as to appear to include boycotting. I do not myself expect this, and if we do not get *such public declaration* I am sorry to be obliged to say that I *cannot make myself* a party to his release, or to that of other suspects, M.P.'s or not, arrested on like grounds. I think unless we get *such declaration*, or get the country much more quiet, and therefore more relieved from intimidation than at present, or get an Act with fresh powers, we cannot release these men without weakening Government in Ireland to an extent which I do not believe to be safe or right. I will not trouble you now with my reasons for this conviction, which I have often expressed to you privately in the Cabinet, especially in last Saturday's Cabinet, and I may be wrong in this conviction, but I hold it so strongly that I shall be compelled to act upon it. I need not say I have come to this conclusion after anxious thought, and much weighing of adverse considerations, of which, perhaps, the strongest in my mind is reluctance in any way to add to your troubles or embarrassments, but this is one of those matters in which a man must do what he thinks is his duty.

'Yours very truly,

'W. E. FORSTER.'

To any reader who carefully reads both Mr. Reid's book and Mr. Gladstone's article, the fresh evidence, however interesting, is not required to support Mr. Reid's statements against the arguments of the late Prime Minister. His explanation exactly coincides with our own.

Nothing could be plainer than Mr. Forster's position, and nothing, as has been shown, is more certain than that he had held it all along. Now what was the fulfilment of the conditions on Mr. Parnell's part, which it astounds Mr. Gladstone should not have satisfied Mr. Forster. What the offered pledge was is not in dispute, but merely its sufficiency, or, as Mr. Gladstone would put it, its identity with that demanded. It was contained in a *private* letter from Mr. Parnell to Captain O'Shea, who had permission to show it to the Cabinet. The material passages of this letter were as follows:—

'If the arrears question be settled upon the lines indicated by us, I have every confidence—a confidence shared by my colleagues—that the exertions we should be able to make strenuously and unremittingly, would be effective in stopping outrages and intimidations of all kinds. . . . The accomplishment of the programme I have sketched out to you would, in my judgement, be regarded by the country as a practical settlement of the land question, and would, I feel, soon enable us to co-operate cordially for the future with the Liberal Party in forwarding Liberal principles and measures of general reform, and that the Government at the end of this session would, from the state of the country, feel themselves thoroughly justified in dispensing with further coercive measures.'

When Captain O'Shea called upon Mr. Forster with this letter, he explained Mr. Parnell's meaning by the following remarkable words: 'What is meant is that the conspiracy (or 'agitation) which has been used to get up boycotting and 'outrages will now be used to put them down, and that 'there will be a union with the Liberal party'; and that Mr. Parnell was in hopes of getting back Sheridan, as he knew all the details of the conspiracy in the west. Sheridan was a released suspect whom Mr. Forster had been trying for some time to arrest, having information that he was going backwards and forwards between Egan, treasurer of the Land League, and the outrage-mongers in the west.

On the proposed arrangement no comment need be made, further than to point out that had Mr. Forster accepted it, the whole object of what he had been persistently aiming at throughout the struggle with the Land League, and the specific demand which he had again and again set before Mr. Gladstone in writing, would have been sacrificed. To let out Mr. Parnell without having actually taken additional measures (merely proposing them would not be sufficient) for the preservation of law and order, was in Mr. Forster's view not to be thought of for an instant, *unless* Mr. Parnell

would frankly, and in the face of day, show to all men in Ireland that he was the enemy, and not the friend, of the outrage-mongers and the boycotters.

It is, indeed, strange to find in Mr. Gladstone's article that he read Mr. Parnell's letter to Captain O'Shea with positive delight, that he felt deeply 'indebted to Captain O'Shea,' and that he learnt 'with utter amazement, that his Chief Secretary regarded Mr. Parnell's engagement as wholly 'insufficient.' Mr. Forster had set his foot down. It was not that he objected to *release*; it was to the way in which the release was to be effected.

On May 4, in making his personal explanation of his resignation, Mr. Forster again repeated in the House of Commons that it was of course necessary to contemplate the release of the prisoners, and that he would consider the release safe 'if there had been a *public promise* on their part, or Ireland quiet, or the acquisition of fresh powers by the Government.' And he explained fully what he meant by a public promise. As to the *publicity* of the engagement into which Mr. Parnell had entered, it must be remembered that it was contained in a letter from one member of Parliament to another; that the letter was marked 'private and confidential'; and that Mr. Gladstone, on May 15, when asked to produce it, declared that it was undesirable to do so. Mr. Gladstone's refusal led to a remarkable scene. Mr. Parnell volunteered to read his letter to Captain O'Shea, and after he had finished reading it and had sat down, Mr. Forster quietly asked him whether he had read the *whole* letter, and Mr. Parnell replied that he was reading from a copy furnished him by Captain O'Shea, and possibly one paragraph might have been omitted. Captain O'Shea then rose, and to repeated cries of 'Read! read!' could only reply that *that* was impossible, as he had not the document with him. The excitement of the House was intensified when Mr. Forster, stretching over from a back bench, put into Captain O'Shea's hands a copy of the letter in question, which shouts from all parts of the House absolutely compelled him to read. It then appeared that from the letter read by Mr. Parnell there had been omitted the final paragraph, by which it was agreed that 'on the accomplishment of the programme' Mr. Parnell and his friends would 'co-operate cordially 'with the Liberal party,' who would on their side abandon the evil ways of coercion. An amusing and thoroughly Hibernian touch was given to a very serious matter by the shocked scruples of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who was afraid lest

Mr. Forster, in insisting on a *true* copy of the letter being read, had violated the pledge of secrecy of a Cabinet Minister!

It was not unnatural that the Opposition found something to say about the 'Treaty of Kilmainham,' and that there was much party heat evoked on the one side and the other. One thing, however, stands recorded upon his own contemporaneous writings and speeches, viz. that Mr. Forster, in the matter of releasing the suspects, did not vary one inch from the position he had taken up, and that neither threats nor inducements of political advantage could make him become a party to proceedings dangerous to the maintenance of law and order in Ireland.

Mr. Forster's Irish rule was now at an end. He had carried on for two weary years the struggle of law against lawlessness, and at the very moment when in his opinion the crisis of the battle had been reached, and victory was to be obtained by a little more endurance and steadfastness in the fight, the general in command had determined on surrender.

The battle was lost and won, and the fruits of victory were in the hands of Mr. Parnell. So, however, matters did *not* seem to many parliamentary supporters of Her Majesty's Government. The Cabinet had come to a decision, but how about the House of Commons and the country? The troubles of the preceding autumn and winter in Ireland had convinced very many liberal members of Parliament that there must be no more hesitation on the part of Government, no more postponement for alleged remedial legislation, or for any other consideration whatever, of the fulfilment of their primary duty, the maintenance of the authority of the law, and the preservation of the peace over every portion of the United Kingdom. Mr. Forster believed* that Mr. Gladstone would not allow the immediate introduction of fresh repressive measures; and without any communication with Mr. Forster, that belief was shared in by many Liberals, and the contents of the letter to Captain O'Shea tend to prove its accuracy.

On the Monday the Government were to introduce an Arrears Bill, and it was probable that they contemplated following that measure by the introduction of New Rules of Procedure. Thus for an indefinite period, the authority of the law in Ireland would have been dependent on the arrange-

* Letter, May 2, 1882.

ments between Mr. Parnell and Sheridan and other outrage-mongers. Unless we are much mistaken, Monday's debate would have disclosed a determination on the part of the House of Commons to insist upon the Government showing at once how they intended to fulfil their primary duty, and it would not have been tolerated that that question should be left open till they had legislated on other matters.

The terrible murders in the Phoenix Park took place, however, on the Saturday, and when the House of Commons met on Monday it was to adjourn on the motion of Mr. Gladstone, who gave notice that on the next Government night he would ask leave to introduce a fresh Coercion Bill. The matter is only worthy of recall lest it should be supposed that the Forster policy was as much without support in the House of Commons as seems to have been the case in the Cabinet. The Phoenix Park murders at last brought home to the British public the true state of Ireland. The murders were not more atrocious than many others which had preceded them. If the Executive needed fresh powers on the Monday, as Mr. Gladstone declared, it is difficult to see why that should not have been recognised by persons acquainted with the state of Ireland a few days earlier. The state of Ireland had not changed; but the state of mind of the British public towards affairs in Ireland had changed; and the Government, following the public will, as it had followed it in the spring of 1881—alas! in each case too late to save valuable lives, and to prevent much mischief—pressed forward a repressive measure severer than almost any measure of 'coercion' that had preceded it, and far more stringent than that under which Ireland is at present governed.

So ended Mr. Forster's official connexion with Ireland.

Once more, however, as an independent member, in a debate on the Address at the opening of the session of 1883, he interposed, and brought against Mr. Parnell what Mr. Reid rightly describes—

'as the most tremendous indictment ever laid against a responsible politician in the English Parliament by a fellow-member. No one who was a witness of that exciting scene, when Mr. Forster, speaking amid the furious cries of Mr. Parnell's followers and the wild cheers of the English members, laid statement after statement before the House in support of his opinion as to the moral responsibility of Mr. Parnell, will ever forget it. Nor was the impression which he made upon the mind of England lessened by the fact that Mr. Parnell, instead of attempting to reply to the indictment brought against him, took refuge in personal abuse of his accuser.'

Mr. Forster's charge was that Mr. Parnell had either connived at outrages and murders, 'or that, when warned by facts and statements, he had determined to remain in ignorance; that he took no trouble to test the truth of whether these outrages had been committed or not, but that he was willing to gain the advantage of them.'

It would be hardly respectful to Mr. Gladstone not to notice the explanation he has given in the 'Nineteenth Century' of the real meaning of Captain O'Shea's intervention between the Cabinet and Mr. Parnell. Yet it is difficult seriously to discuss it. The object of the Executive Government, he tells us, was 'simply to ascertain, or rather to receive through the unsolicited office of a friend, what was the state of Mr. Parnell's mind on the subject which had led to his imprisonment. A physician does not negotiate with his patient, but examines him.' Captain O'Shea, however, brought to Mr. Forster, from Mr. Parnell, a letter which he hoped and believed would satisfy him (Mr. Forster), and which he thought he could enlarge if Mr. Forster thought it insufficient. Surely in this the physician hardly confined himself to the examination of the state of mind of his patient! But even so; what was the evidence of 'the patient's' state of mind submitted to the Cabinet? Solely the letter to Captain O'Shea, evidence enough most assuredly of the lucidity of the patient's brains, and of his willingness by an entirely private arrangement to barter the general political support of the Parnellite party for the release of the suspects, and an abandonment of coercion. We do not say that bargain was made. The matter, apparently, never struck Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet in that light; and it takes two to make a bargain. But that that was the offer of Mr. Parnell we leave it to any reader of his letter to decide for himself, and that that was the construction Mr. Forster put upon it has never been questioned.

To Mr. Gladstone, even after reading Mr. Reid's volumes, the reason of Mr. Forster's 'resignation in May, 1822, remains an unsolved riddle.' To everyone else the matter is simple enough. There is no necessity to summon up 'myths' or 'figments'; to refine as to the meaning of the word 'negotiation,' or the phrase 'new departure'; to apply a forced construction to an Act of Parliament; or even to make an elaborate scrutiny into the mind of each suspect. Mr. Forster resigned because the conditions of release which he thought safe, and to which the Cabinet had previously agreed, had been abandoned by them. And it is the more

singular that Mr. Gladstone should still maintain that Mr. Forster's condition of release was fulfilled by a private arrangement with the Parnellites, since not only did Mr. Forster continually insist on the necessity of a public declaration, but fully explained on various occasions his reasons for thinking publicity essential. Thus, in the speech just referred to, on February 22, 1883, he states that 'the effect of a public promise would have been to deprive hon. members of the power for evil he believed they had been using; for instance, all the American subsidies to the Land League would have disappeared.'

With Mr. Forster the question of how to rule Ireland did not present itself principally as a question of House of Commons party politics. Neither an election in Tyrone, nor a vote on the Closure, nor a general promise of Parnellite support, could shake him in the determination to struggle for the authority of law, which should assure to every Irish fellow-subject of his, full protection to his personal liberty of action, and the free exercise of his rights.

What would have been Mr. Forster's action had he survived to see Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bills no one who has followed his career can doubt. When the rumours of Mr. Gladstone's great surrender were in the air, he thought it right to make his belief public 'that a Parliament in Dublin would be fraught with danger to both England and Ireland;' and after Parliament had met he wrote to Mr. Goschen deploring the reticence of the Prime Minister, which was doubtless well calculated to enable him to commit irretrievably many weak and unwary Liberals to the support of his government whilst they still remained in absolute ignorance of his plans. He was 'too old a Parliamentary hand' to disclose his policy! Four days before that disclosure Mr. Forster had passed away, at a time when England could ill afford the loss of such a man.

On April 8, 1886, the disclosure came; and when members came flocking down at ten in the morning to take their places for the great debate, they found themselves already too late for seats in the body of the House, and had to betake themselves to the galleries. When the servants opened the doors at 6 A.M. members had rushed in; and when at half-past four Mr. Gladstone rose, amidst frantic cheers from the Parnellite members, to expound his plan, the House was filled in a manner probably absolutely without precedent; even the sacredness of 'the floor' had been invaded; for, with the permission of the Speaker, members

had accommodated themselves with chairs from the bar to the gangways. The cheers of the Parnellite members were the reward that Mr. Gladstone had richly earned, and when he sat down Mr. Parnell's triumph was complete. Four years before he had driven Mr. Forster from office, he had expelled only a year ago from power the Government that sustained the hated rule of Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan, and he had now bound to his chariot wheels the greatest leader of the day, who till the country had spoken out remained Prime Minister of England.

Forster's character stands fully revealed in his work. It was a singularly simple and straightforward one. Weighty as a speaker, the effect produced by his words was due to men's belief in the man who uttered them rather than to any eloquence on the part of the orator. His speeches were not brightened by any flights of the imagination, nor were they characterised by the terseness and point which in some of his contemporaries delight the ear of Parliament. Mr. Forster's speeches resembled Mr. Forster himself in being absolutely without pretence. He only spoke when he had something to say, and he meant every word he said. As a statesman he was before everything 'practical'; and cared little—too little, probably—for political theories. He hated '*laissez-faire*,' and the school of doctrinaire Radicals was odious to him. Looking back upon the events of the years 1880–82 with the teaching that time has brought us, it is easy to see that the main business of the Irish Government during those years was to *make* law and order prevail over the unwritten law prescribed for Ireland by the Land League. The policy of conciliation and of redress of grievances might well go hand in hand with this, but could not be a substitute for it. Mr. Forster, noble as were his qualities, determined as he was to do his duty, was not the man who would have been selected by the public voice to govern Ireland had it been foreseen that that country was to pass through a period of revolutionary excitement. Mr. Forster's conduct was vindicated by the action of his successors, Lord Spencer and Mr. Trevelyan, whose policy is now being firmly followed by Mr. Arthur Balfour, a Minister who is rapidly rising in parliamentary position and in public opinion, as his ability and courage are more and more recognised.

ART. XI.—*Ireland under Coercion: The Diary of an American.*

By WILLIAM HENRY HURLBERT. Two volumes. Second Edition. Edinburgh: 1888.

WE cannot lay down our pen without some notice, though it must necessarily be a brief one, of the work whose title stands at the head of this article. For in our judgment we are indebted to Mr. Hurlbert for incomparably the most able, impartial, and interesting contribution to the discussion of the great problem of the government and social condition of Ireland which has been given to the world. The public have already appreciated its importance, for it has arrived within a few weeks at a second edition.

The testimony of a competent foreign observer as to the state of that country is obviously more valuable than that of any British or Irish writer, who may be swayed more or less by national or party predilections. Thus we already owe to M. Mandat de Grancey a little volume, which, under a somewhat light and comic form, gives us the honest impressions of a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic, predisposed to regard with favour the national aspirations of the Irish clergy and people, but who arrives at the same conclusions as ourselves with reference to the 'Plan of Campaign' and the disastrous consequences of 'Home Rule.' Mr. Hurlbert is a traveller and a politician of a much higher order. He brings with him not only the same sympathy with the Roman Catholic Church, but an intimate acquaintance with political parties in America and in Europe, a knowledge of life extending across the globe from Mexico to Palestine, a familiar acquaintance with all that is best in the society of America and of Europe, more especially of France, Italy, and England, an experience gained in the rough school of civil war, and a penetrating observation of the secret revolutionary forces which are at work in more than one part of the world. The style of his diary is light and agreeable; he describes with animation the neglected beauties of Irish scenery and the humours of the people; he converses familiarly with men of all ranks from the prelates and priests of the Church to the land-agent, the farmer, and the labourer; but if the style is light the matter is weighty, and we believe that there is no book in existence in which so accurate and instructive a survey of Ireland at the present time can be found as in these volumes. We most earnestly commend them to our readers, and we trust that they will be read

both in England and in America as much as they deserve to be.

It should here be observed, *in limine*, that by the title of his book, 'Ireland under Coercion,' Mr. Hurlbert does not mean what is commonly understood by the phrase, namely, the control exercised by the law to restrain and punish those who break it; but, on the contrary, the coercion which he describes and denounces is that which is applied by the irresponsible agents of illegal societies to fetter the industry and liberty of the country.

'Of the "Coercion" under which the Nationalist speakers and writers ask us in America to believe that the island groans and travails *I have seen literally nothing*. Nowhere in the world is the press more absolutely free than to-day in Ireland. Nowhere in the world are the actions of men in authority more bitterly and unsparingly criticised.

'The "Coercion" which I have found established in Ireland, and which I recognise in the title of this book, is the "Coercion" not of a government but of a combination to render government impossible. It is a "Coercion" applied not to men who break a public law or offend against any recognised code of morals, but to men who refuse to be bound in their personal relations and their business transactions by the will of other men, their equals only, clothed with no legal authority over them. It is a "Coercion" administered not by public and responsible functionaries, but by secret tribunals. Its sanctions are not the law and honest public opinion, but the base instinct of personal cowardice, and the instinct, not less base, of personal greed.'

That which distinguishes the present state of Irish agitation from all the previous revolutionary movements that have occurred for centuries in that island, is its *extra-territorial* character. Two great forces are at work which lie beyond the jurisdiction of the British Government and beyond the area of Ireland itself. The principal leverage which supports this great conspiracy, by supplying it with funds and by directing its action, lies in the United States. The seat of the authority which can alone control the action of the Irish Catholic clergy is in the Vatican. Mr. Hurlbert establishes two fundamental propositions: first, that the plan of agrarian revolution devised by Mr. Davitt is closely connected with the socialist or communistic theories of Mr. Henry George, and is regarded by its authors as a step to the nationalisation of land and the destruction of private property—and he shows that these views are entertained by some such priests of religion, both in America and in Ireland, as Dr. M'Glynn and Father Kellar; and, secondly, that these communistic opinions are absolutely condemned by the

supreme authority of the Church of Rome, not on political grounds, but on the fundamental principles of morality, which require that the rights of property should be respected, that just debts should be paid, and that the faith of contracts should be kept. These are the two adverse principles of revolution and of authority which affect the interests of society throughout the world, but which are working with especial intensity in Ireland, because there the social organisation is weak and because the British Government is contending with blunt weapons against the passions of a deluded people, who employ the most liberal institutions existing in any country to destroy liberty itself. It was said twenty years ago that the social and political ideas of America were exerting a seven-fold stronger influence over the character and tendencies of the Irish people than the social and political ideas of England. That current is much stronger now, since it is supported by a powerful Hibernian organisation in the United States. But on the other hand the Irish element in the States exercises a malignant and dangerous influence over the politics of the Union. It is felt at this moment in the agitation that precedes a Presidential election, and it avowedly strives to embitter the relations of two friendly nations.

Perhaps it will surprise some of Mr. Hurlbert's readers to find that of 'Home Rule' he says very little, and that he speaks of Mr. Parnell and his associates with undisguised contempt. He regards them as mere political intriguers, but he looks with respect (though without adopting their opinions) on men like Davitt, Rolleston, and O'Leary as patriots of a different stamp, and of a far more dangerous character. Mr. Davitt, however, does not respond to the tribute paid by Mr. Hurlbert to the honesty of his convictions, for since the publication of the first edition of this work, he has made a truculent attack on its author. Mr. Hurlbert has learned by experience that it is not safe to trust an Irish convict.

It may be that the objects of Mr. Parnell and his followers were originally political—to shake off the control of the British Parliament, and to gain for themselves supreme political power in Ireland. It is certain that the adoption of 'Home Rule' by Mr. Gladstone was a purely political manœuvre to attach to his party the votes of the Irish faction. The agrarian agitation was resorted to as a means of attaining political objects. But in the course of time this state of things entirely changed. The political object of 'Home Rule' became indefinite, remote, and, we

believe, unattainable. Mr. Gladstone's scheme was condemned and rejected. It has passed into the shapeless limbo of abortive projects. But the agrarian agitation remains. That which was a means has become an end. Throughout Ireland very little is now heard of political 'Home Rule.' Mr. Hurlbert found that the people had vague and indefinite ideas of what is meant by it. He met with no trace of enthusiasm in its favour. The real object of the people and of the National League is the acquisition of the land and the destruction of the rights of property in the present holders of it. That was the cry with which (as we pointed out seven years ago) Mr. Davitt created the Land League and launched the Irish revolution; and that is now the chief practical disturbance against which the British Government has to contend, and the object to which the whole strength of the Nationalist party is directed. The political object of an independent Irish legislature (if that is what is meant by Home Rule) sinks into insignificance in comparison with an agrarian agitation which attacks the base of society, and is wholly distinct from it; for were the political separation of Ireland accomplished to-morrow, there is no reason to suppose that any Irish government would have the power to restore those moral and legal obligations which the people have been taught outrageously to violate. It is a social not a political contest, and what is the result? The opinion of Mr. Rolleston (himself a strong Home Ruler) is worth recording:—

'I have been slowly forced,' he wrote, 'to the conclusion that the National League is a body which deserves nothing but reprobation from all who wish well to Ireland. It has plunged this country into a state of moral degradation from which it will take us at least a generation to recover. It is teaching the people that no law of justice, of candour, of honour, or of humanity can be allowed to interfere with the political ends of the moment. It is, in fact, absolutely divorcing morality from politics. The mendacity of some of its leaders is shameless and sickening, and still more sickening is the complete indifference with which this mendacity is regarded in Ireland.' (Vol. ii. p. 292.)

These lines from the pen of an Irish Separatist, which Mr. Hurlbert quotes in the epilogue to his book, might serve as a text to the whole of this work, and he proceeds by personal enquiry in several of the most disturbed districts of Ireland, especially those in which the 'Plan of Campaign' is at work, to examine the results of this agrarian revolution on the Irish people. Our limits forbid us to follow him into the very numerous characteristic details with which his book

abounds. But we shall take by way of example his account of his visit to Gweedore in Donegal, to Lord Lansdowne's estate at Luggacurren, and to Lord Clanricarde's property in Galway.

The late Lord George Hill devoted his life and his fortune to raising the estate of Gweedore, with its 9,000 inhabitants, from a condition of misery and barbarism to that of a flourishing community. The history of Gweedore means the difference between savage squalor and civilisation. Lord George died in 1879. The estate passed to his son, Captain Hill, and a contest began between the owner of the property and Father McFadden, who combines the position of President of the National League with that of priest of the parish. This is the reverend gentleman who was prosecuted for criminally conspiring to compel and induce certain tenants not to fulfil their legal obligations. He told the people publicly that 'he was the law in Gweedore, and 'that they should heed no other!' So little real distress was there in Gweedore that the tenant rights of holdings have been sold at prices representing from *forty to a hundred and thirty years' purchase* of the landlords' rents, and sold in some instances by Father McFadden himself. Indeed, out of this distressed estate the priest contrives to clear for himself and his curates an income (attested by several persons) of 1,000*l.* to 1,200*l.* a year. It may be noted in passing that the average income of the priests in Ireland is estimated at 10*s.* a year per house, which is practically a hearth tax of that amount. For fourteen years Lord George spent on Gweedore all the rents he received from it, and a great deal more. Rents were light and paid without evictions; industry was promoted. There was no such distress in Gweedore as in Connemara; yet to this district the Plan of Campaign was applied. The agency was boycotted, and Father McFadden became master of the estate. 'They listen to me,' he said, 'as to nobody else.' He receives the remittances from America and the subscriptions from England, and, above all, the rents due from the tenants to the landlord. 'I feel,' he said, 'that I must 'stand between my people and obligations they are unable 'to meet. To that end I take their money, and stand ready 'to use it to relieve them when the occasion offers. That is 'my idea of my work under the Plan of Campaign.' Upon which Mr. Hurlbert remarks that this was an admission that if the people had the money to pay the rents they could not be trusted to use it for that purpose unless they put it into the control of the priest or some other trustee.

Having conversed with the priest, Mr. Hurlbert saw the sergeant of constabulary on whose evidence Father McFadden was convicted, who added some particulars not much to the credit of his reverence. Captain Hill, however, has thought it expedient to compound with his antagonist for 1,450*l.* a year—a very small interest on his father's outlay—and has received that sum from the priest.

At Abbeyleix, the seat of Lord de Vesci, near Kilkenny, our traveller collected further information.

‘From Abbeyleix station we walked back to the house through the park under trees beautifully silvered with the snow. At dinner the party was joined by several residents of the county. One of them gave me his views of the working of the “Plan of Campaign.” It is a plan, he maintains, not of defence as against unjust and exacting landlords, but of offence against “landlordism,” not really promoted, as it appears to be, in the interest of the tenants to whose cupidity it appeals, but worked from Dublin as a battering engine against law and order in Ireland. Every case in which it is applied needs, he thinks, to be looked into on its own merits. It will then be found precisely why this or that spot has been selected by the League for attack. At Luggacurren, for instance, the “Plan of Campaign” has been imposed upon the tenants because the property belongs to the Marquis of Lansdowne, who happens to be Governor-General of Canada, so that to attack him is to attack the Government. The rents of the Lansdowne property at Luggacurren, this gentleman offers to prove to me, are not, and never have been, excessive; and Lord Lansdowne has expended very large sums on improving the property, and for the benefit of the tenants. Two of the largest tenants having got into difficulties through reckless racing and other forms of extravagance found it convenient to invite the League into Luggacurren, and compel other tenants in less embarrassed circumstances to sacrifice their holdings by refusing to pay rents which they knew to be fair, and were abundantly able and eager to pay. At Mitchelstown the “Plan of Campaign” was aimed again, not at the Countess of Kingston, the owner, but at the Disestablished Protestant Church of Ireland, the trustees of which hold a mortgage of a quarter of a million sterling on the estates. On the Clanricarde property in Galway the “Plan of Campaign” has been introduced, my informant says, because Lord Clanricarde happens to be personally unpopular. “Go down to Portumna and Woodford,” he said, “and look into the matter for yourself. You will find that the “rents on the Clanricarde estates are in the main exceptionally fair, “and even low.”’ (Vol. i. pp. 182, 183.)

To Portumna accordingly, somewhat later, Mr. Hurlbert went, and he was courteously received by Mr. Tener, the marquis's agent, who explained to him the offers which had been made to the tenants and rejected by them. The scene which follows might be repeated in any part of Ireland where the ‘Plan of Campaign’ is in operation.

'Portumna, February 29.—Early this morning two of the "evicted" tenants, and an ex-bailiff of the property here, came by appointment to discuss the situation with Mr. Tener. He asked me to attend the conference, and upon learning that I was an American, they expressed their perfect willingness that I should do so. The tenants were quiet, sturdy, intelligent-looking men. I asked one of them if he objected to telling me whether he thought the rent he had refused to pay excessive, or whether he was simply unable to pay it.

"I had the money, sir, to pay the rent," he replied, "and I wanted to pay the rent—only I wouldn't be let."

"Who wouldn't let you?" I asked.

"The people that were in with the League."

"Was your holding worth anything to you?" I asked.

"It was indeed. Two or three years ago I could have sold my right for a matter of three hundred pounds."

"Yes!" interrupted the other tenant, "and a bit before that for six hundred pounds."

"Is it not worth three hundred pounds to you now?"

"No," said Mr. Tener, "for he has lost it by refusing the settlement I offered to make, and driving us into proceedings against him, and allowing his six months' equity of redemption to lapse."

"And sure, if we had it, no one would be let to buy it now, sir," said the tenant. "But it's we that hope Mr. Tener here will let us come back on the holdings—that is, if we'd be protected coming back."

"Now, do you see," said Mr. Tener, "what it is you ask me to do? You ask me to make you a present outright of the property you chose foolishly to throw away, and to do this after you have put the estate to endless trouble and expense; don't you think that is asking me to do a good deal?"

The tenants looked at one another, at Mr. Tener, and at me, and the ex-bailiff smiled.

"You must see this," said Mr. Tener; "but I am perfectly willing now to say to you, in the presence of this gentleman, that in spite of all, I am quite willing to do what you ask, and to let you come back into the titles you have forfeited, for I would rather have you back on the property than strangers—"

"And, indeed, we're sure you would."

"But understand, you must pay down a year's rent and the costs you have put us to."

"Ah! sure you wouldn't have us to pay the costs?"

"But indeed I will," responded Mr. Tener; "you mustn't for a moment suppose I will have any question about that. You brought all this trouble on yourselves, and on us; and while I am ready and willing to deal more than fairly, to deal liberally with you about the arrears—and to give you time—the costs you must pay."

"And what would they be, the costs?" queried one of the tenants anxiously.

"Oh, that I can't tell you, for I don't know," said Mr. Tener, "but they shall not be anything beyond the strict necessary costs."

"And if we come back would we be protected?"

"Of course you will have protection. But why do you want protection? Here you are, a couple of strong grown men, with men-folk of your families. See here! why don't you go to such an one, and such an one," naming other tenants; "you know them well. Go to them quietly and sound them to see if they will come back on the same terms with you; form a combination to be honest and to stand by your rights, and defy and break up the other dishonest combination you go in fear of? Is it not a shame for men like you to lie down and let those fellows walk over you, and drive you out of your livelihood and your homes?"

The tenants looked at each other, and at the rest of us. "I think," said one of them at last, "I think —— and ——," naming two men, "would come with us. Of course," turning to Mr. Tener, "you wouldn't discover on us, sir."

"Discover on you! Certainly not," said Mr. Tener. "But why don't you make up your minds to be men, and 'discover' on yourselves, and defy these fellows?"

"And the cattle, sir? would we get protection for the cattle? They'd be murdered else entirely."

"Of course," said Mr. Tener, "the police would endeavour to protect the cattle."

Then, turning to me, he said, "That is a very reasonable question. These scoundrels, when they are afraid to tackle the men put under their ban, go about at night, and mutilate and torture and kill the poor beasts. I remember a case," he went on, "in Roscommon, where several head of cattle mysteriously disappeared. They could be found nowhere. No trace of them could be got. But long weeks after they vanished, some lads in a field several miles away saw numbers of crows hovering over a particular point. They went there, and there at the bottom of an abandoned coal-shaft lay the shattered remains of these lost cattle. The poor beasts had been driven blindfold over the fields and down into this pit, where, with broken limbs, and maimed, they all miserably died of hunger."

"Yes," said one of the tenants, "and our cattle'd be driven into the Shannon, and drowned, and washed away."

"You must understand," interposed Mr. Tener, "that when cattle are thus maliciously destroyed the owners can recover nothing unless the remains of the poor beasts are found and identified within three days."

The disgust which I felt and expressed at these revelations seemed to encourage the tenants. One of them said that before the evictions came off certain of the National Leaguers visited him, and told him he must resist the officers. "I consulted my sister," he said, "and she said, 'Don't you be such a fool as to be doing that; we'll all be ruined entirely by those rascals and rogues of the League.' And I didn't resist. But only the other day I went to a priest in the trouble we are in, and what do you think he said to me? He said, 'Why didn't you do as you were bid? then you would be helped,' and he would do nothing for us! Would you think that right, sir, in your country?"

"I should think in my country," I replied, "that a priest who behaved in that way ought to be unfrocked."

"Did you pay over all your rent into the hands of the trustees of the League?" I asked of one of these tenants.

"I paid over money to them, sir," he replied.

"Yes," I said, "but did you pay over all the amount of the rent or how much of it?"

"Oh! I paid as much as I thought they would think I ought to pay!" he responded, with that sly twinkle of the peasant's eye one sees so often in rural France.

"Oh! I understand," I said, laughing. "But if you come to terms now with Mr. Tener here, will you get that money back again?"

"Divil a penny of it!" he replied, with much emphasis.

Finally they got up together to take their leave, after a long whispered conversation together.

"And if we made it half the costs?"

"No!" said Mr. Tener good-naturedly but firmly; "not a penny off the costs."

"Well, we'll see the men, sir, just quietly, and we'll let you know what can be done;" and with that they wished us, most civilly, good-morning, and went their way.' (Vol. ii. p. 100.)

These poor fellows knew very well that in the event of their breaking with the League they had worse evils to dread than the loughing of their cattle. It now appears that the name of one of them is John Whyte. He has paid his rent and been restored to his farm. The consequence is that he is in no small danger, the following placard having been posted up in Woodford on September 9:—

PLACARD.

IRISHMEN!—Need we say in the face of the desperate battle the people are making for their hearths and homes that the time has come for every honest man, trader and otherwise, to extend a helping hand to the men in the gap. You may ask, How will that be done? The answer is plain.

'Let those who have become traitors to their neighbours and their country be shunned as if they were possessed by a devil. Let no man buy from them or sell to them, let no man work for them. Leave them to Tener and his emergency gang. The following are a few of the greatest traitors and meanest creatures that ever walked—John Whyte, of Dooras; Fahey (of the hill), of Dooras; big Anthony Hackett, of Rossmore; Tom Moran, of Rossmore! Your country calls on you to treat them as they deserve. Bravo Woodford! Remember Tom Larkin!—"God save Ireland!"'

On the neighbouring estate of Mrs. Lewis repeated acts of violence had taken place, and in the following passage we meet with several names which have been recently conspicuously before the public. Dr. Tully's equity of redemption

expired on July 9, and it is since that date that the eviction has taken place, which has been described in the newspapers.

‘From Cloondadauv to Loughrea we had a long but very interesting drive, passing on the way, and at no great distance from each other, Father Coen’s neat, prosperous-looking presbytery of Ballinakill, and the shop and house of a local boat-builder named Tully, who is pleasantly known in the neighbourhood as “Dr. Tully,” by reason of his recommendation of a very particular sort of “pills for landlords.” The presbytery is now occupied by Father Coen, who finds it becoming his position as the moral teacher and guide of his people to be in arrears of two and a half years with the rent of his holding, and who is said to have entertained Mr. Blunt and other sympathising statesmen very handsomely on their visit to Loughrea and Woodford,* “Dr.” Tully being one of the guests invited to meet them.† Not far from this presbytery, Mr. Tener showed me the scene of one of the most cowardly murders that have disgraced this region. Of Loughrea, the objective of our drive this morning, Sir George Trevelyan, I am told, during his brief rule in Ireland, found it necessary to say that murder had there become an institution. Woodford, previously a dull and law-abiding spot, was illuminated by a lurid light of modern progress about three years ago, upon the transfer thither in the summer of 1885 of a priest from Loughrea, familiarly known as “the firebrand priest.”

‘In November of that year, as I have already related, Mr. Egan and other tenants of Mrs. Lewis of Woodford made their demand for a 50 per cent. reduction of their rents, upon the refusal of which an attempt was made with dynamite on December 18 to blow up the house of Mrs. Lewis’s son and agent. All the bailiffs in the region round about were warned to give up serving processes, and many of them were cowed into doing so. One man, however, was not cowed. This was a gallant Irish soldier, discharged with honour after the Crimean war, and known in the country as “Balaklava,” because he was one of the “noble six hundred,” who there rode “into the jaws of “death, into the valley of hell.” His name was Finlay, and he was a Catholic. At a meeting in Woodford, Father Coen (the priest now in arrears), it is said, looked significantly at Finlay, and said, “No “process-server will be got to serve processes for Sir Henry Burke of “Marble Hill.” The words and the look were thrown away on the

* The valuation for taxes of this holding is 7*l.* 15*s.* for the land, and 5*l.* for the presbytery house. The church is exempt. The rent of the presbytery, which the priest refused to pay, was 2*l.* 2*s.*

† Of ‘Dr.’ Tully Mr. Tener writes to me (July 18): ‘Tully has the holding at 2*l.* 10*s.* a year, being 50 per cent. under the valuation of the land for taxes, which is 3*l.* 15*s.* As the total valuation with the house (built by him) is only 4*l.*, he pays no poor-rates. He was in arrears May 1, 1887, of three years for 7*l.* 10*s.* Lord Clanricarde offered him, with others, 20 per cent. abatement, making for him 70 per cent. under the valuation—and he refused!’

veteran who had faced the roar and the crash of the Russian guns, and later on, in December 1885, Finlay did his duty, and served the processes given to him. From that moment he and his wife were "boycotted." His own kinsfolk dared not speak to him. His house was attacked by night. He was a doomed man. On March 3, 1886, about 2 o'clock P.M., he left his house—which Mr. Tener pointed out to me—to cut fuel in a wood belonging to Sir Henry Burke, at no great distance. Twice he made the journey between his house and the wood. The third time he went and returned no more. His wife growing uneasy at his prolonged absence went out to look for him. She found his body riddled with bullets lying lifeless in the highway. The police who went into Woodford with the tale report the people as laughing and jeering at the agony of the widowed woman. She was with them, and, maddened by the savage conduct of these wretched creatures, she knelt down over against the house of Father Egan, and called down the curse of God upon him.' (Vol. ii. p. 143.)

No coffin could be obtained for the murdered man. The priests refused to bury him, until a 'boycotted' priest was found to do that duty. For weeks it was necessary to guard the grave. No one has been brought to justice for the crime, and on July 13 in this year a man named Thomas Noonan, who succeeded Finlay as process server, was shot at, apparently by a nephew of Tully, who is now in Galway jail awaiting his trial. These volumes teem with similar cases of crime and oppression.

It is difficult to say why the Plan of Campaign was directed against the estate of Lord Lansdowne at Lugguncurran, except for political reasons, for the tenants had been treated with the utmost liberality, as will be seen from the following statement.

"The tenants in the main were a good set of men—as they had reason to be, Lord Lansdowne having not only been a fair landlord, but a liberal and enterprising promoter of local improvements." I had been told in Dublin that Lord Lansdowne had offered a subscription of 200*l.* towards establishing creameries, and providing high-class bulls for this estate. Similar offers had been cordially met by Lord Lansdowne's tenants in Kerry, and with excellent results. But here they were rejected almost scornfully, though accompanied by offers of abatement on the rents, which, in the case of Mr. Kilbride, for example, amounted to 20 per cent.

"How did this happen, the tenants being good men as you say?" I asked of Mr. Hind.

"Because they were unable to resist the pressure put on them by the two chief tenants, Kilbride and Dunne, with the help of the League. Kilbride and Dunne both lived very well." My information at Dublin was that Mr. Kilbride had a fine house built by Lord Lansdowne, and a farm of seven hundred acres, at a rent of 760*l.* 10*s.* Mr. Dunne, who co-operated with him, held four town lands comprising 1,804

acres, at a yearly rent of 1,348*l.* 15*s.* Upon this property Lord Lansdowne had expended in drainage and works 1,993*l.* 11*s.* 9*d.*, and in buildings 631*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.*, or in all very nearly two years' rental. On Mr. Kilbride's holdings Lord Lansdowne had expended in drainage works 1,931*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.*, and in buildings 1,247*l.* 19*s.* 5*d.*, or in all more than four years' rental. Mr. Kilbride held his lands on life leases. Mr. Dunne held his smallest holding of 84 acres on a yearly tenure; his two largest holdings, one on a lease for 31 years from 1874, and the other on a life lease, and his fourth holding of 172 acres on a life lease.

'Where does the hardship appear in all this to Mr. Dunne or Mr. Kilbride?

'On Mr. Kilbride's holdings, for instance, Lord Lansdowne expended over 3,000*l.*, for which he added to the rent 130*l.* a year, or about 4 per cent., while he himself stood to pay 6½ per cent. on the loans he made from the Board of Works for the expenditure. In the same way it was with Mr. Dunne's farms. They were mostly in grass, and Lord Lansdowne laid out more than 2,500*l.* on them, borrowed at the same rate from the Board, for which he added to the rent only 66*l.* a year, or about 2½ per cent. Mr. Kilbride was a poor-law guardian, and Mr. Dunne a justice of the peace. The leases in both of these cases, and in those of other large tenants, seem to have been made at the instance of the tenants themselves, and afforded security against any advance in the rental during a time of high agricultural prices. And it would appear that for the last quarter of a century there has been no important advance in the rental. In 1887 the rental was only 300*l.* higher than in 1862, though during the interval the landlord had laid out 20,000*l.* on improvements in the shape of drainage, roads, labourers' cottages, and other permanent works. Moreover, in fifteen years only one tenant has been evicted for non-payment of rent.

"Was there any ill-feeling towards the Marquis among the tenants?" I asked of Mr. Hind.

"Certainly not, and no reason for any. They were a good set of men, and they would never have gone into this fight, only for a few who were in trouble, and I'm sure that to-day most of them would be thankful if they could settle and get back. The best of them had money enough, and didn't like the fight at all."

'All the trouble here seems to have originated with the adoption of the Plan of Campaign.' (Vol. ii. p. 226.)

It was never pretended at Luggercurran that the tenants were unable to pay their rents. Several of these were men of substance, holding large farms, and comfortable well-furnished houses. The conflict began, and Mr. Kilbride and Mr. Dunne were evicted, because they failed to pay their rent, and they had put pressure on the other tenants to compel them to join the League: The farms have since been placed under the management of Mr. Kavanagh's Land Corporation. It is highly satisfactory that Lord Lans-

downe's manful resistance to dishonest extortion has been successful; and still more so that, on his return from Canada, he was received by his tenants with the utmost goodwill, and made them a patriotic speech in favour of the Union and freedom of contract. But Mr. W. O'Brien has not relinquished the contest (in which he has no personal interest) and continues to pour forth a torrent of abuse on Lord Lansdowne and his agent. This is one of the instances which prove that the agitation is kept up by strangers to the estate, solely in the interest of the National League.

It is no question of resistance to aliens and absentees: the oldest blood in Ireland does not save men from attack. Take the case of The O'Grady.

"The O'Grady of Kilballyowen," as his title shows, is the direct representative, not of any Norman invader, but of an ancient Irish race. The O'Gradys were the heads of a sept of the "mere Irish"; and if there be such a thing—past, present, or future—as an "Irish nation," the place of the O'Gradys in that nation ought to be assumed. Mr. Thomas De Courcy O'Grady, who now wears the historic designation, owns and lives on an estate of a little more than 1,000 acres, in the Golden Vein of Ireland, at Kilmallock, in the county of Limerick. The land is excellent, and for the last half-century certainly it has been let to the tenants at rents which must be considered fair, since they have never been raised. In 1845, two years before the great famine, the rental was 2,142*l*. This rental was paid throughout the famine years without difficulty; and in 1881 the rental stood at 2,108*l*.

'There has never been an eviction on the estate until last year, when six tenants were evicted. All of these lived in good comfortable houses, and were prosperous dairy-farmers. Why were they evicted?

'In October 1886, during the candidacy at New York of the Land Reformer, Mr. George, Mr. Dillon, M.P., propounded the "Plan of Campaign" at Portumna in Galway. The March rents being then due on the estate of The O'Grady in Limerick, his agent, Mr. Shine, was directed to continue the abatements of 15 per cent. on the judicial rents, and of 25 per cent. on all other rents, which had been cheerfully accepted in 1885. But there was a priest at Kilballyowen, Father Ryan, who wrought upon the tenants until they demanded a general abatement of 40 per cent. This being refused, they asked for 30 per cent. on the judicial rents, and 40 per cent. on the others. This also being refused, Father Ryan had his way, and the "Plan of Campaign" was adopted. The O'Grady's writs issued against several of the tenants were met by a "Plan of Campaign" auction of cattle at Herbertstown in December 1886, the returns of which were paid into "the Fund." ' (Vol. ii. p. 179.)

To his tenants The O'Grady returned a vigorous and exhaustive answer, offering a reduction of 20 per cent. and costs.

The offer was refused. The evictions have since been carried out, and the Land Corporation men are at work on the estate. Mr. Hurlbert remarks that this extravagant case of folly and illegality, by which all parties are losers, has strengthened the revolutionary elements in Irish society, and driven another nail into the coffin of Irish landlordism and of the private ownership of land throughout Great Britain. At least this is the opinion of Mr. Kavanagh. But we cannot concur in these pessimist views. The Nationalist League and the Plan of Campaign have inflicted enormous evils on the people of Ireland; but they are a signal warning to this country and to the world of the fatal consequences of an attack on the rights of property.

One of the things that struck Mr. Hurlbert was the extraordinary number of public houses at Ennis and the neighbourhood. The population of Ennis is 6,307, with 100 'publics;' Ennistymon, population 1,331, has 25; Milltown Malbay, population 1,400, has 36; at Castle Island, 51 public houses in a population of 800. The licence is regarded as an hereditary right, in a country where hereditary rights are contested, and are rarely withdrawn. The 'publics' are centres of political agitation, and at Milltown Malbay twenty-three of these publicans were had up for 'boycotting' the police. Father White, the P.P. of the town, admitted in open court that he was the moving spirit of this local 'boycott.' The money spent in drink in Ireland increases with the diminution of rents; and it is fair to add that everywhere the deposits in the savings banks are largely augmented, apparently out of the rents which are not paid.

In his fifteenth chapter Mr. Hurlbert has been driven to substitute asterisks for names in his account of a conversation with labourers in some parts of Ireland, because he was warned that the publication of the names might lead to trouble for these poor men from the local tyrants. But this is not the least valuable part of his work. The upshot of his conversation with these labourers was that 'the farmers will work a man just as long as they can't help it, and then they throw him away.' Very few farm labourers are hired at fixed rates by the year. The wages are 6*s.* or 7*s.* a week, with one or two meals.

"Do the farmers build houses for the labourers?" "Build houses is it! Glory to God! who ever heard of such a thing? The farmers are a poor proud lot. They'd let a labourer die in the ditch." And another exclaimed, "For the farmers a labourer, sir, is not of the race of Adam. They think any place good enough for a labourer—any place and any food!"

It is evident that a very bitter feeling exists between the small farmers and the far more numerous labouring class who hold no land at all. It is to the landlords only that these men have to look for any improvement in their condition. Land Leagues and Nationalist agitation have done nothing for them, and would probably do even less in the future.

In every case recorded by Mr. Hurlbert it will be observed that a 'firebrand priest' plays the principal part, and frequently acts as chairman of the National League. Father McFadden at Gweedore, another priest of the same name at Glena, Father White at Milltown Malbay in Ennis, Father Egan at Woodford, Father Coen at Portumna, Father Maher at Luggercurran, Father Kennedy, and many more, are the moving spirits of the League. Without them it could not be carried on. The system of boycotting is the direct result of their teaching. In fairness to some eminent members of the Roman Catholic Church we may quote the language of the Bishop Coadjutor of Clonfert, Dr. Healy, in whose diocese Woodford and Portumna are situated—a strenuous opponent of Mr. Parnell and the League.

'Bishop Healy looks upon the systematic development of a substantial peasant proprietary throughout Ireland as the economic hope of the country, and he regards therefore the actual "campaigning" of the self-styled "Nationalists" as essentially anti-national, inasmuch as its methods are demoralising the people of Ireland, and destroying that respect for law and for private rights which lies at the foundation of civil order and of property. In his opinion, "Home Rule," to the people in general, means simply ownership of the land which they are to live on, and to live by. How that ownership shall be brought about peaceably, fairly, and without wrong or outrage to any man or class of men is a problem of politics to be worked out by politicians and by public men. That men, calling themselves Catholics, should be led on to attempt to bring this or any other object about by immoral and criminal means is quite another matter, and a matter falling within the domain, not of the State primarily, but of the Church.

'As to this, Bishop Healy, who was in Rome not very long ago, and who, while in Rome, had more than one audience of His Holiness by command, has no doubt whatever that the Vatican will insist upon the abandonment and repudiation by Catholics of boycotting, and "plans of campaign," and all such devices of evil. Nor has the Bishop any doubt that whenever the Holy Father speaks the priests and the people of Ireland will obey.

'To say this, of course, is only to say that the Bishop believes the priests of Ireland to be honest priests, and the people of Ireland to be good Catholics.

'If he is mistaken in this it will be a doleful thing, not for the Church, but for the Irish priests, and for the Irish people. No Irish-

man who witnessed the magnificent display made at Rome this year of the scope and power of the Catholic Church can labour under any delusions on that point. (Vol. ii. p. 114.)

We trust that the sanguine views of Bishop Healy and Mr. Hurlbert may be realised. It is a remarkable fact that whereas, in the principal Catholic States of Continental Europe, Italy, France, Spain, and Portugal, the authority of the clergy has sunk to a very low ebb, in Ireland and amongst the American Roman Catholics it is supreme, and it will be well if, in conformity with the principles of that Church, the priests will render obedience where obedience is due. As yet, experience does not encourage that hope. This much is certain, that all the political power conferred on the Irish peasantry will be absolutely governed by the priests. An Irish Parliament would be a Roman Catholic theocracy, and probably not a man could be returned to it without their support. Whether the faith of the Irish people will triumph over their revolutionary passions, inflamed as they are by the priests themselves, is a point which we must leave to others to decide. It is intimated that the Unionist party in Ireland consists of 800,000 Catholics, and 1,200,000 Protestants. And here we may add the remarkable fact, that whereas till now the whole body of the ministers of the Irish Presbyterian Church are Liberals, and were followers of Mr. Gladstone, only *three* out of the whole number of 550 members have given him their support on the question of Home Rule. Mr. Hurlbert ends his travels and his book with a short notice of his visit to Belfast, where he found a universal spirit of resistance to Parnellism, and that the centenary of the Armada and the Revolution of 1688 had aroused the strongest feelings of enthusiasm among the Protestants of the North, who were never so determined as they are now not to tolerate anything remotely resembling the constitution of a separate and separatist government at Dublin. That the consequence of such a measure would be the armed resistance of the North, and that the armed resistance of the North would not be ineffectual, is the opinion of every dispassionate observer of the state of Ireland.

We regret that our limits forbid us to borrow more largely from the fund of information to be found in this valuable work, but we trust that we have said enough to recommend it to our readers.

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